G. M. Church an Ostrich on Lawn Tennis Courts

Heels Never Touch Ground—Approaches Net with Cyclonic Dash.

WINDMILL SPURTS FEATURE HIS PLAY

Untiring in Energy and Seems Destined to Attain Higher Ranking Next Year.

By JAMES S. O'NEALE.

The ostrich does not make a nest. The bird lays its eggs on the desert sand. Twenty eggs or more are often hatched together.

When you next see the lanky George Meyers Church, ninth in the United States tennis ranking, stepping gingerly around on the court, just think that he is trying to avoid stepping on scores of ostrich eggs.

Church's most prominent characteristics, to a tennis gallery, lie in the physical ones of his funny toe-tread—his heels never touch the ground—and the windmill fashion with which his long arms and legs dash full-speed for the net on everything. Church is the most persistent net crowder in the country, even if he isn't a Californian.

His walk is famous. It has been christened the "egg dodger," the "gingerbread tread," and innumerable impromptu names. It deserves them all. Church appears to be built not only like a string, but on strings. One string is pulled, and up he goes on his right toe. On the next tug of a string up he goes on the other toe. His heels are as useless as a vermiform appendix.

Flies Around Court.

The ostrich comparison may legitimately be carried much further, even though George Meyers C. is a New Yorker and has not the habitat of Africa. Ostriches cannot fly, but they can run untiringly with great speed. Church surpasses the bird here, because his windmill spurts around the court sometimes make him appear to be flying.

By careful measurement of ostrich footmarks, it has been ascertained that the bird may sometimes hop, step, or jump no less than twenty-eight feet. Church's long legs appear to give him a thin edge on the ostrich, and it is on record that when the Princeton men invaded California this winter the only ostrich that saw him perform died within a week, presumably of envy.

A fully grown male ostrich is taller than most tall men, but not Church. His height and reach combine to make his unrelenting net attack doubly effective. Trusting to his speed and his reach, Church takes more chances on charging to the net on short balls that should enable his opponent to pass him than any man living. His audacious forays often hurry the other man into making returns that can be murdered, so that on most of his charges Church collects on delivery.

Church works desperately hard at all times, winning or losing. He plays like a piston at full speed, and it is this constant striving that, in the opinion of expert judges, will result this season in the best he has ever had, despite the fact that his ranking last year was two positions lower than in 1914.

An unexpected, in a measure, defeat by Watson M. Washburn at Forest Hill last summer and Church's own sensational victory over R. Norris Williams, the national champion, in 1914 helped to make the differences in the New Yorker's ranking.

When an ostrich is running at full speed it takes most wonderful strides, its toes scarcely touching the ground as it hastens along intent on important business. Church uses similar speed and form to dart closer to the net than any expert in the world. His base of operations is half way up from the service line. From this position he jumps forward with lightning speed when he thinks his opponent is not lobbing, and almost hangs over the net.

The astoundingly agile one blocks the ball over, usually dropping it short. In making these drop-volleys Church's hand runs up the handle of the ratchet almost to the throat, when the ball is in easy reach.

Short Grip Effective.

This short grip is the most effective for volleys that are intended to drop just over the net. Church has this trick down better than any of the other experts. Habitually he holds his racket an inch or two up the handle on other shots, except when he has to stretch to the last inch, which in his case is a long stretch.

Church is essentially, primarily, secondarily and ultimately a net player, and the secret of his success is due to the fact that he jumps in and takes a chance on everything. He is awkward as a cassowary, that cousin of the ostrich, but his play is effective and extraordinarily difficult. He always runs the risk of being lobbed, and he uses up barrels of energy.

As for energy, Church is untiring, apparently being built of steel. He has no fear of lobs, for he kills those he can reach as well as McLoughlin or any other man, and his great speed and height enable him to reach most tosses. Those he can't smash he runs back to take on the bound.

His overhead work is really the most faultless part of his game. He is not so spectacular as the Comet, McLoughlin, or the Meteor, Murray, but uses his height to the utmost advantage and merely smashes the ball at such an angle that it bounds over the backstop. Church is a living tennis embodiment of Willie Keeler's baseball dictum, "Hit 'em where they ain't!"

Several years ago, by the way, the internationalist Raymond D. Little delivered a tennis lecture at a Detroit club. The gist of Little's talk was that a tennis star must follow Keeler's advice, first, last and all the time.

Perhaps Church's opponents do not wail, "I do hit 'em where they ain't, but he's always there," but one member of the first ten confessed "I can't play well against Church, because my eye is always on him and not on the ball." There may be seen the fruits of Church's dauntless, reckless dashes for the net.

Perhaps the less said of the former intercollegiate champion's ground strokes the better. They are distinctly the weakest part in his play. His forehand is fairly steady, but slow. His backhand is a wild and ineffective drop-stroke with plenty of top on it. The top and ensuing long bounce, however, enable Church to get securely to the net position when his opponent is in back court. Because of his weak ground strokes, Church frequently resorts to lobs as a defence against net attack.

There is one other point in Church's play worthy of note. That is his expression, facial and verbal, when things are going wrong. Karl Behr, of course, leads in the Soul-Outpouring League, but Church at times runs him a very close second. The Princetonian is, nevertheless and of course, a fine sportsman indeed. His remarks are directed only at himself and adjacent heavenly bodies, not at his opponent.

Last year Church won the Delaware, the Northwestern and the Western championship, and was a finalist in the clay court title play. He defeated Joseph J. Armstrong, Watson M. Washburn, Dean Mathey, W. T. Hayes, Heath Byford, F. C. Inman, and others. He lost to Washburn, Williams, W. M. Johnston (twice), and Clarence C. Griffin. This winter he cleaned up several tournaments in California and Florida, though not against the strongest opposition.

Aside from his singles performances, Church is one of the best doubles players in the country, mainly because of his net attack, which is even more essential to doubles plays than to singles. But he walks on eggs, even in doubles.

Ferocious Freddy Fulton Fairly Fascinates Fans

Former Plasterer Shows His Formidable Wares at Pioneer Club.

The ferocious and formidable Frederick Fulton did a day's training at the Pioneer Sporting Club yesterday. The gross receipts came to ten bones, bucks or dollars. The state gets 75 cents of this. After Frederick pays for the use of the theatre, lights, equipment, trainers, sparring partners and managers the rest is clear profit—just nice, fat velvet.

Frederick, before he abandoned his trade for the high art of self-defence, used to be a plasterer. Out West the plasterers get seven bones and a half a day. Consequently the ferocious and formidable Frederick must have made money as a peculiar and precocious plasterer.

We have never seen Frederick when he was an artisan; we can only judge him as a disciple of the Queensberry school. We will have to take for granted his ability to plaster ceilings, and surmise only on his ability to plaster the array of heavyweights selected for him by Multi-Millionaire Mack, the plutocratic promoter.

Benny Rosenthal met us at the stage door.

"Look atum," pleaded the beamingly and bullfull Benny. "Does he not resemble Robert Fitzsimmons? Honest, if you painted a few freckles on him and knocked his knees out of joint with a mallet you wouldn't know him from Fitz, would you?"

Resembles Ruby Robert—Not.

Peering over the shoulder of the rhetorical and rambunctious Rosenthal, we looked. Frederick suggested Fitzsimmons as the latter might have looked if he had been drawn through a rolling mill. He has the Fitzsimmons shoulders, but not the head. His body is mounted on two exaggerated spindles and his head looms on top of the shoulders about the size of a soft-shelled pea.

He does not look ferocious, nor does he look formidable. We are taking the managerial word for the alliterative adjective.

Fulton exhibits quite a fair left hand when he is boxing. A man with a good port paw is always worthy of a chance in the art which Frederick has chosen. Al Reich, the first victim selected for the powerful plasterer, is a mark for a left jab. The Agonizing and Abominable Albert runs away from them. Pulchritudinous Porky Flynn thrice bluffed the ridiculous and Retiring Reich with his left hand.

Fulton, while sparring with Bill McKinnon, demonstrated that he was not much of a defensive fighter. McKinnon seemed able to tap him at will. The object of the boxfight game is to avoid being hit as well as to wallop.

Manager Mike Collins offered an alibi.

"McKinnon is too small for Fred to demonstrate his ferocity and formidability," said the Careful and Cautious Collins. "Later on he will show what a wondrous wallop he has."

Fred Dislikes Low Ones.

"He don't like 'em downstairs," observed a volunteer critic, who had paid his two-bit piece at the gate and felt that he had a right to express himself. "He seems averse to being punched on the porch, or balcony."

Indeed, that was true. Whenever McKinnon tapped his employer's abdomen the Ferocious and Formidable Frederick pulled his "porch" away. However, this is not such a grievous fault. Very few fighters like to take them in the pantry when there is any chance of avoiding those punches.

After sparring four two-minute rounds with McKinnon Frederick did some shadow wrestling with Tex O'Rourke.

The Original and Optimistic O'Rourke was one of Willard's trainers for the Johnson match. The Tortuous and Tractable Tex is sure that Frederick has the earmarks of a world beater.

Doesn't Look Dangerous.

As yet Frederick does not look like a menace to Willard. The champion has everything on him so far.

We recall Willard's little stunt of letting a heavy medicine ball bounce from his abdomen. Frederick cannot do this.

Nor has Frederick the instinctive defence of Willard. The gymnasium feats of the Jocular and Jubilant Jess were much more astounding.

Beaming and Bullful Benny Rosenthal remarked cheerily:

"But Willard looked a whole lot worse than that when he started in."

That gives one the cue to the entrance of the Ferocious and Formidable Frederick into the glare of the calcium. Because Willard was once very bad indeed, promising and progressive promoters all over the world are accusing every oversized man of being a heavyweight and having Willard possibilities.

Fred Is No Grouch.

Frederick is a pleasant and prepossessing lad, with a quiet confidence in his wallops. He is an affable host at the 25-cent afternoon receptions, and chats pleasantly with the paid-up guests. To visitors like Diamond Tooth Johnny Howard, who crush the gate, his manner is rather cool and distant. But, like Willard, the Ferocious and Formidable Frederick is the least bit diffident.

Anybody would wish Frederick well. He is a particularly polite plasterer. But knocking out Al Reich will not make him a fifty-thousand-dollar pugilistic beauty by any means.

Walloping Mr. Reich has become almost a habit with the New York heavyweights. On the other hand, if the Atrocious and Awful Albert should flatten the Ferocious and Formidable Frederick—well, out West they pay plasterers seven and a half bucks for an eight-hour day.

It is a painful drop from an art to a trade; from pugilism to plastery—and yet there have been worse bumps.

TIGER CREW TO FACE HARVARD IS BIT GREEN

Many New Men in Boat Which Will Meet Test on Thursday.

Princeton will stage the first collegiate crew race of the season next Thursday, when the Tiger 'varsity and junior 'varsity eights meet the first and second Harvard crews over the mile and seven-eighths course on Carnegie Lake. Yale and Pennsylvania will row in Philadelphia two days later.

The late winter has handicapped both the Princeton and Harvard crews. At Princeton Dr. Spaeth, the faculty coach of the crew, was not able to get his charges on the water until March 28 on account of the presence of ice in the lake. Last year the first spin on the water came on February 24. As a consequence the men will have had only about three weeks of actual practice before the race.

This year Princeton is forced to develop an almost entirely new crew. There are only two men available who rowed in the 'varsity boat last year, and so the late start is proving unusually hard to overcome. Lee at No. 4 and Captain Cochran are the only members of the 1915 eight who are rowing this year, and they were both in a 'varsity boat for the first time last season. Harvard's handicap is not so large a one as Princeton's, because it has six men left from its last year's crew.

With so many new men to try out, Princeton has hardly had time to select the best combination from the large number of candidates who reported at the beginning of the season. The race with Harvard will serve as a test of the present combination, and may determine the solution of the Tiger's most urgent problem, the choice of a stroke to take the place of Putnam, who stroked the crew for three years and captained it last year. At the present time Cochran has been shifted to stroke and Sturges, who stroked the second crew last year, has been returned to that position. He will be the stroke of the Tiger eight that races the Harvard junior crew, and much will depend upon the relative showing of the eights.

There will be only about twenty practice spins before the race for each crew, and Dr. Spaeth summed up the condition of affairs at Princeton when he said: "What the crew needs is plenty of mileage, and the next two or three weeks will show a very rapid improvement."

SIXTEEN TO WRESTLE AT POLISH BENEFIT

Stars of Mat Will Grapple To-morrow Night.

Wladek Zbyszko vs. Fred Pilakoff.
Dr. Roller vs. Pierre Le Colosse.
Alex Aberg vs. George Lurich.
Helmar Johnson vs. Andy Kondrat.

Above are four of the eight matches which constitute the wrestling card to be held in aid of the Polish war sufferers at the Manhattan Opera House to-morrow night. Any one of the bouts is a feature in itself.

To make up a bumper card other matches have been arranged between such well known men as Irsa, Assen, Montana, Feurst, Sandele, McGrath, Gardini and Sanderson. With George Bothner as referee and Joe Humphreys doing the announcing, the show will take on the aspect of the recent international tourney.

All profits will go to the Polish Victims' Relief Committee, of which Mme. Ellen Paderewski is president and R. L. Modra is treasurer. Lady patrons will be accorded every courtesy.

Treat for Chicago Soccer Fans.

Chicago, April 15.—The Bethlehem, Penn., soccer team and the Pullman eleven of Chicago meet here to-morrow in a semi-final match in the series for the national championship.

A Guinea Pig

Heard at the Sign Of the Cauliflower

By W. O. M'GEEHAN

The guinea pig is an inoffensive animal, evidently designed by nature to be inoculated with assorted germs and to be cut into little slices for the edification of the scientists. The guinea pig is said to be a very useful animal for those purposes.

Pugilism has its guinea pigs. Jack Geyer, who was knocked out—technically—the other night by Jim Coffey, the Roscommon Giant, is one of them.

The Grewsome and Gory Geyer was tossed into the ring with the notion of boosting the stock of Coffey, which had depreciated since Jim was twice kerflummixed by Frank Moran. Geyer was imported from the wilds of Denver for the sole purpose of testing Coffey's right-hand wallop with his jaw.

He took the wallop, got his money and departed.

The best known guinea pig of pugilism is Arthur Pelky. The Peculiarly Painful Pelky—to keep up the alliterative style so dear to the heart of the fight promoter—was the guinea pig for Willard, Coffey and the Ferocious and Formidable Fred Fulton.

Once upon a time a rising young heavyweight would say as a claim to recognition, "I have knocked out Arthur Pelky!"

At present the assertion carries little weight.

If there is a heavyweight anywhere who has not knocked out Arthur Pelky at some time in his career it is because he has not been matched with him. Arthur has been inoculated with more right-crosses and chopped up with more left jabs than any guinea pig in the game.

When the Peculiarly Painful Pelky was a good guinea pig they brought him here to demonstrate Coffey's right-hand wallop.

Coffey had been only a little while away from the front platform of a trolley car. He had to be shown. The Pelky experiment lasted three rounds.

Then old Jack Twin Sullivan, once a fighter, but subsequently relegated to the guinea pig class, was brought over for Coffey to vivisect.

"You've got to have this sort of matches," screams the promoter. "You've got to build a fighter up to make him a card."

But it seems to us that Coffey should have learned his trade by this time. It is no longer necessary to practise on the guinea pigs. If he is not ready for active practice now it is time for him to retire.

It may be ethically right to use the guinea pig in science. But the experimenters never claim that it is for the good of the guinea pig, commercially and spiritually.

The promoters who use the pugilistic guinea pig are hypocritical. When a rising champion is matched with a guinea pig the promoter assures us with tears in his eyes that the guinea pig has a great chance.

We were told that the Grewsome and Gory Geyer packed a terrific right-hand wallop and that he had a great chance of flooring Coffey. The promoters would have had us believe that we were about to witness a keenly contested boxing bout when Geyer and Coffey got together.

Imagine a delegation of scientists sending out notices to this effect:

"On Tuesday afternoon nine guinea pigs will be inoculated with typhoid, cholera and diphtheria cultures. It is expected that the guinea pigs will put up a terrific battle, and the chances are even that they will hand the K. O. to the germs."

That is what the promoters do when they are experimenting with a pugilistic guinea pig. They insist that the guinea pig has a chance.

Willyum Gibson, the Stadium promoter assures us that Coffey was taking a desperate chance with Geyer. Oh, Willyum, Willyum, such deceit! And you have such an honest, open-work countenance, too!

That Coffey-Geyer bout should have been announced in this fashion:

"Jim Coffey, the pugilist, will perform some interesting experiments on a guinea pig this evening. He will shoot him full of left jabs, and some time during the evening he will poke him on the jaw and put him to sleep. The guinea pig will not suffer much, and the experiment should prove of great benefit and pleasure to students of the science of pugilism."

The pugilistic guinea pig is not confined to the heavyweight division. He comes in all classes. As a rule he is either a young fighter who has some defect that prevents him from making good or an old fighter who needs the money. Sometimes he is an ex-champion.

Ad Wolgast, in his day one of the most spectacular of the lightweights and a title holder, degenerated into the guinea pig class during his last fights. He had a brittle arm and had lost all his dash.

But despite the fact that he had plenty of money he tried to get a little bit more by becoming a guinea pig. In his last battles he was matched purely for experimental purposes.

Jimmy Britt, a near-champion, was lifted into popularity and money in California by constantly operating on guinea pigs. They imported them for him by the dozen. He climbed to matches with Young Corbett and others over the prostrate forms of sacrificial victims.

Then along came Battling Nelson, and Britt ceased to experiment.

The sagacious James Johnston has dug up about a dozen guinea pigs for the Aggressive and Agile André Anderson. He found the Deveres and the Battling Jim Johnsons, and when the Agile One demonstrated upon these subjects James called upon the heavens and the earth to witness what an astounding fighter André was.

As André vivisected the subjects James asked us to behold the marvels of science.

A guinea pig match ought to be labelled as one. We are getting too many of them lately. Moreover, they are leading us to distrust veracious gents like Billy Gibson and James Johnston.

Every week or so we hear from these gentlemen to the effect that the bout between Kid Hash and Young Slaughter will be a closely contested affair and one that will thrill the multitude. Also that both men are "as fit as fiddles" and "ready to tear" from the "tap of the gong."

Then we go to the bout and find that Kid Hash is only a guinea pig and a set-up for Young Slaughter. Our confidence in the promoter is shattered. More important from the promoter's point of view—is the fact that the confidence of the man who pays at the gate is also shattered.

Why can't a promoter be daringly original and honest? Let one of them send out a notice to this effect:

"Young Slaughter will kick the daylights out of Kid Hash at the Nut's A. C. to-night. As everybody knows, Kid Hash is on his last legs, and Slaughter will be able to put over the K. O. as soon as he feels inclined."

When one of them does this our confidence in the veracity of prizefight promoters will be revived.

Let's suggest that James Johnston change the billing of the Aggressive and Agile André Anderson to read like this:

"André is not aggressive, nor is he agile. The only astounding thing about him is that he has not been knocked out about 800 times. He is a big ivory-top; but, with perseverance for about ten years, I hope to make a fighter out of him. I got the mark he fights to-night from the Home for the Aged. It will not be a fight. It will be an experiment."

In the meantime we will have to inspect all importations in the pugilistic line for evidence of guinea pig characteristics.

George M. Church

THE SPORTLIGHT

by Grantland Rice

The Call of the Ancient Green.

With a face as green as the heart of Spring,
The Fairway calls us home;
Back once more to the old time swing
That rips through the fragrant loam;
Back to the Ancient Green,
Back to the Out Door map—
To the alibi of the Cuppy Lie
And the squawk for a handicap.

With a sky as blue as the eyes of dawn,
The Fairway calls us out;
Back once more to the Emerald Lawn
And the click of the brassie clout;
Back to the Ancient Green,
Back with a buoyant soul
To the cuppy lie for the alibi
And the lie of the Nineteenth Hole.

With a voice as clear as the winds that blow
The Fairway calls us far;
Back once more to the thrill we know
When the putt drops in for par;
Back to the Ancient Green,
Back to the Open Way,
Back to the curse of the dubs—and worse—
Neck high in a trap all day.

"What has become," queries an exchange, "of the old-fashioned fan who used to call for the scalp of the umpire?" Offhand, we should say there were only five or six million of him left in this tender, pacific age.

According to those on the inside at New Haven, Captain Cupid Black of the football team came in for a lot of unjust criticism upon his recent interview about numbering players. It seems that Captain Black was not only misunderstood, but that he had no intention of starting a controversy upon this subject, having troubles enough of his own ahead with Harvard and Princeton and W. & J. still upon the Yale football schedule.

Why Golf Pro's Bite Their Nails.

"Say, you know that new stance you taught me last week? Well, there's nothing in it for my style of play. I practised it for nearly twenty minutes the other day and I couldn't see any improvement at all. So guess I'll go back to the old way with both heels together."

Or, as Andrew Kirkaldy said to a young golfer who asked how to play a certain shot: "Ye practise it two 'oors a day for ten years and then once in the while ye maun get it aboot richt."

Sammy White Comes Back.

Sammy White is coming East again soon for a visit, his first trip out of the West since he beat Yale and Harvard single handed back in 1911. To show just how fragrant the memory of him is, Dean Mathey and other Princetonians are planning to give Sammy a big reception at the Princeton Club on May 5.

Princeton has not won a football game from Yale or Harvard since White went away, so it is only fitting that Nassau should not only give him a regal welcome, but also try and hold him over for another stand against the Blue and Crimson next fall.

Perfect Golf.

Our worthy and esteemed golf opponent of a vanished summer, Colonel Bert Leston Taylor, calls attention to the fact that the only perfect putt is the one that drops into the cup, whether it be from 2 feet or 30 feet away. Briefly, a 30-foot putt that runs up within an inch of the cup is not a perfect one. That is true.

Attention might also be called to the fact that if perfect golf were played the putter would be an utterly useless club. There would be no putting to be done where all approach shots were holed.

An Example.

The best example of a perfectly played hole that we can recall developed last spring at Greenwich.

The leading man in the drama was Walter Hagen, who was playing in a four-ball match with Jerry Travers, Fred Herreshoff and Alex Smith. This hole, as we remember it, was the thirteenth. It was 440 yards long. Hagen drove 250 yards and then, using a mid-iron, holed his next shot for a 2, against a par of 5.

That was perfect golf. Even a 3 would find the hole imperfectly played, though it would be 2 under par.

Short Marches.

The entry who has to be driven is a poor bet in any sort of a pinch. There are also times when a wide detour is the shortest distance between two points.

If Fred Fulton fails to pan out as a proper opponent, Willard may be marooned with the circus for life. Fulton now is the sole entry left with a chance to carry away the title of Giant Killer. And he has yet to meet any part of a rigid or regular test.

We see where Mike Gibbons plans to annihilate Ted Lewis. As we recall the depressing circumstances, Mike at one time was also to dismantle McGoorty and McFarland. At the end of both bouts about the only thing annihilated and dismantled was the faith of a lot of folks in Mike's power of prophecy.

April last year was replete with snow and rain. This year it has been replete with rain and snow. April would be a grand month for baseball if ball players were only ducks. Or even polar bears. This slight technicality is all that mars April openings.

Captain Huston and Colonel Ruppert spent $135,000 for new talent, sent most of it South February 22, and had said talent all rounded into fine condition. Then starting North, the $135,000 and more worth of talent was able to play something like four games in fourteen days, losing in ten days most of the good that was gained. We have a hunch there will be the vote of one club at least against another mid-winter start.

Babe Adams had his last big year back in 1913, when he won twenty-one games and lost ten. Judging from his 1915 start, Babe still has something left besides his glove. If Mamaux is what he looked to be last season, those who have awarded the Pirates last place may desire to partake of another guess before August.

NEW YORK HAS A GOOD CHANCE IN BOSTON RUN

Roth, of Mohawk A. C., Heads Group of 5 Starters from His Club.

The possibilities are more than bright for the local entrants to win the honors in the Ashland to Boston American championship Marathon run of the Boston Athletic Association on Wednesday. Twelve men will make up the Greater New York group, and more than half of them have shown the grip and stamina to cover the distance in fast time.

Arthur Roth, who returned to form with his brilliant, uphill victory in the Bronx County Marathon on Washington's Birthday, heads a group of five starters from the Mohawk Athletic Club. These men earned the trip by their splendid performances in the above-named event.

Fred Travelena, Jimmy Brooks and Charles Eticksen are certain to go, and it is likely that Sam Weiss will make the journey. The runners have been preparing for the important race under the guidance of Jack Lagas and Emil Von Elling, the coach.

Hans Schuster, R. Vickstrom and O. Janesor will represent the Swedish-American Athletic Club. Schuster's ability to cover the long distance is well known on both sides of the Atlantic. In the Brockton run last August, Schuster established new records for the trail up to twenty yards. He seemed to miscalculate his speed and had to drop down to a walk, but succeeded in finishing seventh.

Charles Pores and Willie Kyronen, will carry the colors of the Millrose Athletic Association. It will be the first effort of little Kyronen at the distance, but Melvin W. Sheppard, the coach, is optimistic of his chances to lead the field home. Pores has competed in several of the long races, and in a sixteen-mile trial spin this week, he finished as fresh as the proverbial daisy. Kyronen also is in splendid condition.

John W. Phillips, of the Bronx Church House, is another competitor. He seems to possess an unbounded amount of the qualities that are required for the gruelling test, and his experiences in the past will be of considerable aid to him.

Charles Boughton is to wear the colors of the New York Athletic Club during the coming outdoor season. While at Central High School the youthful runner hung up new interscholastic records at the one and two-mile distances, and the Mercury Foot club made a good haul in securing him. He attended the University of Pennsylvania for a time.

Louis Scott, the onetime ten-mile national outdoor champion, is to start from scratch in the weekly race of the Long Island Athletic League this afternoon. He competed in the one-mile race at the small club championships, but was troubled with an injured arm. Opposed to Scott will be George Messler, Edward Mayo, A. E. Neil, Arthur Craw, Fred M. Heller and William Lindfors.

All the clubs of the Church Athletic League will be represented in the minstrel show which is to be held at the Grace Athletic Club on April 29. The proceeds, as usual, will go toward defraying the expenses for the annual handicap track and field meet which will be held the latter part of next month.

Massapequa Golf Course Stirs Ardor of Freeman

Prime Mover in New Project Points Out Its Many Unusual Attractions.

By FRED HAWTHORNE.

Golfers, don't waste too much money on physicians and don't let the man of medicine load you up with tonics in bottles of assorted shapes and sizes. It would be better for your state of health and much pleasanter for you if you would just go after good health in the natural way—play golf!

We gathered this opinion, and others along the same line of reasoning, after chatting with William C. Freeman, president and prime mover in the latest enterprise, Massapequa Golf, Inc., which proposes to lay out a giant golf park at Massapequa, Long Island, with five eighteen-hole courses open all the time. The tract acquired by the corporation is well over 600 acres of fine, rolling land, within sight of the waters of Great South Bay.

The enterprise is such a big one, with so many possibilities, that to describe it fully would require more space than we have allotted to us, but two or three of the most important features, as outlined yesterday by Mr. Freeman, are certain to interest the great army of golfers.

"Pop" Freeman, as he is known to hundreds of players on the links of the metropolitan district, takes his golf very seriously, and so do many others who have tried to hold him in match play, but at the same time he recognizes in the game a cure for many ills, or, rather, a preventive, and that is one reason why the Massapequa proposition has taken such a hold on him.

A Serious Question.

"Young man, do you know," said Mr. Freeman, fixing us with a stern eye, "that the question of families being separated by golf is getting to be a serious one?"

Seeing that his statement had produced a stunning effect, Mr. Freeman hastened to explain that the separation referred to was not a legal one, but purely that entailed by the husband and father of the family being taken away from his wife and children for several hours by golf.

Still having in mind the growing number of golf widows every year, we looked glum, until Mr. Freeman ventured his solution of the problem.

"This New York golf park at Massapequa," said he, "will do away with all that, because the stockholders will be able to take their families down there for a day of enjoyment. I have arranged matters in such a manner that a man will be able to take the family with him on his golf outings, even if he is the only one to play the game.

"In the first place, a day at the new golf park will be an economical one. We have decided to issue round trip railroad tickets to every stockholder every time he goes to Massapequa, and these, together with his ground fees, whether for a day or half a day, will cost him only $2. The caddie fee—and every member must use a caddie—will cost him either 50 cents or $1, according to the time he devotes to play. Then I have arranged to serve the highest grade luncheons possible for 50 cents a person, a really substantial meal.

"This, you see, will give a man a twelve hours' outing in the open air, getting health and happiness, for $3.50, including railroad fare, golf and meals. Pretty cheap, isn't it? If his wife does not play golf the player will know that there is plenty to interest her at Massapequa. There are beautiful walks, superb scenery, tennis courts, croquet—all forms of outdoor sport; and she can sit on the roof garden on top of the clubhouse and get a view of all five golf courses, as well as a wonderful view of the ocean."

Soil of Best Type.

Regarding the plans for the architecture of the five courses, Mr. Freeman said definite arrangements had not yet been made. John G. Anderson looked over the ground one day last week, and A. W. Tillinghast will do likewise in a day or two. Anderson reported that the soil was wonderfully well adapted to growing turf, being a rich humus, and that the drainage was perfect. "You can grow a green there overnight," said the amateur.

Its proximity to the water will enable the course architects to lay out several holes with natural water hazards, and many unusual features will be embodied in each of the eighteen-hole circuits. For one thing, all holes running parallel to one another will be sufficiently far apart to prevent any accidents from flying balls.

Only those who have dodged the whistling rubber cores when playing on congested courses will be able fully to appreciate this feature. Another convenience to be found at Massapequa will be the placing of the first tee and the eighteenth hole within two minutes' walk of the clubhouse. Thus the start and finish of the aspiring golfers can be observed from the clubhouse verandas.

The duffer in golf usually finds his lot a hard one. At most golf clubs his best efforts are subjects of nineteenth-hole raillery, and even worse than this is the clammy silence that follows when he flubs and dubs about the course.

Not so at Massapequa. "The duffer is the backbone of golf in this country," said Mr. Freeman, speaking in an encouraging tone, as though surmising our meagre talents on the links, "and we intend to encourage him. Every stockholder at Massapequa will be entitled to three months' instruction from a competent professional, and it won't cost him a cent. Then, too, the duffer will not find himself discriminated against in any way.

"Every player will be able to use every one of the five courses, in alternation, according to his class. There will be five of these classes and Class A, for instance, will play on No. 1 course at 1 o'clock, and on No. 5 at 4 o'clock, while Class B will reverse the process. In this way the slower players will not hold up the more skilled, yet all will play over the same ground."

"Pop" Freeman rose from his chair and walked over to the window of his office and glanced out over the city roofs, seeming to draw inspiration from the panorama that lay below. "Young man," he said, with his back turned toward us, "I have another idea for the Massapequa players. You have played golf; you know how attached you can become to a caddie who has served you faithfully and well, year after year. Well, it is my idea to found a great educational plant down at Massapequa for the caddies. There will be a large dormitory for the boys and a school, where they will be able to gain a practical education.

"Every four or five years we will turn out probably a thousand young men, all competent to go and make an honest living at a good trade. Isn't that worth while? Isn't that better than letting them grow up to be gunmen, thieves, criminals, here in the city? It seems to me every man who plays golf will be interested in such a movement. Even those who don't play can see the advantages of such an opportunity."

"It is not the Quimets or the Travises, in golf, or the Willards and Morans, in the prize ring, who keep these sports going, but the great army of those who never rise to prominence, and these are the kind of persons we want to serve down at Massapequa," finished the man who hopes to found the greatest golfing centre of the world down on the Long Island dunes.