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NEW YORK, SUNDAY, MAY 1, 1921.

SPORTING SECTION

YALE RELAY TEAM  
LEADS IN GREAT  
2 MILE CONTEST

Hilles, Cox, Siemens and Campbell Win Close to Record Time.

FRENCH ATHLETES LOSE  
Remarkable Performances Mark Penn Carnival on Franklin Field.

TWO HOMERUNS IN  
SUCCESSION GIVE  
DODGERS VICTORY

Griffith and Wheat Break Up the Game in the Seventh.

PHILLIES BEATEN 3 TO 2  
Ninth Straight Triumph for National League Champions; First for Pfeffer.

Special Despatch to THE NEW YORK HERALD. PHILADELPHIA, April 30.—Not even for a fleeting instant did the tri-color of France flash among the leaders in a one mile relay race which decided the national intercollegiate championship on Franklin Field this afternoon. Four stout hearted representatives of the University of Paris went out in quest of the honor, and at the finish France was no better than fifth, just one place removed from last. They ran a game race, those Frenchmen did—but they never were in the hunt. They started in too fast company. Yale's triumph in the two mile relay was one of the outstanding features of the carnival. In taking the national championship the Elis furnished one of the greatest finishes ever seen here. The Yale quartet was timed in 7:55 4-5, against a world's record of 7:50 2-5, set here by the Oxford-Cambridge four on a perfect track last year. Yale won by ten yards, with Ames, best of the Western Conference, in second place, five yards in front of Pennsylvania, Ohio State and the Navy followed.

By DANIEL. By SAMUEL J. BROOKMAN. Two home runs in succession, sudden and startling both of them, kept the Dodgers' winning streak alive at Ebbets Field yesterday. They came at a time when the Brooklyn fans, sored by the dark, gloomy weather, intermittent sprinklings of rain, and the Dodgers' inability to get more than two hits in six innings of the delivery of George Smith of the Phillies, were almost ready to concede that it was not the Dodgers' day. That made the two swats over the right field fence, one by Tom Griffith, the other by Zach Wheat, all the more astonishing in their effect on the assembled throng. A shriek that must have been heard on the outskirts of Flatbush greeted the first smash; a roar that nearly lifted the roof of the grand stand followed the second, and when the demonstration had died down Brooklyn, instead of trailing, 2 to 1, was in front, 3 to 2. There the score remained and the ninth straight victory for the National champions became a matter of record.

The last relay, which brought together Tom Campbell of Yale, Earl Eby of Penn and Webb of Ames, developed a stirring struggle. At the start Webb was in front, with Eby second and Campbell third. Eby was coming along like a streak and looked like a sure winner. But Campbell was yet to be reckoned with.

Campbell's Pace Terrific. In the back stretch Eby flinched to the fore and there he stayed for about sixty yards. Then came Campbell. Rounding into the home stretch the long Chicagoan streaked into the van with Eby in close attendance. But the Penn star was not to remain second for long. Campbell's pace was too terrific even for Eby, and Webb had something left, too.

As they neared the tape Campbell was out in front with all opposition gone and Eby was all used up. Webb passed him. Campbell did his half mile in 1:57. Penn was not in the race until well toward the finish of the third relay, when Larry Brown came up from the rear into third place. It took a half in 1:54 1-5 for Brown to turn the trick and send Penn's big legion of enthusiasts into a spasm of wild cheering. Yale's flying four was composed of F. Hilles, T. Cox, E. Siemens and Campbell. Siemens ran a stout race in fighting off Brown's determined charge. Ames in front at the finish of the first three relays. The Iowa men recently set a Conference record at Des Moines. Yale's time was only four-fifths of a second behind the American mark held jointly by Johnny Overton's Elis and the Brown relay.

Syracuse Defeats French Team. To Syracuse went the coveted laurels, and to Allen Woodring, its great quarter miler, went most of the credit for a remarkable victory over the Frenchmen. Woodring's race was a masterpiece. He came out with a dash that sent it sailing far over Neale's head and over the fence in right field. The joyful outburst scarcely had died down when Zach Wheat, meeting the first ball pitched with a healthy swing, sent it whizzing through the same path in the damp ozone that Griffith's blow had cleaved the minute before. That was all the damage of that inning, but it was enough, for the Phillies did not threaten after that. Jeff Pfeffer did not inspire confidence in the early half of the game, but he improved wonderfully as the contest advanced, and in the last five innings assumed more like the Dodgers' former play than the one than at any time in two seasons. It was his second start of the year and his first victory. Against the Braves nearly two weeks ago Pfeffer looked hopeless.

Williams' Timely Hit. The Phillies combined two hits for a run in their first time at bat. Neale sent out a hit to second and advanced a base on Hawkins's rap to Konechey. With the count two and three—on Williams the visiting center fielder hit the top of the right field fence. Griffith's curves were regular, but he improved and a perfect throw caught Williams trying to stretch the hit into a double. Neale ran home in the meantime with the first run of the game. Two innings later Pfeffer pitched himself out of a tight squeeze, retiring the side scoreless after the Phillies had filled the bases. Brundy opened the assault with a single to right and went to second on George Smith's sacrifice. Neale aimed. Rawlings started to right but Griffith's quick return from the outfield held Brundy at third. Rawlings stole second. Pfeffer decided to pass Williams and fortune smiled on his judgment as Manuel popped to Koney for the third out.

A Thunder of Cheering. No longer were the cheers for the Frenchmen. Their race, it was apparent, was run. No active encouragement could drag them out of the rack in this field of feeling. Penn was in front and for Penn came a thunder of cheering as Maxie finished the third relay in front, with Monie in close attendance, with Chapman third for Cornell. Then the last desperate dash as Brown carried the baton for Penn and Cornell was left behind, in third place, and France still last.

Dark Day Helps Pitchers. George Smith was on the mound for the Phillies, and with the dark day to add effectiveness to his speed George, who will be remembered as a member of the Giants a few years ago, was pretty sticky with his hits. The Dodgers managed to group two singles, one by Neale and the other by the irrepressible Jimmy Johnston, for a run in the third inning, but that was all Smith allowed them all the way to the seventh inning. The Dodgers were popping up and their efforts were being gobbled up with ease by the visiting fielders. Brooklyn's half of the seventh opened with Griffith at bat. He let a bad one pass and then swung under an outcropper and sent a high fly in foul territory back of first base and near the stands. Lee dashed after it, and ordinarily would have caught it, but he failed to conceal his pleasure at being saved and Smith in the box did not conceal the fact that he was peeved. In fact, Smith as far forgot himself as to put the next one right over the heart of the plate for Griffith. Over the heart is where the Brooklyn right fielder delights in meeting the ball, and in fact, it sure counted with a crash that sent it sailing far over Neale's head and over the fence in right field. The joyful outburst scarcely had died down when Zach Wheat, meeting the first ball pitched with a healthy swing, sent it whizzing through the same path in the damp ozone that Griffith's blow had cleaved the minute before.

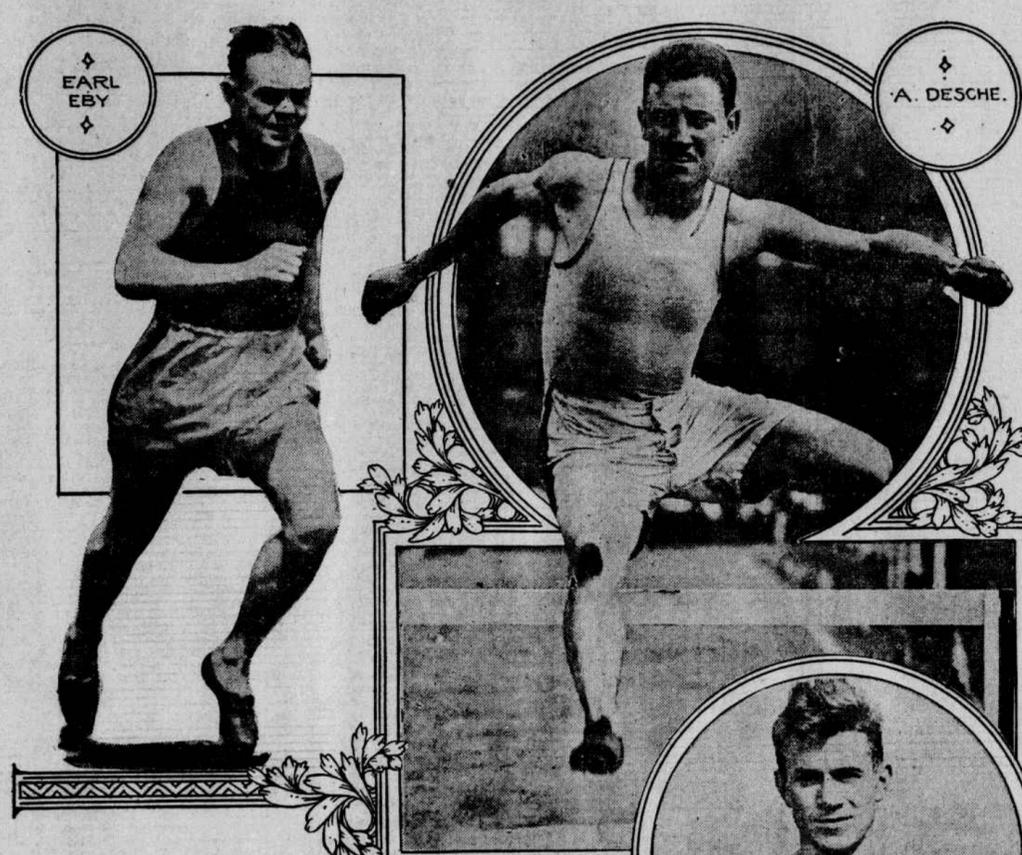
Part of the game, the early part, was played in the somewhat, say, modified Stygian gloom created by dark and forbidden clouds. The last part was played in rain and it was a soggy dripping affair, generally as flat as it was dripping, but such features as Kelly's homer, the welcome return of Earl Smith and the swift retiring of Dave Bancroft dispensed some needed radiation. Walker was moved to center field and with Burns, Walker and Young out there, McGraw had an outfield running not prominently to inches, but conspicuously to ability.

Neif pitched an unbalanced sort of game, and none of the Boston appointees to the rubber was good. The game was poorly pitched, partly because of a wet ball. When Neif took advantage of the half light and used speed instead of curves he did better, and he settled to business well in several pinches. The Giants were outbatted by them bunched three hits in the fourth inning and had the help of a poor throw by O'Neill and another by Christybury. Kelly's home run followed a pass to Bancroft, a single by Frisch and a pass to Young.

Earl Smith in the fifth was commanded by Umpire Hart to take a walk to the clubhouse. He did so, wearing all his harness. His offense was slanting his mitt down on a called strike—very childish. A lot of bugs with little above the shoulders but ears and capacity to make raucous sounds, hooted Hart, who was right both as to his

Continued on Second Page. BASEBALL TO-DAY, EBBETS FIELD, 3 P. M. Brooklyn vs. Philadelphia.—Adv. BASEBALL TO-DAY, FOLIO GROUNDS, 3 P. M. Giants vs. Boston.—Adv.

Athletes Who Starred in Penn Relay Races on Franklin Field



KELLY HITS HOMER AND GIANTS WIN BY SCORE OF 9-4

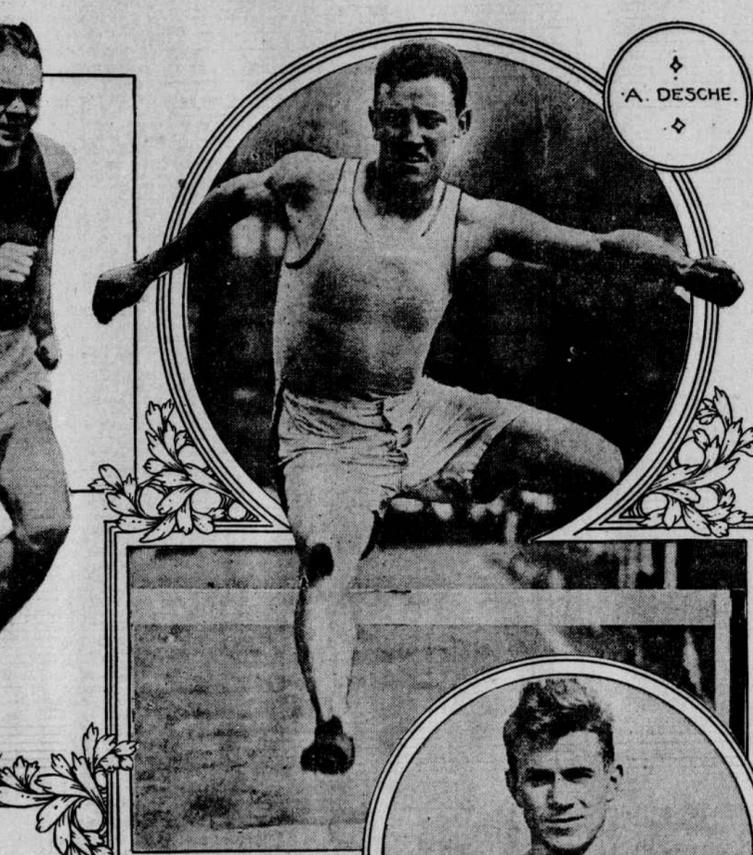
Babe Ruth's Rival Makes Drive When the Bases Are Filled.

By WILLIAM B. HANNA.

George Kelly streaked his sixth home run of the young season through the murk and wet of a sodden day at the Polo Grounds yesterday, herded home four runs the Giants didn't need and dropped Babe Ruth into a back seat. Some of the murk and wet of the sodden day through which George Kelly streaked his sixth home run of the young season enveloped Boston and the Babe had no chance to add one to his five homers, but as it was a largely incidental to and the chef d'oeuvre of a 9 to 4 victory over the Braves Tarzan II, went to the lead in his home run race with the Yankee original of that fence breaking species. However, the real sportsman rejoices in the home runs of both Kelly and Ruth, is not so narrow as to see discomfiture for one or the other, but says go to it and may the better bumbo win. Kelly went to it yesterday in the seventh inning with three on bases. He banged the first ball Pillingim pitched and dropped it in the far corner of the horseshoe. He trotted home happily last and biggest man in the tandem and the quality of the ovation got from his mates was sincere and boisterous, if not as voluminous, as the one from 12,000 fans.

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CLEAN SWEEP FOR OARSMEN OF NAVY

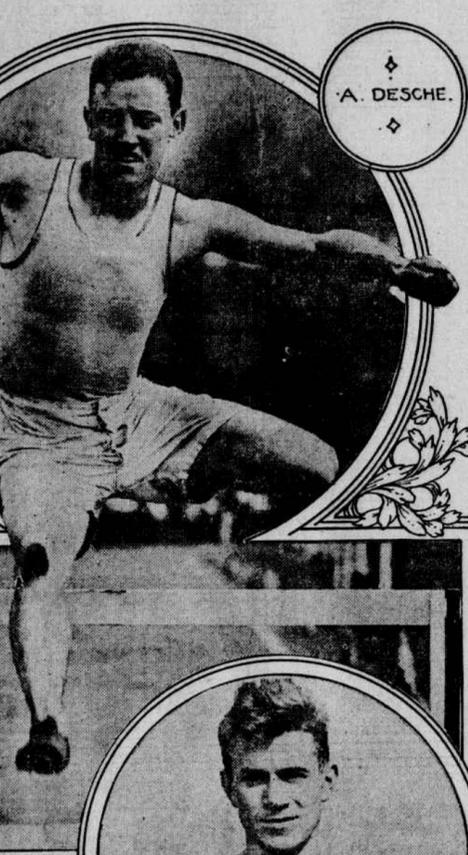
Middies Defeat Penn in Varsity, Junior and Freshman Races.

By the Associated Press.

LONDON, April 30.—C. S. Cutting, the American court tennis player, today defeated G. R. Westmacott in the semi-final round of play for the amateur court tennis championship of Great Britain. Cutting won in three straight sets, 6-1, 6-1, 6-2. He will play Hon. C. N. Bruce in the finals Monday.

Perd, Christybury and Holke. Left on bases New York, 3; Boston, 2. Bases on balls: Off Oeschger, 2; off Neif, 1; off T. Townsend, 1; off Pillingim, 3. Hits—off Oeschger, 4 in 4 innings (none out in fifth); off T. Townsend, 3 in 2 innings; off Pillingim, 2 in 2 innings. Hit by pitcher—by Neif, 1 (Christybury). Struck out—by Neif, 1 by Pillingim, 1. Wild pitches—Oeschger, Neif, Louie, pitcher—Oeschger, Earned runs—off Oeschger, 4; off Pillingim, 4; off Neif, 3. Impires—Hart and McCormick. Time of game—2 hours and 7 minutes.

Continued on Second Page.



C. S. Cutting Is in Court Tennis Final

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COLUMBIA CREWS  
LEAD YALE HOME  
ON HOUSATONIC

Varsity Is First by Two Lengths, and Juniors by Five.

IN FRONT ALL THE WAY  
10,000 See the Elis Struggle Gaily but in Vain Against Rivals.

Special Despatch to THE NEW YORK HERALD. DERBY, Conn., April 30.—Outrowing Yale from the first dip of the oars in the placid waters of the Housatonic River this afternoon, the Columbia varsity and junior crews administered sound defeats to the two best boats of the Blue in the presence of 10,000 boat race loving people, who filled a long observation train, packed the Shelton and Derby banks at the finish and viewed the race from automobiles. There was never a moment when there was any question that the power of the men behind the light blue tipped oars, their watermanship and rowing technique would not put the men from Morningtide over the finish line winners. Yale never was in it, the varsity being beaten by two lengths and the second varsity by five lengths. The varsity time for the two miles was: Columbia, 19 minutes 25 seconds; Yale, 10 minutes 20 1/2 seconds. The second varsity time was: Columbia, 19 minutes 45 1/2 seconds; Yale, 11 minutes 5 seconds.

As was the case two weeks ago when Pennsylvania led the way over the Elis, a mist settled down over the river between the rowing of the two races this afternoon, and when the boats passed through the last set of stakes it was difficult to see a quarter of a mile along the river. The spectacle lost some of its brilliancy because of the unfavorable weather overhead, but what it lacked in color it made up in enthusiasm. Yale followers in the observation train cheered lustily for their beaten eight's almost from the word "Go" to the finish line, but there was no such thing as instilling the spirit which prompts the sprint. Both Yale crews were spent before the mile and a half stakes were reached, the reserve which usually goes with well trained and well coached crews not being there.

Columbia Rows Steady 28. The long, steady sweep of the Columbia varsity was a beautiful thing to watch. The Morningtide men rowed a constant 28 stroke during the entire two miles. Even the difference in the strokes at the start, Columbia with her 28 and Yale with 26, failed to put the Elis in front.

Yale dug into the water at a fierce clip during the first quarter of a mile, but stroked Broad kept his men working steadily in clocklike rhythm. The Columbia crew bending forward and backward as one man. The long sweep, and always with a 28 stroke gaining inch by inch with every dip of the oars, was in great contrast to the short stroke of the Yale men. Yale's form, especially in the middle of the boat, was wabbly and weak after the first mile, and it was the beautiful rowed race, one observed that the Elis had nothing up their figurative sleeves. At the mile flag there was a slight improvement in their form forward by the edging up of the English shell the Yale men were seen in, but the hopes of the big crowd were soon blasted when Columbia responded also. From that point where Columbia was leading by three-quarters of a length, until the last flag, it was a procession. Clear water was seen between the shells at the mile and a quarter flag and gradually the lead was increased until the finish line was reached.

Columbia had a whole lot in reserve, and a quarter of a mile from the final stakes Coxswain Brush called for a final lapse of speed. It was the moment when their stroke hit the Columbia men shot their shell forward and finished with as much strength and form as were shown at the first flag. It was a beautiful sight to see the Columbia crew, the best ever seen on the Housatonic course, and Yale men were quick to appreciate it. Hardly had the echoes of the Yale shout died out when a great cheer came with Columbia on the end reechoed across the glassy surface of the river.

Yale Stroke Exhausted. Leslie, Yale's coxswain, felt exhausted in the arms of Mail No. 2, in the Yale shell, after the Elis' boat poked her nose through the final stakes, but he was quickly revived when Coxswain Carson doused him with water. Gibson, the giant son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson of New York, was another cheerer of their beaten rival.

Penn led for a short time in the varsity event, getting a great start and holding a lead of a few feet for 400 yards. At 500 yards the Navy boat was definitely in the lead, and at the half mile it had a full length to the good. Both crews rowed thirty-eight to the minute at the start, but dropped to thirty-six and then to thirty-four. Penn made a game struggle at every stage of the race, but used up all of its available power in trying to keep from falling behind, and near the close of the race there was no strength left for a final effort. The race between the second crews presented the real thrill of the programme. The visitors lead until within 300 yards of the finish, when a characteristic Navy effort put the home crew a scant half length to the good as they crossed the line. The lead was never large, a few feet at most, but it kept the Navy crowd on the anxious seat until the spurt of the Juniors had settled the race. The Navy plebes led from the start to finish. Their victory marks the first success of Richard Glendon, Jr., as a coach. He picked and developed the plebes exclusively, and has developed a fine crew. It was the heaviest crew on

AMERICANS OFF ON  
QUEST FOR HONORS  
OF BRITISH LINKS

Seven Members of Amateur Team Leave to Try Luck at Hoylake.

W.C.FOWNES, JR., CAPTAIN  
Oulmet, Guilford, Jones, Platt, Wright and Hunter in the Party on Caronia.

By KERR N. PETHIE. Untrammelled by Schneckdady putters and freak clubs which come under the ban of the St. Andrews Golf Club, and with new meshes of orthodox make taking the place of the rib faced implements which have been causing so much comment abroad, seven members of the amateur golf team which William C. Fownes, Jr., of Oakmont Country Club, Pittsburgh, has raised in an attempt to lift the British amateur championship at Hoylake last yesterday on the Caronia of the Cunard Line. The members of the team who waved farewell to a host of wellwishers as the big liner pulled out and turned her nose down stream on the first lap of the journey which it is hoped will result in the cup which Walter J. Travis of Garden City won in 1904 taking still another trip to America were, in addition to Fownes, the captain, Francis Oulmet and Jesse Guilford, both of Woodland, Boston; Fred J. Wright, Jr., of Albemarle, Boston; Dr. Paul Hunter of Los Angeles, Calif.; Bobby Jones of Atlanta, Ga., and I. Wood Platt of Whitmarsh Valley Country Club, Philadelphia.

Charles Evans, Jr., of Edgewater, Chicago, the national amateur champion, who also is to enter the fray at Hoylake, was not among those present. However, Chick had announced his intention of following next Wednesday, so his non-appearance did not in any way alarm Fownes, the captain. The Pittsburgh expert, holder of the national amateur title in 1911, was all smiles as he saw his brood marshalled on the deck of the steamship, ready to have their pictures taken individually and collectively, but when he noted that only five of his merry men had lined up at his elbow as the cameras began to click, his brow clouded and looking along the ranks he said: "Where is Freddy Wright?"

Freddy is the Massachusetts State amateur champion and a player whom the captain could not well afford to leave behind. Nevertheless, there was some little concern for a time about the whereabouts of Freddy Wright. Wright hopped aboard the steamship some time and although unable to get a face in the pictures he will be there when the bell rings at Hoylake.

Many Women in Party. But Fownes has a great deal more responsibility than looking after five more or less famous golfers on the way across the Atlantic. In addition to the players, making up the party, were a host of beauty, several members of which are to play in the British women's championship at Turnberry, Scotland, but the most interesting of the party, merely going to look on, to root for America in the coming championships, and in one or two cases to give their husbands the benefit of their companionship on the golf course.

Mrs. W. C. Fownes accompanied her husband, and also in the group were Miss Louise Elkins, Mrs. E. S. Fownes and Miss Clara A. Bowler. Then, although it was understood that Miss Rosamond Sherwood of St. George, L. I. would not start for Turnberry before next Tuesday or Wednesday, she was there to help the American party on the Caronia.

Oulmet took along with him all of his domestic cares, and the most interesting member of the group in the person of his infant daughter, Barbara, although it would be only fair to state that this young lady was in charge of neither the team nor the party. Oulmet play the game, but both can cheer like anything when the head of the household is taking a strange hold on a championship or cup. Probably this is the most true of Miss Barbara than of her mother.

But even this does not quite exhaust the list of those who are on their way. In addition to George Baker of Cincinnati, former president of the Western Golf Association, and Dr. Stirling of Atlanta. The latter, needless to say, is the father of the American woman champion, Miss Alexia Stirling, and he is crossing the Atlantic to see his brilliant daughter perform against the fair stars of the British Links at Turnberry and other courses. Mr. Baich plays a very good game himself, but yesterday he admitted that the company in which he found himself was rather fast for him and that as a consequence he would confine his championship attentions to the gallery. Before that event comes off, however, he hopes to be able to play a few games on some of the British courses.

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