

BRASSIE BIRDIES

By DICK MILLER

CHICK BUSER, city controller, and John Milnor, president of the park board, were to partner in an eighteen-hole match at South Grove today, with Clyde Robinson, county treasurer nominee on the Republican ticket, and Adolf Emhardt as their opponents.

Emhardt and Buser recently started lessons from Harry Schopp and have made rapid progress. We wonder if the park board and city family members can see any places where some of the fee money collected at South Grove might be spent on the course whence it came.

Dave Mitchell, assistant pro at South Grove, sent in his entry to the western open Thursday. Dave will be one of the youngest, if not the youngest, entrant there. He shoots wonder golf when he is on his game.

The women at South Grove have reached the final round of their club championship play. Mrs. Al Roy defeated Mrs. Hal Holmes, 7 up and 5 to play, to get into the finals, where she will meet Miss Elizabeth Dunn, State champion. The match is postponed until September. Miss Dunn leaves Saturday noon for Chicago, where as a representative of The Indianapolis Times and the Highland Country Club, she will engage in the Western Women's Association tournament, to be played over the Olympia fields course, starting Monday.

When she returns Miss Dunn will play in the city tournament, as will Mrs. Roy. It will be played at the Coffin course, Aug. 30 and 31, and Sept. 1 and 2. The South Grove finale match will be played following that.

Dad Williams, starter at South Grove, in a veranda recently handed one of the boys who was telling how much of a home boy he was. "Whenever they say I run things at my house," said Dad, "they usually mean the women, the girls, the housekeepers, sweepers and errands. After which the boasting member lets quietly.

Joe Kelly, publicity man for the Western Open, finds time now and then for a round of golf. He has a home course at his home playgrounds, South Grove. Joe looks for a south-paw slice in his anger. "I don't give a hang for the ball, but I lose a stroke."

Now and then women who take up golf grasp the clubs like veterans and swing as if they were playing tennis. Clara Greenup, who spends her time pounding a typewriter, was one who, after a storm of straw hats and papers peleted into the ring by disappointed friends of the Pittsburgh fighter.

QUAKER CITY KEYED UP TO POSSIBILITIES OF TITLE RING GO

FLOWERS RETAINS TITLE

Negro Middleweight Holds Onto Crown, Although Greb Finishes Fast.

By Henry Farrell,
United Press Staff Correspondent

NEW YORK, Aug. 20.—Tiger Flowers is still world's middleweight champion today. He retained the title in taking the decision over Harry Greb in fifteen rounds of rough and tumble fighting in Madison Square Garden last night.

The 15,000 fight fans present did not regard the two as one verdict of Judges Mathison, Barnes and Crowley with favor. Flowers had the best of seven rounds, Greb won six and two were an even break.

It was a Greb audience that watched the fight. They came ready for a spectacle of the old-time Greb fury. They saw plenty of rough stuff, but, gallant though it was, Greb's assault lacked the power of the Greb of other battles.

Consistent Fight

Flowers, on the other hand, fought a consistent fight, and although forced by the Pittsburgh boy to alter his attack each time Greb's rushes and wrestling became mauling, he managed to regain his form, and took the rounds in order of second, fifth, eighth, ninth, tenth, twelfth and thirteenth, slowly summing back Greb's assaults.

The fourteenth round was opened by Greb with a rushing attack that promised a snap-back to the Greb form. He hammered Flowers, rushing him about the ring and forcing him into the ropes with the fury of his attack.

Finishes Fast

Greb kept up these tactics to the end of the fifteenth round, fighting madly, disregarding his own defense and easily taking the final rounds from Flowers.

But, despite the furious pace of the challenger, he failed to connect with the Flowers machinery and finished a loser on points.

The finish carried the crowd to Greb and when Referee Crowley announced the verdict which retained Flowers' title, the news was greeted by a storm of straw hats and papers peleted into the ring by disappointed friends of the Pittsburgh fighter.

FIRST FOUR

Davis Cup Team Selected—Line-up Uncertain.

By United Press

NEW YORK, Aug. 20.—America's first four ranking tennis players have been chosen as the Davis cup team which will face in September the surviving nation of the twenty-four challengers.

William T. Tilden, William Johnson, Vincent Richards and R. Norris Williams were named by the selection committee.

Decisions as to the doubles and singles line-ups is yet to be made, and may wait until the day before the opening match Sept. 9 at the German town Cricket Club, Philadelphia.

France meets the victor of the Japan and Cuba match to decide the nation which challenges America for the cup.

Dempsey in High Spirits

By United Press

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y., Aug. 20.—Jack Dempsey was in high spirits today over the fact that his much-discussed fight with Gene Tunney had at last become a certainty. Philadelphia pleased Jack as a location for the fight.

Dempsey snared through his work Thursday afternoon, engaging five sparring partners for a round each, in succession. He wound up by knocking out Robert Delfino, Argentine heavyweight, with a terrific blow which caused his trainers to maintain that Dempsey still has the old punch left.

Chicago regained undisputed possession of the title with a victory over the Giants. Greenfield and Scott held the Cubs to four hits while the White Sox batted 10 times but Chicago hits were bunched in the fourth inning.

In the American League, the Red Sox scored 10 runs over the White Sox. Although Winfield allowed Chicago eight hits, he was steady in the pinches.

The Athletics made nine runs on ten hits while Detroit could score but once and went into tie with Cleveland for second place.

NINTH INNING RALLY

Jim Galloway's Beaumont team again proved that a game is not over until the last man is retired, when recently against Shreveport the Exporters registered six times in the ninth inning. At the time of the rally Shreveport was leading, 9 to 4. Then the fireworks began, a home run by Shortstop Devieros figuring prominently.

HONOR MOSTIL

Johnny Mostil, center fielder of the White Sox, had a day on Aug. 3, when a delegation of fans from his home town, Whiting, Ind., visited Chicago. He was given a number of presents and proceeded to play a fine game against the Yankees.

BLAIR RECALLED

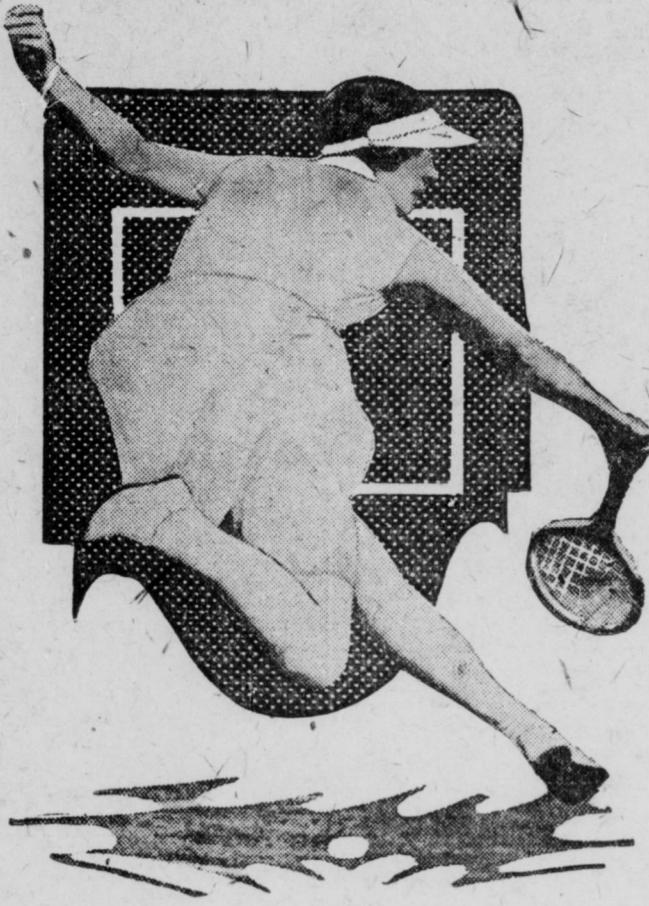
Little Rock has recalled Clarence (Babbit) Blair from the Muskogee club of the Western Association. He will be given a fling at shortstop.

BARONS GET KELLY

Birmingham has obtained Pitcher Harry Kelly from the Washington Senators on option. He was with New Orleans last season.

Pitcher Ike Kamp and Lou Kouff of Buffalo, each drew fines of \$100 from Manager Bill Clymer last week for alleged indifference and in subordination.

She's Flash on Courts



Evelyn Colyer

No, folks, you're all wrong. This is not a member of the "Follies" chorus putting on a dancing exhibition, but only Miss Evelyn Colyer, noted English tennis player, "flying" through the air in a desperate attempt to return a hard drive. They used to call tennis a "nice game for ladies," that was in the old days. Now it's considered an exacting test of speed, skill, stamina, endurance and what not.

TUNNEY GOT \$10 FOR HIS FIRST BATTLE IN RING

Gene's Real Name Is James—Wasn't Looking for Fights in Early Greenwich Village Days.

By Joe Williams.

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Well, to begin with, Gene Tunney isn't Gene Tunney at all. Twenty-eight years ago, down in Greenwich Village at 111 Bank St., James J. Tunney was born, a howling, squirming bundle of Irish humanity that now stands on the threshold of the world heavyweight champion.

One of those four fights was staged at the old Fairmount A. C., which was then operated by Billy Gibson, Tunney's present manager.

It was then held on a hot summer night. Tunney was meeting one of the Jaspers from Harlem in a six-round. Gibson usually sat at the ringside personally supervising his programs. But it was too hot for him this night, so he sat in the front office, about 100 feet away, cooling off before an electric fan.

The ring shows Tunney today as a "gentleman fighter." But in his more youthful days, he was a street fighter of no meager ability.

"I don't ever recall going out of my way to start one of those fights," says Tunney, "but just the same I seemed always to be in one."

In due time Tunney came to be known as the best 140-pounder in the village.

Tunney started professionally this way: Bill Jacobs used to scout for neighborhood material for the old Sharkey A. C. in precisely the same way baseball scouts roam the smaller leagues for potential diamond jacks. Jacobs saw Tunney and offered him \$10 to fight a four-round the following Saturday night.

"You can believe it or not," relates Tunney, "but I was more offended than surprised. The business of fighting for money never had entered my head, and somehow or other it all seemed very distasteful. I told Jacobs I'd never fight anybody except for the fun of it."

Tunney tells that story himself. "And I don't blame Billy a whole lot. I can still remember that night. The place was like a bake oven."

All the while Tunney was still working as a stenographer and accountant in the downtown offices of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

"I didn't talk much."

"That job looked awfully good to me in those days," says Tunney, "and I didn't do much talking around the office about my fights for fear I would get the can."

This was in 1917. Presently the war reached a point where America decided to get in and Tunney enlisted in the marines.

Tunney, in his own way, is a thinker and a philosopher. When the transport on which he sailed glided out of the East river and into the Atlantic a sort of spiritual message came to him.

It said: "You'll die in France."

"That always has puzzled me," says Tunney. "I'm not morbid by nature, yet I was positive all the while I was in France that I had seen home, mother and my friends back."

Tunney wasn't sure whether his friend was kidding him or not. He didn't appear to be. "All right, Sam," Tunney replied. "I'll fight for Jacobs, but it'll be my last public for the last time."

Sam Green

One of Tunney's buddies, by name

of Tunney, heard of the incident.

"Do you know why you don't want to fight for money?" asked Green the next time he saw Tunney.

"Well, I'll tell you. You're afraid of getting that good looking

game of yours smashed in."

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