

REDS HAVE CRACKED MORE THAN GIANTS; BUT THEN CRACKING HAS BEEN CONFINED TO HITS

ENDURANCE REQUIRED TO STAND STRAIN OF GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

Woody Platt Covered Sixty Miles in Playing 210 Holes at Oakmont, Lost Eleven Pounds and Still Feels Effects of Strenuous Exercise—Lauds Herron

By ROBERT W. MAXWELL Sports Editor Evening Public Ledger Copyright, 1919, by Public Ledger Co.

THE game of golf frequently has been called a pastime for old men, but it would take a pretty husky vet to stand the strain of a national championship. J. Wood Platt, the young North Hills golfer, who proved to be the sensation of the Oakmont tourney, still is suffering from the strenuous exercise of last week. All Woody had to do was play 210 holes, swing an assortment of clubs and walk about sixty miles. Pretty soft, we'd say with liberal use of reverse English. Platt lost eleven pounds during the week and hasn't recovered yet. In fact, he felt he was in no physical condition to play in the Merion tournament and handed himself a vacation. He will play in the open tourney at Whitemarsh which begins today.

Platt brought more fame and glory to Philadelphia last week than any other golfer in history. True, there may have been more sensational and finished players and many with greater reputations, but none was able to duplicate Woody's feat. He brought the first national tournament medal to this town and we have been playing in the pastures here for years and years. His contribution is a bronze disc, which was given him after qualifying for the semifinals. It should be placed on exhibition alongside of the Liberty Bell.

Woody had a tough time of it in the big event. He was not even given a national rating until three days before the tourney, and one of those things is necessary before one can play. Then, after qualifying, he was stacked up against some of the toughest birds in the country. John Anderson was the first, and John was runner up a couple of times. John was defeated 3 and 2. Paul Tewkesbury, of Aronimink, winner of the medal score, was his next opponent and he lost 3 and 1. Then came the great match with Ounmet, which was decided on the thirty-eighth green.

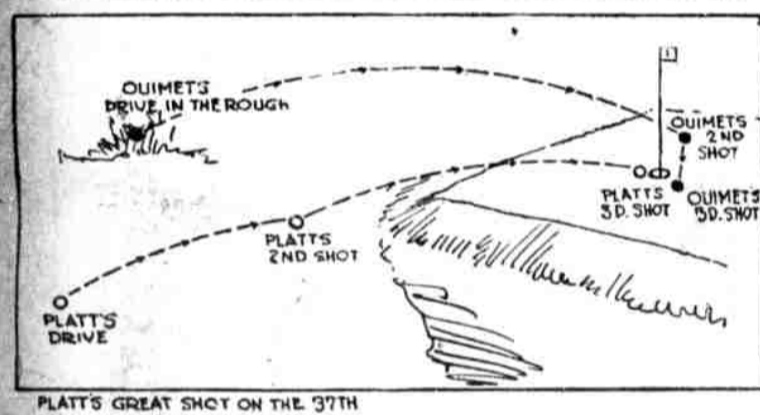
His match with Herron came next and we all know what happened. Platt had four of the hardest matches of the week and, although he was beaten, Herron had to play wonderful golf to put him down.

THE champion had things easy in his early matches, winning by big scores. He played W. H. Gardner, J. N. Stearns and Thompson before mingling with Platt.

Herron's Drives Have Distance and Direction

"HERRON is a great golfer," said Platt. "He won all of his matches easily after the first day and just outclassed his opponents. He is a terrible and accurate driver and his putting was marvelous. He virtually putted his way to victory and did not have one bad day.

"The champion is a heavy, muscular man and when you see a golfer built



like that you expect to see him hit the ball a mile, but with no sense of direction. Herron is not like that. He hits 'em a mile, but the majority of his shots are straight down the fairway.

"He also was one of the most nonchalant golfers I ever saw. He played as if he were all alone and nothing seemed to annoy him. He refused to crack under the strain and on the last day played better and more steady than at any other time. It seemed as if he played himself into condition. In the afternoon match with me I made the first nine holes in par 37. He turned in a 36.

"Herron plays a peculiar game in regard to the use of clubs. You never know what he is going to do next. He surprised me on the eighteenth hole in the morning and incidentally made the greatest shot I ever have seen. I had driven short of the green in two, and Herron landed in a hand-pit on his first drive. The ball was behind a bunker and to me it seemed as if the best thing to do was to use a niblick and get back on the fairway.

"Instead, Herron used a midiron, hit the ball a solid smash, sent it 200 yards and it stopped on the green, six feet from the pin. He could have tried for a three, but played it safe and took a four. It was the greatest shot I ever have seen on any course.

"Another time on the thirtieth hole he drove to about 150 yards from the green. From there it was a nice brassie shot, but instead, he used a full-faced niblick. He hit that ball fairly and did not disturb even a blade of grass. Incidentally, this shot put him on the green and it was the final shot of the match.

"THEY say Herron is not a finished golfer and does not play a polished game, but how about his victory over the other contestants? He's the champion, won it fairly, outclassed the field, and a guy who can do that MUST be good."

Lacked Confidence at Start of Ounmet Match

PLATT says he doesn't remember much about his match with Ounmet, which really was the feature event of the tournament. After it was all over, he said he wondered how he ever made his shots and came through with a victory.



"I was not at all confident of victory," he said. "Ounmet is a great player, had a big reputation, had just beaten Chick Evans and I knew I did not class with the champion. However, I decided to go out, do the best I could and see if I could pick up a few pointers watching Ounmet perform.

"After we played thirty-six holes and it was all square, I think I went away on a vacation or something like that. It seemed as if I was in a dream and just played mechanically. The conditions were unreal. A heavy rain was falling, the course was soaking wet and through the haze only the dim, vague shapes of the spectators could be discerned. Darkness also set in and it was enough to give any one the shivers.

"I believe I made my best shot on that thirty-seventh hole. I was short of the green at two, and my third cleared the ditch around the green, and stopped only a couple of inches from the cup. Ounmet, who had landed in the rough on his drive, reached the green on his second shot. He missed a putt and we halved the hole in four. This was done in that driving rain under the worst possible conditions and both of us made it in one under par."

The spectators at Pittsburgh, according to reports, were not as fair as they might be. They were strong for the home talent and cheered wildly every time a stranger missed a putt or made a bad shot. They also rushed all over the course and, it is said, interfered with some of the players. That stunt of shouting through a megaphone when Bobby Jones was driving did not favor of free sportsmanship, but Bobby kept his head and said nothing, although he topped his drive.

The course itself, however, was well taken care of. Every time a slice of earth was turned, a laborer would place it down and roll it with a hand roller immediately. In the sand traps, every footprint was smoothed over after the player left. There must have been fifty men at work on the course.

HERRON now is champion and it will be interesting to see how he plays off his home course. Wonder if he can make as good a showing on an alien course as Evans, Ounmet, Hogan and Platt!

Platt's Honor Medal

THE DAYS OF REAL SPORT



WILLIE EARNS TITLE 'ONE-ROUND' JACKSON

New Yorker's Damaging Work in Opening Sessions Brings New Sobriquet

DEMPSEY IN THIS CLASS

By JAMES S. CAROLAN One-Round Hogan no longer entertains.

The latest one-round sensation is Willie Jackson. Glance through the records of the present-day ring performers and find any that puts more action into the first round than the hard-hitting New Yorker boy.

Show a more dangerous one-round hitter than this same Jackson. Two of the best of the modern lightweight hits at the canvas when his speedy right cracked them on the chin.

Johnny Dundee was the first to make the heavy departure, and he took such a nasty on the jaw that he was out for fifteen minutes.

Lew Tendler also had the satisfaction of knowing that One-Round Willie could reach his jaw with that crashing right. Lew went down twice before he was aware of what was going on.

Didn't See Punch After that fight it will be recalled Tendler admitted he didn't see that punch coming.

"You can't block what you don't see," were Tendler's words in the dressing room shortly after his session with Jackson at the ball park last month.

Frank Lorman, an authority on boxing and a man who has trained many champions, considered Jackson one of the best one-round fighters the game ever produced. He also said that Eddie McGoorty and Jack Dempsey belonged to this class.

"Jackson is the type of fighter," said Lorman, "who puts all he has into that first round. He doesn't want to 'feel' the other fellow out, but just tears in and tries to take the other guy by surprise."

"Now, you take Leonard, Kilbane, McFarland, Gibbons, Britton and the other crafty fellows. You don't find them pulling this stuff.

Study Style "They fight a defensive battle in the early rounds. They wait and see what the other fellow has, study his style thoroughly and once they have it solved they take more liberties.

"That is one reason for Leonard's success. Have you noticed that he does his best work in that last round? It's a good idea.

"I know then knows that if he does get clipped he can last the round and get the fight. Benny is one fighter who uses his head to win and doesn't depend upon his hands and feet entirely.

"But as for Jackson. He's a miniature Dempsey. He's a tearing-in boy and one very, very dangerous. He gives so much in that first round that he burns himself out for the remainder of the fight."

Solved by Tendler Lew Tendler was aware of this a long time ago. A week before Tendler's first fight with Jackson at the Olympia two years ago he was asked what he thought of Jackson.

"If I get by that first round everything will be lovely," was Tendler's reply. Even then Tendler was aware of the Jackson first-round danger. And at that time the Jackson fight was the first one of importance for the south-paw. That fight made Tendler.

Jackson yet may land a bout with Leonard. In the meantime he will plug along, taking on any of the boys willing to meet him.

His next fight is against Eddie Wallace, the Brooklyn boy, at the Philadelphia Park Wednesday night. Following this clash he hopes to prove that he is capable of more than holding his own with Irish Patsy Cline, Dundee and eventually Leonard.

S. P. H. A. Without Game The South Philadelphia Hebrew Association will not have a game for Labor Day afternoon and would like to hear from a Philadelphia home team in the city limits.

S. P. H. A. has defeated Christ Church and played a game with E. G. Budd, D. Williams, etc. Labor street, or please telephone 1795.

WILLIAMS'S WIN OVER 'RICHARDS HELPS HIS CHAMPIONSHIP STOCK

Ex-Quaker's Present Form Is No Flash He Is in Line for National Crown

BROOKES DANGEROUS

By SPICK HALL Staff Correspondent Evening Public Ledger West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hill, L. I., Aug. 28.

NOW that the big field of 128 of the world's greatest lawn tennis players has dwindled down to thirty-two in the national championship event, discussion as to the probable winner is the main topic of conversation here and at the Vanderbilt Hotel, where the players, umpires and devotees of the turf come together every evening and morning.

Although the name of R. Norris Williams always has been mentioned in the possible list before, it was not until his match yesterday that his stock began really to soar to championship heights.

This morning little else was talked of except Williams. His slashing victory over Vincent Richards, the boy wonder of the self-appointed wopder city, in straight sets at 7-5, 6-1, 6-2, in itself was sufficient to show that the ex-champion is coming back to his old form, but those who saw and followed the match closely realize that even those decisive figures do not begin to demonstrate how far Williams has advanced since he played at Newport and Southampton.

It is true that it took Williams almost a whole set to get started on the flashy streak that made Richards look like a rank beginner. At the same time it must be admitted that the slow condition of the court, which made the Philadelphia, had a lot to do with the champion's allowing Richards to win five games in the first set.

When the two walked on the courts, amid a din of cheers and clapping of hands, there was scarcely a person in the big inclosure who did not think that Richards had a fighting chance to defeat his more famous and more experienced adversary, but this opinion was short-lived. After the first six games it was evident to the student of tennis that Williams could do anything he wanted to with Richards's service, and as his own delivery was working almost perfectly there seemed nothing to do but figuring out the points, and so it happened.

When Williams once got the "feel" of the heavy ball on his racket he cut loose a series of shots that fairly sizzled back into Richards's court and left the youngster as helpless as though he were not in the game. Williams did not rush to the net more than half the time, but when he did his driving overhead and volleying across court was so convincing that the gallery realized at once that if this were Williams's regular form and not a flash he was once more in line for the national crown.

There was no department of the game at which Dick did not exhibit all of his old-time cleverness. Richards has a stiff fast-breaking service, but it never received well within the court, nor did he back of the base line. In this way he tried to catch the net following his service. That method, too, proved futile, for Williams was receiving so close to the service line that his shots had crossed Richards down the side lines or across court before the youth could dash so far as midcourt.

On his own service, Williams was just as effective. On these occasions, when Richards was able to make swift returns, Williams showed his mastery of the game by volleying from every angle and from any depth of court. Time and again Richards would shout "the ball with a lot of speed at Williams's feet, but that didn't annoy Dick. He would volley the ball with deadly accuracy just over the net cord, and his placement of these low volleys really the feature of his great day's work.

Not for Brooks Bill Tilden's name is being more prominently mentioned than any other man for the title. It is common talk around the clubhouse that if Bill is able to hold his Newport stride he will win. His service is more powerful than Williams' or any other player in the tournament, with the possible exception of McLaughlin, and it is doubtful if even the Comet would do better in the delivery department if Tilden were at his best. Tilden said this morning that the two men he feared most were Brooks and Williams.



ALFRED GOULLET The former naval aviator who has scored more points than any other sprint cycle rider this season. He opposes Kramer, Verri and Spencer tonight.

TWO CYCLE CLASSICS DRAW RACING STARS

Five Pacers in 62 1/2-Mile Grind and Four Sprinters in Special Race

KRAMER AND CARMAN RIDE

The 100-kilometer (sixty-two and one-half miles) American motor-paced championship will be decided at the Point Breeze Velodrome tonight. This is the longest pace grind of the season on any track, and enough to test the courage, class and speed of any rider.

Clarence Carman, newly crowned American champion; George Chapman, Elmer Collins and Menus Bedell will be the starters. Napoleon Morin and Charles Stein, both of Boston, will be imported to help in pacing the classic. Jimmy Hunter, Norman Anderson and Eddie Root will be the other pacers.

The sprint riders also will have a chance to display their class, for four of the best boys who ever took part in the short races will be seen in action. Frank Kramer, eighteen times crowned American sprint king, will be one of the starters in a special race for a \$1000 purse.

Alfred Goulet, leading rider of the season and a former American naval aviator; Francisco Verri, the Italian speed king, and Willie Spencer, of Toronto, will be the other riders. This race will be run off in four heats of one mile each. The point system will be used to decide the winner.

The longest race at the velodrome this season has been a fifty-mile grind. Three of these already have been staged. This sixty-two, and one-half-mile "grind" is the marathon race of the motor-paced world.

It is the real test of the year for the seasoned riders.

Rogers Wins for Franklin

Franklin, Pa., Aug. 28.—Tom Rogers, 1813 1/2 North 7th street, won for Franklin, 4 to 6.

Amateur Baseball Notes

Asbury A. C. has August 23 and Labor Day open for home teams. John J. Galagher, 1424 South Taylor street.

Fleisher A. A. has a few Sunday dates for teams with grounds. John J. Galagher, 1424 South Taylor street.

P. E. T., a first-class traveling team, has August 30 and Labor Day open. J. Whitehead, 5111 Joyce street.

Tammonia B. C. has Labor Day (a. m.) and P. M. open. M. Heiman, 2112 Federal street.

Philadelphia Halls, a fast traveling team, colored, wants games for August 28, 30, 31 and Labor Day. James Heiman, 1041 Spring street.

Welcome A. C. has August 30 and Labor Day open for home teams. William Law, 6489 Baybrook avenue.

A semipro traveling team would like to hear from several interested. H. Wilber, 2123 North Front street, or phone Kensington 3739.

Hoodale A. A. has September 10 and September 20 open. Edward Miner, 2418 North Colorado street.

Darby Profs have August 30 open for a home team. E. H. Squibb, 146 South 93rd street, Darby, Pa.

Philadelphia City Club has September 7 open for home teams. C. P. Weber, 2123 North Front street, or phone Kensington 3739.

Roosevel A. A., a traveling team, would like to book dates for August 30 and dates in September. W. H. Bauer, 2204 North Second street.

EAST IS WEST WHEN PITTSBURGHER WINS GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

Dave Herron, Newly Crowned National Titleholder, Claimed by Both Sections—Babe Ruth Deserves Longer Season to Set Record

IN THE SPOTLIGHT—By GRANTLAND RICE (Copyright, 1919. All Rights Reserved.)

Good Luck and Bad

Good Luck is like a down-hill tide That helps to make an easy start: Where one may paddle, drift or glide Without much effort on his part; Where, though it takes you to the goal And brings you in the world's acclaim, It builds no fiber for your soul Nor molds you for the rougher game.

Bad luck is like an uphill sweep. The best of courage and of class. Where troubles grow and shadows creep And none except the valiant pass; Where through rare gates that blow but ill The entry clings to this lone dream; The stalwart only stalks the hill— The gamefish only swims up stream.

If your main wish is but to win Let Good Luck help to pull you through. To know the cheering and the din That go where laurel sprays are due; But if you wish to build a heart That scars the fickle whims of Fate, Take Hard Luck for the journey's start With rugged trouble for a mate.

Where, Indeed?

WHERE is Pittsburgh? Is it East or West? Western golfers claim they hold the champion in young Dave Herron, while Eastern golfers claim that he belongs to the East. Pittsburgh is further from the Pacific than it is from the Atlantic. But against this Pittsburgh is registered as a western club in the National League. So here we bump into serious complications. As a rule Easterners regard anything west of the Alleghenies as being in western soil. But when a champion pops up that changes matters.

WE SEE but one way out of the complication. That is for young Mr. Herron to move several hundred miles further west or to the Atlantic seaboard in order to still the troubled waters of debate. Until he does he will be registered as one of the western clan.

Australia and Forest Hills

WE ARE still in the same stew regarding the general direction of Australia from Forest Hills. We see no way out except to start and carefully pace it both ways in order to be sure whether the East or West turns out such lawn-tennis talent. This may take time, so we beseech our readers to be patient.

MANY are also baffled—and most of them deserve it.

Personal Desires

I've no fond wish to ever meet Jack Dempsey on the mat. I'm glad I'm not a baseball, too. When Babe Ruth's at the bat.

THE Confessions of the Kaiser and Jess Willard should be published in the same volume. A good title would be—"How a Gas Pipe Feels."

ALL things come to him who waits—but sometimes they arrive in the neck.

IF BABE RUTH doesn't break Buck Freeman's twenty-five home runs record with the shortest season he has to labor in, we are in favor of extending the schedule to 154 games in order to give the Babe a chance. Genius deserves the same length track.

New Jack Britton Wants Bout With Jack Dempsey

Jack Britton, welterweight champion, has boxed the lightweight and middleweight title-holders, Benny Leonard and Mike O'Dowd, respectively. Now Britton apparently is after a go at Jack Dempsey. Get this from Dan Morgan's pen: "Can Dempsey beat Britton? Don't laugh; you might get fooled. Jack thinks he can give Dempsey a few lessons in boxing and make him miss his knockout punch until he gets tired; then Jack will come on and win."

Rain Halts Golf Tourney

Stockbridge, Mass., Aug. 28.—Rain interrupted the annual Stockbridge golf tournament, and only the consolation were reached in the contest of the Stockbridge cup. Roger H. Hovey, four times winner of the Stockbridge cup, came through yesterday, defeating E. A. Watson, 6 and 4.

Bread Wins Over Milk

The Koll's Hand Bread team defeated the Willie-Jones Milk team by the score of 4 to 2. Churchill was in fine form, fanning twelve of the milkmen.

Claims Trotting Record

New York, Aug. 28.—In driving his trotting mare Leticia Rice nine miles in 28 minutes 45 seconds, continuing to 11:15 P. M., National Trotting Horse Association, Charles H. Smith, a visiting farmer, claims the world's record for an amateur driver. The previous mark was 31 minutes 50 1/3 seconds.

Table of photo plays with columns for theater name, address, and showtimes. Includes Alhambra, Apollo, Arcadia, Bluebird, Broadway, Colonial, Empress, Fairmount, Family, 56th St., Great Northern, Imperial, Leader, Liberty, Model, Overbrook, Palace, Princess, Regent, Rialto, Ruby, Savoy, Stanley, and Victoria.

When in Atlantic City Visit the National Theatre, Norma Talmadge in 'THE WAY OF A WOMAN'