

Jones and Knepper Hard Pressed to Win First-Round Matches in U. S. Amateur Golf Tourney

Atlanta and Westerner Are Victors in Thrilling Battles

Former Defeats Beadle, Philadelphia Novice, by 3 and 1, and Latter Gets Decision Over Torrance at Last Hole; Other Favorites Score Easily

By Grantland Rice
BROOKLINE, Mass., Sept. 5.—In the broad kingdom of golf there is no ruler who sits safely upon his throne. The humblest citizen of this happy land may at any given moment kick the main mandarin upon the floor and shove him roughly from the path. Only a few brief years ago John J. Bradle was a hustling young caddy at the L'anerch Golf Club, of Philadelphia. Later on he renounced the art of carrying a golf bag to go forth in pursuit of par.

Outside of his own group Beadle was unknown when, at the age of twenty, he stepped out in his first amateur championship to find himself face to face with Bobby Jones, whose fame had crested the earth. It was a tough battle for the debutante to get the final round, but in his first match he defeated Beadle by 3 and 1. In his second career he has been used to tough breaks. On six occasions in the last two years through his own negligence he has been beaten in the final round. On the first day of the final round he was defeated by 3 and 1. In his second career he has been used to tough breaks. On six occasions in the last two years through his own negligence he has been beaten in the final round. On the first day of the final round he was defeated by 3 and 1.

Facing far greater opposition than he had in the Atlanta star game, Jones gamely sailed out into his swiftest pace. On the inward journey he came back in 35 with no less than five holes in hand. He had been playing championship golf for a dozen years. He refused to be felled loose. Without slowing down his pace in the final round he won in three strokes over seven holes. He was riding on at this heading gallop he was forced to go to the thirty-third green to get the decision by a margin entirely too slim for comfort.

Jones Sets Record-Breaking Pace

It was something a trifle new in golf to have a 33 tied into the heart of a young golfer in his first big test and have him beat the best of them. It was this he did. It was even more dramatic to have this steady volley of 3s and 4s poured into his soul without cessation from early morning to afternoon and still to be in the mood to play a hole for breath at any moment of the match, and at the finish there was a world of acclaim that belonged to both. It was a test for a starting off that was unusually replete with drama. In the tale of two cities, Sioux City, Iowa, and Philadelphia, Pa., the Westerner, Ruddy Knepper, was lifting the lid of the Western homestead up to dizzy heights. Ruddy, in his match against W. B. Torrance, the veteran Scotch internationalist, won by wide margins, hitting the long terrific distances and playing extremely well. In this intercontinental fight the presence of two great British stars, and the drama of the week can be better understood.

Successive Birdies for Hunter

Willie Hunter's pace can be judged from the fact that at one stage of his match he had three birdies in succession. When events of such moment are taking place you can understand how swiftly the leaders are traveling. In the world of golf it will take to survive the week.

Among the sixteen survivors who still carry on, the East has Oumet, Guilford, Sweetser, Lewis, McPhail and the West has Evans, Gardner, Knepper and John. In the South has Jones, Rotan and Godchaux. Both Rotan and Godchaux, from Texas and Louisiana, won by wide margins, hitting the long terrific distances and playing extremely well. In this intercontinental fight the presence of two great British stars, and the drama of the week can be better understood.

When he came to the seventeenth hole, he was in a quandary. He had to choose between a birdie or a bogey. He chose a birdie and won the match. He was riding on at this heading gallop he was forced to go to the thirty-third green to get the decision by a margin entirely too slim for comfort.

Evans Barely Defeats Anderson

These were the two feature matches of the day, but even they were closely watched by the determined way in which John G. Anderson, of Siwanoy, defeated Chick Evans to the thirty-fifth green. In the morning, Evans went out in 33, the fastest pace that any one has set over this first long nine. He stood 1 up. This was enough to give him a lead of one stroke. Evans continued to stick to the thirty-fifth green, where he was beaten, 1 and 1.

Outside of these thrills the stalwarts were in a murderous mood. In the main they overwhelmed their unfortunate opponents by crushing margins. Tolley and Hunter, the two remaining British golfers, annihilated Newton and Lloyd by 9, playing golf that will make them hard to beat. Torrance and Aylmer fell by the wayside before the blows of Knepper and Oumet.

The two ex-British champions, in opposite directions of the draw, are keyed up to fight once more the slightly dimmed luster of their previous success. Now in one of his stirring moods, and if this only lasts he will be no factor to overlook. Hunter, a master at match play, finds Sweetser in the way today, and if this battle makes a heartbreaker, it will be a heartbreaker. If Kunter slips safely through his thin shadow will again fall across the field, as it did at St. Louis a year ago when a heavy storm killed off his march.

If the brand of golf which began Monday and then ran on through Tuesday continues much longer the steady galleries will be pop-eyed. The unfortunate soul who takes over today Oumet and Knepper both are in a bad way. Tolley and Chick Evans had a 4 for a 71 in his second round. Evans' 71 included a 7 at the first hole, where he took three putts down a downhill slope. In this putt, which he had dropped in the hole, he had a 69. Evans is playing a good golf, and he needed it today.

"Ruddy" Knepper

Former Princeton golfer whose play was the sensation of the day in the amateur tournament at Brookline yesterday. Knepper defeated the veteran Scotch internationalist, W. B. Torrance.



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star into the discard. Who could be expected to make much headway against this morning round of Oumet's? Outmet—out 5 2 3 2 5 4 4 3 4—27

This card shows seven 3s, and four of these were birdies. Oumet on Wednesday meets Ruddy Knepper in one of the star features of the day. Jesse Guilford, after his tremendous round of 70 through the rain on Monday, slowed down to-day while beating young Greer, 4 and 3.

Tolley, coming to the 360-yard seventeenth, he drove close upon 300 yards and then proceeded to hole his mashie niblick approach for a 2, the only birdie of the day. The ball struck a few feet short, jumped forward and then slipped into the cup. The big Oxford ex-champion of Great Britain is hitting the ball as far as he ever did in his life and the birdie is getting down a greater number of putts.

Anderson Concedes Match

At the sixteenth hole, where Evans lost to Fownes twelve years ago by taking three putts, Chick took four putts on this occasion, trying his last attempt with one hand. At the seventeenth hole he was only eight feet away in 2 and Anderson, after missing his try for a 3, conceded the match as Evans was addressing his ball. The young strainer had told on both at the final which accounts for these unusual turns.

There will be so many feature matches on Wednesday that the menu will make a three-ring circus look tame. Sweetser meets Hunter in a great battle, Guilford meets Reggie Lewis, who beat him at Apawamis; Bob Gardner faces Bobby Jones for the third time in the match that will carry the biggest gallery of the day; Evans meets Fownes and Oumet tackles Knepper.

Gardner and Jones have each beaten the other at a national championship while Fownes was the man who stopped Evans at Hoylake a year ago. Fownes defeated Frank Dyer by sound, steady golf, and he will be coming to the Metropolitan Club champion. Fownes was playing at a 75 clip all day. As the weather has changed to ideal conditions, great galleries will swarm over Brookline turf for the remainder of the week.

Kelly in Velodrome Bout

The latest entry received for the boxing tournament to be held under the auspices of the Metropolitan Association of the A. A. U., at the New York Velodrome, September 13 and 14, is that of Ed Kelly, Paulist A. C., for the 128-pound class. Kelly has been coming to the Metropolitan Club in the amateur ranks. In the same time he has been boxing, which dates from last April, he has won many open tournaments, defeating some of the best boys in the district.

Eastern League

Pittsfield, 3; Albany, 5 (1st).
Pittsfield, 3; Albany, 5 (2nd).
Springfield, 10; Waterbury, 1 (2d).

Home Run Hitters in Games Yesterday

Player	Season's Total
Williams, Browns	1
Walker, Athletics	1
Ruth, Yankees	1
Williams, Phillies	1
Meusel, Yankees	1
Pratt, Red Sox	1
Peters, Phillies	1
Frishch, Giants	1
Mitchell, Red Sox	1

League Totals to Date

League	1922	1921
American League	461	412
National League	439	424
Total	900	836

The Leaders to Date

Player	Home Runs
Williams, Browns	24
Walker, Athletics	23
Ruth, Yankees	22
Helmsman, Tigers	21
Meusel, Yankees	19
Falk, White Sox	18
Specker, Indians	17
Tobin, Browns	16
Wright, Phillies	15
Burns, Red Sox	14
Pattee, Senators	13
Dwyer, Athletics	12
Welch, Athletics	9

Home Runs 1921

League	Total
American League	422
National League	408
Total	830

The SPORTLIGHT

W. H. Hudson.
Birds, trees and flowers that are still untamed, An autumn twilight by the woods or shore, All open spaces, wild and unreclaimed, Have lost some way the ancient glow that flamed, Since their lost mate and prophet comes no more.

Here was the spirit of all hills and plains, The troubadour of wilderness and sky, A wandering brother of the suns and rains, And all the winds that sang their far refrains, For him alone, before their last goodbye.

And yet to-day he still is part of all, One with the turf he loved that guards him still, The stray, lost winds that dawn that come to call, And each wild bird that sings by hedge or wall, Must know his spirit listens from the hill.

And some day when we've passed the outer gate To find, at first, dim trails both strange and new, What greater gain than hear him whisper, "Mate, Before us now eternal spaces wait Where we shall see the endless ages through."

Judging from the number of letters received there are still those who can't understand why Dempsey, at the height of his physical career, has gone fourteen months without a battle. But outside of Wills, what is there left? His affair with Brennan was suppressed. Willard waited more than three years before he decided to take up light training again. Greb is entirely too small. Firpo is entirely too raw. We can recall no past occasion where, outside of two men, there was such a paucity of heavy-weight merchandise.

There is no question that Wills would give Dempsey the hardest fight he has ever known. Wills is now a big, powerful, fairly fast, experienced boxer with a knack for his trade. He is a strong defensive fighter and a hard puncher. A great inveterate, he would be the first man Dempsey has met capable of an even break at this part of the game. We like the Dempsey end of it, but none too strongly if he goes many more months without practicing his profession.

Early Gridiron Chatter

Bill Roper, of Princeton, must smile wanly when he hears complaints from other colleges and universities bemoaning the loss of three or four regulars. From last year's Tiger machine Roper has lost eight stars in a list that includes Lourie, Keck, Garrity and Gilroy.

Both Yale and Harvard, his old rivals, now outmatch him two to one, and Chicago will have no small jump when the Tiger team starts West. Yet, in football, one can never tell. There are times when it is darkest just before dawn, and at least the fatal curse of overconfidence will not smother this fall's Princeton eleven.

The Home Run Stretch

Hornsby, Williams, Walker and Ruth are now facing the final sector of the home run stretch, with only a month left to go. The eminent Infant has three hard hitters to overhaul, but he hopes to have his range neatly adjusted when all four swing into sight of the wire.

Ruth has had to travel much further than any one thought late in May to regain the old homestead of swat. He has had his share of rasping setbacks, while Hornsby, Williams and Walker have rather outglazed themselves, in so far as past performances are concerned.

It will take about thirty-seven or thirty-eight home runs to lead the pack. It will also be the first time in baseball history that four men clubbed out more than thirty.

"Do you think," writes L. L. K., "that the stymlie is a fair proposition in golf?" The stymlie is not. It merely adds to the luck of a game that is already overflowing with lucky or unlucky breaks. It is at times a spectacular play and at other times a complete barrier to success.

Dempsey has been mute for so long that he is reported to be at work on a melody entitled, "Say it with six-ounce gloves."

He was as yet heard no verification of the rumor that when asked if there was any chance for a big heavyweight fight Chairman Muldoon remarked, "Where there's a Will's there's a way."

Sweetser and Hunter to Start To-day's March at Brookline

By Ray McCarthy
BROOKLINE, Mass., Sept. 5.—The first round matches in the national amateur golf championship here to-day passed without any deaths among the spectators being recorded. Not that there weren't any thrills to upset those with weak hearts. The Knepper-Torrance struggle was as exciting and hard fought a battle as anybody would care to witness. But the excitement of this first round was like the noise of a skirmish compared to an all-day battle, and nothing like what is likely to be produced in to-morrow's combats.

Let us run down the list and pick the winners if that is possible. Jesse Sweetser and Wee Willie Hunter, former British amateur champion, are scheduled to start the day's fun. Now who is to say that Sweetser will beat Hunter or vice versa. Both are playing wonderful golf. Both are keen match players. Both are sharpshooters of exceptional calibre. Both are young, although Sweetser is the youngest of them all in this meeting.

William M. Johnston

Johnston in Superior Form, Winning Davis Cup for U. S.



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It was the brilliant play of this Californian that defeated Gerald Patterson in the deciding match of the Davis Cup tournament at Forest Hills yesterday. This victory retained the famous trophy for America.

Georgia, Sailed by Woman Skipper, Is Yacht Race Winner

GREENWICH, Conn., Sept. 5.—The first run of the inter-club cruises, arranged by the Manhattan Bay Yacht Club, the Indian Harbor Yacht Club, the Larchmont Yacht Club, the Stamford Yacht Club and the Sewanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club to take the Long Island Sound fleet to the international races off Cape Cod, was a success to an end-to-night when the squadron cast anchor off the Indian Harbor Yacht Club here.

Although several forty-footers of the New York Yacht Club were at the starting line, the Larchmont "O" boats were the largest to race. The division was won by H. M. Cowperthwaite of the National Amateur Athletic Federation, who sailed the "O" boat, Georgia, beat the Roy Sargent's "Samba," sailed by Harry L. Maxwell, by 21 minutes and 10 seconds.

The summary:
LARCHMONT SEVEN-FOOTERS—START, 12:05—COURSE, 11 MILES.
Yacht and owner. Finish. Elapsed time. H.M.S. H.M.S.
Georgia, H. M. Cowperthwaite, 2:24:40
Nimble, Roy Sargent, 2:41:50
Hercules, H. M. Cowperthwaite, 2:42:00
HANDICAP CLASS—FIRST DIVISION—START, 12:05—COURSE, 11 MILES.
Astor, C. A. Marland, 4:01:50
Young, W. W. Swann, 4:02:00
Schwartz, 4:30:41
NEW YORK Y. C. SEVEN-FOOTERS—START, 12:05—COURSE, 11 MILES.
Silhouette, R. H. Amber, 4:02:31
MIXED CLASS—START, 12:10—COURSE, 11 MILES.
Hookah, M. R. Smith, 4:49:13
Mischief, F. Russell, 4:41:29
Hayden, K. Stokes, 4:44:48
Lily, W. W. Swann, 4:45:40
Squal, H. S. Sayer, 4:58:40
HANDICAP CLASS—SECOND DIVISION—START, 12:10—COURSE, 11 MILES.
Acadian, F. E. Raymond, 4:48:11
SPECIAL CLASS—START, 12:15—COURSE, 11 MILES.
Heron, A. J. Barshoff, 4:42:11
Aquila, F. Pawley, 4:44:45
SPECIAL CLASS—START, 12:15—COURSE, 11 MILES.
Nahma, W. J. Wray, 4:49:39
Madison, H. W. Buck, 4:50:17
Lily, W. W. Swann, 4:50:17
Aquila, G. L. Curry, 4:58:46

Federation Exists Only on Paper, Says Prout, A. A. U. Head

The Amateur Athletic Union came out of its shell yesterday and answered for the first time the statements made by the National Amateur Athletic Federation, which seeks to attain a prominent place in the athletic affairs of this country. President William C. Prout speaks for the A. A. U., and his statement, which follows in part, would indicate that he does not accept a place on the board of directors of the N. A. A. U., for which he was recently nominated.

Prout points out that the proposals of the N. A. A. U. to revise the constitution of the American Olympic Association would not only put the A. A. U. out of business, but would kill every sport-governing body in the country.

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Godchaux Paired with Rotan

There is a little, young, black-haired chap here from N'Orlins who has been attracting considerable attention by his fine performances. We refer to Francis Godchaux. There is also a rangy Texan who has been tearing things loose around these and other parts of the world. We refer to George Rotan. They are to meet in another match. We are aware that George Rotan hits 'em a mile, but remember Godchaux hits the ball pretty well himself. He has a lot of admirers here and they think well of his chances.

There's more to come. Keep in mind this is an all-star bill that is being put on here every day this week and certainly we are speaking literally now—the gallery is going to get a run for its money to-morrow. After Godchaux and Rotan pass "Chick" Evans and Bill Fownes will appear. To be sure Fownes is not the young man he was when he won this title in this same course in 1910, nevertheless, he is still proficient and a mighty able shot-maker, who can give any golfer in the world a hard time. Only two years ago in the British amateur championship he defeated Evans, and is dangerous at all times. The renewal of this particular feud to-morrow promises to be most interesting.

Johnston in Superior Form, Winning Davis Cup for U. S.

Easy Victor Over Patterson in Needed Match; Tilden Extended to Five Sets

By Fred Hawthorne
(Continued from page one)
no lack of daring in his play, but he found it a hazardous undertaking, for on these occasions Johnston shot the ball squarely to the feet of his rival, and he had to be careful to dig the ball up at such times. Finally, sheer desperation, he did most of his volleying from a point ten feet or more back of the service court lines. It was almost impossible for him to get much closer to the net than that, before Johnston's returns would be back at his feet.

Johnston's Volleying Superb

Johnston is a bad manager, whom to attempt deep volleys. The Californian's own volleying was done so superbly, and with such consistent accuracy, that it was almost impossible to get shots of this character. Johnston's returns were doomed to a quick finish as Johnston came running in behind his service and his forcing ground strokes.

After losing the first two sets at 2-6, 2-6, Patterson seemed to realize that he was up against Fate in her own obstinate mood, and although there is no such thing as "luck" in tennis, the big Australian's make-up you felt that Patterson knew he was a beaten man when they started the third set.

He has given of his best, and with what result? Johnston's attack was back the attack with a show of supreme power that savored of no human qualities, but of the thinking machine. Johnston knows his own power and the directing genius to guide its shots true to the mark.

Johnston's volleying efficiency yesterday. Of the eleven places that Patterson was credited with in this session seven were won on his own placements, the other four on "outs" by Johnston. Patterson's record, in double faults in that remarkable record.

14,000 Jam Stands

Edward C. Conlin was in the umpire's chair and Harold H. Hackett calling footfalls when Johnston and Patterson started their brief struggle for the mastery. Spectators jammed the stands at this time, but before the match ended the number had swelled to more than 14,000, all the while Johnston's play was so perfect that more stood up in the rear of the top-most row and never changed their positions through the long afternoon of play.

Johnston won the toss and started with the service, taking the opening game easily, as Patterson sent three returns of service out and tried a lob at a similar angle. Patterson, an Australian won the next game for 1-11, with Johnston having trouble in handling the service ball.

Johnston felt his victim, apparently, Patterson's weak backhand, driving savagely and deeply, and the challenger lost the game with three "nets" and an "out" in the fourth game.

Patterson Sticks to Backhand

The Californian broke through service in the fourth game after Patterson had been within a single point of winning twice, the first time to be turned away by double-faults of his own making, and the second time as Johnston sent the ball spinning across court on a beautiful overhead volley of Patterson's short return.

Johnston took the fourth game at "love." He was attacking the backhand persistently, yet Patterson refused to run a ball. He had to take to his forehand. Apparently he had made up his mind to hold his ground, and hold it he did, even though losing points thereby as he sent the ball into the net or out of the court.

The Australian won the next game on his own service, although twice he made double faults, but Johnston made an aggressive return, and he was attemped to curb the challenger's furious service. "Little Bill" then rushed ahead and won the next two games, for the first set at 6-2, a perfect rain of placements oversteering Patterson.

Again Johnston began the service in the second set and took the opener. A bitterly fought "duce" game followed, with the points reaching "duce" seven times. Patterson's service was for matters, but he could not break into the winning column again until the seventh game, which he took on four errors by Johnston, both men maintaining a grilling.

Johnston was still pursuing Patterson's vulnerable backhand with the tenacity of a bulldog, and although the challenger was yielding a majority of points, he was not to be broken down. Nevertheless stood up under the hammering in a way that surprised all.

The little Californian was putting the full power of his great forehead drive into these terrific placements, and he was deeply to his opponent's backhand that Patterson often was pulled out of position and forced to take the ball with his backhand, which Johnston had met. Johnston won the second set, 6-2, by winning the eighth game, breaking through service to do so. In the fifth game the defender scored a win with his backhand, and Johnston had met.

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