



THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP

By R. STANLEY WEIR

With drawings by T. R. Manley and exclusive photographs

I AM afraid it is nearly fifteen years since I saw any considerable number of American class golfers at play, the occasion to which my mind harks back being the last of the international matches which used to be in vogue between Canada and these United States, and the place: the storied Plains of Abraham where the illustrious Wolfe and Montcalm fell but still live; and where, for hazards, there were not ditches, or pits of sand, or running brooks, but frowning citadel walls, glacis and redoubts, fosses and martello towers—not to mention the mighty St. Lawrence itself which has carried to ocean as a proper punishment many and many a pulled ball.

I recall among those who played at Quebec so many years ago, alas, the names of Farnam, Reid, Stickney, Hubbard, Averil, Smith and Lyons. The

United States team was captained on the occasion I write of by John Reid, Jr., in those days (as now) a mighty swiper and a putter of astonishing excellence; easily taking into camp the redoubtable Lyons who, almost continuously ever since, perhaps because of lessons then learned, has been the leader of Canadian golf. It was, therefore, with much satisfaction that I found myself able to attend the twentieth American Amateur Championship meet and to observe, during an entire week, the performances of many brilliant golfers not a few of whom had earned reputations on two continents, but whom I had never before seen in action.

It was pleasant to observe the large gallery that followed the play at Ekwanok. The fair sex was represented in unusually large numbers and added

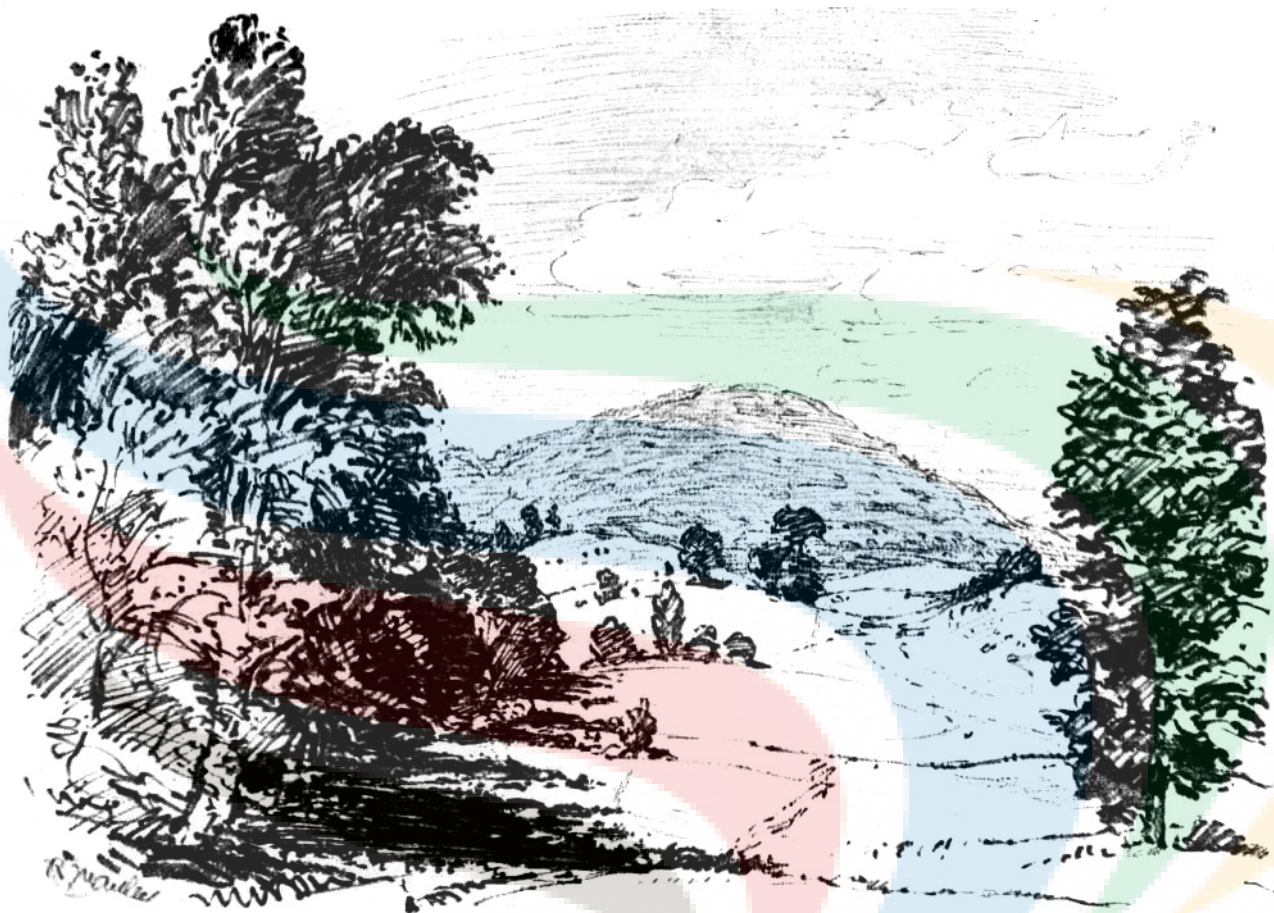


LOOKING ACROSS THE FIFTH FAIRWAY WITH MANCHESTER IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE AND THE TACONIC RANGE
OF MOUNTAINS IN THE BACKGROUND

GOLF ILLUSTRATED

not a little, it need hardly be said, to the charm and picturesqueness of the scenes on the fairway and the greens. The little hills of Ekwanok were especially favored as coigns of prospective by those who found the spirit willing but the flesh weak in traversing the 6,000 odd yards of the course, and when the crowd, following the big matches, swept up the broad field in all the bravery of its color, the view from the home green was one to be remembered.

five minutes was allowed at the expiring of which came the order through the megaphone: "Drop behind and play three!" In their tent by the first tee sat the president, R. C. Watson, and the secretary, John Reid, Jr., both wise, experienced, and indefatigable; calling up the men at regular intervals until the moment came for themselves to drop the pen for the driver. The round was of eighteen holes, medal play, and it had been decided by authority that the



THE SEVENTH HOLE FROM THE TEE

The qualifying rounds on Monday and Tuesday gave the chance of observing the players come up to the first tee and drive toward the arm of the Green Mountains that seems to enfold Ekwanok in sheltering embrace or at least stand there an incomparably splendid foreground. One by one, as Sir Walter says of the Archers at the tournament in "Ivanhoe" the golfers, stepping forward, delivered their shots "yeoman-like and bravely." Straight down the line for the most part the balls flew; errors in delivery being punished by the rough that liberally guards the right and left and front. The time-intervals, fixed so that the 105 players might get round comfortably, were strictly ordered. C. E. Van Vleck, for example, who started among the first and delivered a beautiful low raker that almost deserved a better fate just got into the parallel ditch over 200 yards down. A hunt of

sixty-four lowest scorers should afterwards go round again on Tuesday morning thus making a qualifying round of thirty-six holes. With Tuesday afternoon match play at eighteen holes was begun after paring off the best thirty-two. Finally with Wednesday the play was for thirty-six holes and so on until the single combat of Saturday.

Round the course, then go the players, spreading out gradually like skirmishers over the gorgeous undulations, and adding the human charm to the landscape. Looking down the wide green prospect from the committee's tent, comfortably seated upon ecclesiastical chairs, (the hospitality of St. Paul's Church, Manchester) we looked upon a scene of extraordinary loveliness; and, for more than one, it was impossible not to contrast it with the horror and carnage of the French and Belgian battlefields of



Looking back to the seventh tee at Manchester, Vt.

which the most sinister news came to us every day.

As the contestants creep round, as at this distance they seem to do, and pair by pair bring in their medal scores, let me take time to chronicle that the heavens, which during the preceding week seemed to empty themselves of rain, smiled most benignly throughout the tournament. The first day there were some complaints of hard luck from adhesive mud and resultant missed putts but other excuses, chiefly subjective, had to be sought on Tuesday and the remaining days.

There are some who think no struggle at golf complete without a gale of wind or a hurricane of rain. These meteorological hazards were conspicuously absent. Ben Sayers is reported to have said on the eve of an Open Championship when asked who would be the next champion: "Gie me a wun' and I'll shaw ye wha'll be champeen!" But no regrets that Euroclydon did not descend were heard at Ekwanok; and the rains that came on Sunday were for the healing of the turf.

As to the course itself, nestling between the Green Mountains and the Taconic Hills, let us pay homage to its unequaled beauty. What more lovely valley and vista than what the seventh tee discloses! How billowy the woodland maze on Mount Equinox so near

and friendly! How charming is Manchester Church with its spire and white villas, as we look back upon it from down the course! One would like to point out a hundred green pictures that delight the eye at every turn but the exigencies of the editor's time and space forbid. As to the playing quality of Ekwanok, I can quite understand how the Greens Committee (Green Committee is much too ambiguous) have hesitated to gash the flanks and velvety verdure of the putting-greens with other traps and bunkers. But those that actually guard the greens are perhaps more formal than serious. In consequence the approach shot rarely calls for much finesse. The traps are, too considerably, placed out of harm's way. I quite believe, therefore, that Ekwanok, excellent course as it is, is several strokes,

two or three at least, easier than Garden City or Baltusrol, and probably five strokes easier than the National. It cannot, certainly, compare with the British courses in its exactions—Prestwick or Walton Heath or Sunningdale; and it might be well if the greens were more adequately defended for, as Vardon has recently told us, if our golf is to improve our golf courses must improve—must make increased demands upon the powers of our players.

While still waiting for the results of the qualifying



The eighth green with the Green Mountains beyond at Manchester, Vt.

G O L F I L L U S T R A T E D

play let me extol the unique advantage of Ekwanok in having so close at hand an admirable caravansary where men and women both are comfortably cared for and golf cordially recognized. The briefest of "constitutionals" to the first tee, or a ten-cent ride in the elongated buck board; a lunch box sent after you if desired; in the evening a little dance to the irresistible rag-time and other rhythms for those so inclined, or, a quiet game of bridge; a walk down the street upon marble flag stones and under broad immemorial elms and maples to listen to the Swastica Quartette; or, to view the cinema disclose those fascinating pictures of what happened at Sandwich last May with glimpses of famous British and American cracks: Hilton and Graham, Ouimet, Travers and Miss Cecil Leitch; then, home betimes and early to bed, the long night silence broken only by the church tower-clock as it tells the hours—these and their own spell, which others may describe, are features that make a visit to Manchester and Ekwanok dangerous to the peace of mind of anyone who spends most of his time in the loud city.

Tuesday morning's play resulted in the following thirty-two survivals with total scores on the two days, play as shown.

Name.	Club.	First Day.	Second Round.	Total
R. R. Gorton, Brae Burn		72	72	144
W. C. Fownes, Jr., Oakmont		70	74	144
F. Ouimet, Woodland		73	72	145
F. Herreshoff, Ekwanok		73	74	147
D. Clark Corkran, Baltimore		73	76	149
J. S. Schlottman, Detroit		73	77	150
Charles Evans, Jr., Edgewater		74	77	151
Jerome Travers, Upper Montclair		76	77	153
John G. Anderson, Brae Burn		75	78	153
E. P. Allis, 3d, Milwaukee		78	75	153
W. I. Rowland, Chicago		79	74	153
E. M. Byers, Allegheny		78	75	153
R. M. Lewis, Ridgely		76	78	154
Roy Webb, Englewood		79	76	155
S. K. Sterne, Tatnuck		79	77	156
E. M. Barnes, Englewood		77	79	156
G. W. White, Flashing		78	79	157
R. S. Worthington, Shawnee		79	79	158
W. J. Travis, Garden City		83	75	158
B. Warren Corkran, Baltimore		80	78	158
Harold Weber, Toledo		80	78	158
M. R. Marston, Baltusrol		79	80	159
A. F. Kammer, Fox Hills		81	78	159
Louis Jacoby, Dallas		78	81	159
Jesse Guilford, Intervale		75	85	160
H. K. Kerr, Ekwanok		80	81	161
R. A. Gardner, Hinsdale		84	77	161
R. W. Brown, Meadow Brook		84	77	161
W. P. Seeley, Brooklawn		82	79	161
W. H. Cady, Brae Burn		82	79	161
J. N. Stearns, 3d, Princeton		80	81	161
F. A. Martin, Ekwanok		81	81	162

The pairing-off for the real struggle at match-play with its day by day eliminations, its dramatic surprises, its grim and silent contests in which the mind drains off so much more vitality than the body—contests in which (to remind ourselves of the unique and splendid merit of golf as a game) each player plays absolutely without interference from his opponent (saving the stymie); where the play is in parallel not opposed lines; where you do not, as even in the gentlemanly pastimes of billiards or cricket you may, punish or make use of your opponent's ball;—the pairing-off, I am trying to say, was as follows:—W. J. Travis, R. S. Worthington; W. K. Kerr, Harold Weber; J. G. Anderson, Roy D. Webb; J. P. Guilford, F. Herreshoff; E. M. Byers, C. Evans, Jr.; Jerome D.

Travers, J. B. Schlottman; A. F. Kammer, R. W. Brown; W. P. Seeley, W. H. Cady; J. N. Stearns, E. P. Allis; S. K. Sterne, R. R. Gorton; B. W. Corkran, R. M. Lewis; G. W. White, W. C. Fownes, Jr.; R. A. Gardner, Louis Jacoby; E. M. Barnes, F. Martin; D. C. Corkran, W. J. Howland, Jr.; Francis Ouimet, R. M. Marston.

Of these sixteen matches that between Byers and Evans attracted most interest. Up to the eleventh it was a ding-dong contest with honors nearly even, the advantage of one hole being with Byers. But the twelfth hole gave the gallery a rare thrill. Here, both had drives of good distance, Byers landing to the right in the rough and Evans on the edge of it towards the left. There remained a blind and rather narrow approach of about 150 yards, and, when Byers laid his ball within three feet of the pin, the applause was long and loud; but imagine the enthusiasm which was roused a moment later when Evans, with an exactly similar shot, put his ball within twelve inches of the hole. Byers failing with his putt, the match was now squared. The excitement rose to fever point and the gallery trebled its numbers. At the fifteenth Byers was 1 up, but temporary disaster came with a topped drive at the seventeenth and the match was squared again. At this stage both players were palpably nervous. The drives at the eighteenth and deciding hole were in neither player's usual form. Evans was short of the cut fairway, but not lying badly. A player of his power with irons could readily enough have carried the cross ditch 160 yards away, but electing to play short, he unfortunately played into the ditch instead, lying heavily on its depressed bank on the hither side. Here again the judgment shown was poor. To have lifted and dropped and landed comfortably on the green, holing out in 5, would have halved the hole and given another chance to save the situation. But Evans chose to descend into the ditch playing out to the right in the rough and leaving himself with a precarious chip shot which failed. It was disappointing that the player who so nearly succeeded Francis Ouimet as Open Champion, by marvelous play at Midlothian, should have fallen down in the amateur event. His genial presence was distinctly missed during the remainder of the week. The match between Jerome D. Travers and J. B. Schlottman was stubbornly contested. Travers was well content when it was concluded at the seventeenth hole and was grateful for the long putt at the sixth and a quite missable one of twelve feet at the ninth which greatly helped matters for him.

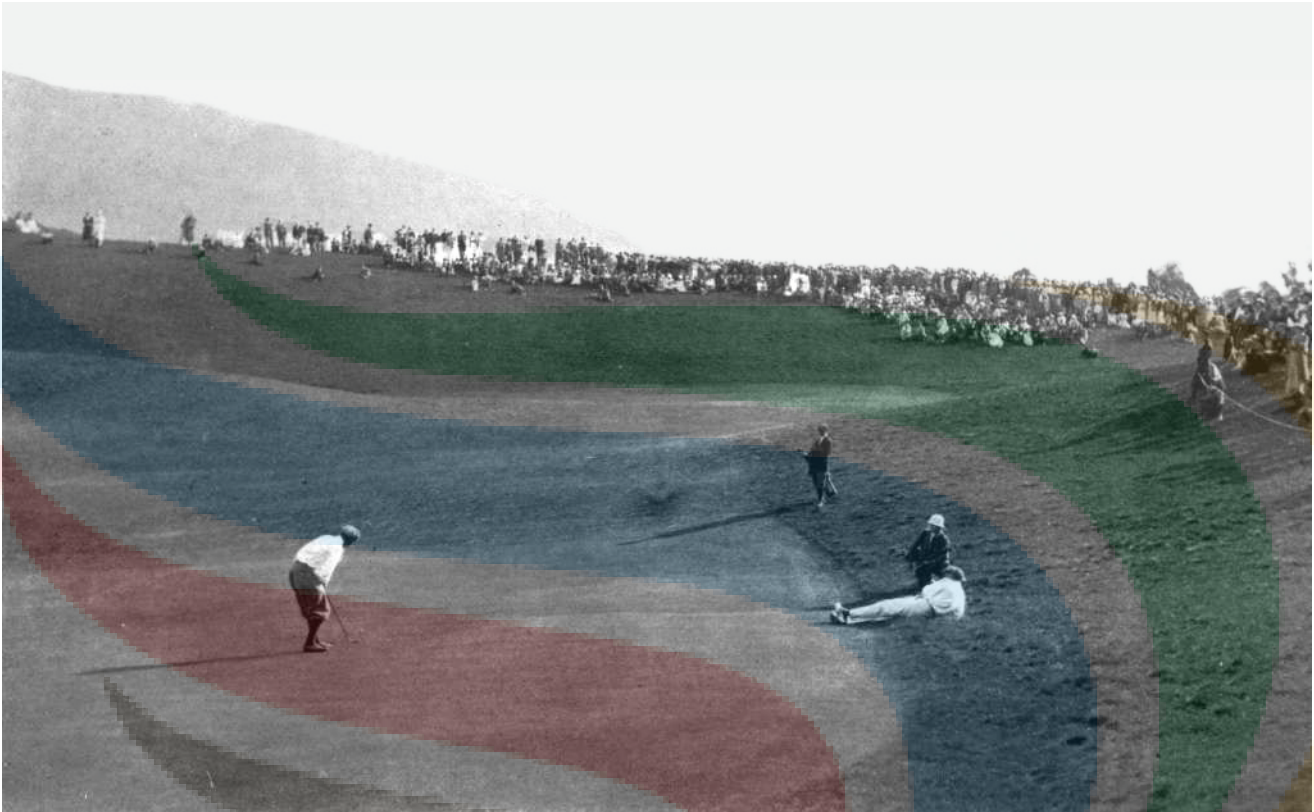
The elimination of Herreshoff at the hands of Jesse P. Guilford was hardly expected. Guilford is a prodigious driver and with a little more delicacy on the greens would be positively dangerous. Herreshoff, despite his experience and undoubted skill, suffered to the extent of 2 and 1. It was confidently expected that Guilford would repeat his success against Roy

GOLF ILLUSTRATED

D. Webb when they met on Wednesday and at one stage indeed he was 4 up. One by one, however, the holes slipped from him in the putting, and he finally lost by 2.

When Byers, after vanquishing Evans, had to meet Travers he was probably feeling the strain of the stubborn contest he had just concluded. Both slight of figure, but uncommonly trim, playing each with

enough employment to indulge in prediction and in golf the prophet can always account for his failure, if he does fail, by pointing out that his friends, the players, have changed their form. If he turns out a true prophet what a tribute to his prescience; how delightful to be able to say: I told you so! Well, let us endeavor at least to weigh the probabilities while not ignoring the possibilities. Travis, bronzed



FRANCIS OUIMET PUTTING ON THE TWELFTH GREEN IN THE AFTERNOON OF THE FINALS

grace and vigor, the pair attracted a large gallery throughout the day. Byers unfortunately had trouble with his tee-shots and in consequence was almost continually fighting against odds. He showed much versatility in play, and had occasional inspired putts which gained him holes, but Travers, steady as a rock and as relentless, brought the match to a close on the thirty-second green.

J. G. Anderson who qualified handsomely with 153 was counted upon, as runner-up last year, among those likely to go far. Playing a close match with Roy D. Webb, his was the nearer ball on the blind approach to the sixteenth green, but in error Anderson played his opponent's ball. The error was discovered after holing out and proved rather disconcerting. At all events the match was lost on the green.

As I write these notes on Thursday morning the following four pairs of players remain in the field: Travis and Webb, Travers and Seeley, Gorton and Fownes, Gardiner and Ouimet. It is a pleasant

and grizzled from many battles, has an excellent position in the draw. He won from R. S. Worthington in the first round with great ease (7 and 6), although in the qualifying round both had the same score, 158. He has also defeated H. K. Kerr of Ekwanok, who had defeated Harold Weber of Toledo. To-day he meets Roy D. Webb (155 in qualifying round), the conqueror of the long-driver Guilford. Should Webb go down to defeat Travis will meet Travers; Greek will meet Greek; but the result is hardly in doubt on the present form of the men. Of course, Travers may crack but that is not a habit of his at this stage of a tournament. I am assuming too that Travers will dispose of Seeley, who disposed of Kammer, and the assumption is fair as Seeley himself, big and burly though he be, admits.

If now we look at the second half of the schedule we have the four excellent names of Gorton and Fownes, Gardiner and Ouimet. The round between Gorton and Fownes should prove uncommonly keen.

GOLF ILLUSTRATED

Both have the distinction of having tied for low score in the qualifying round (144) the lowest score in the annals of this event. The logical outcome should be a halved match at the thirty-sixth green with a journey to the thirty-seventh or thirty-eighth to settle matters; but we shall see what we shall see. Were it not for the fact that Gardiner has been playing excellent golf, while Ouimet for one or two rounds

match. Playing the nineteenth hole somewhat indifferently Travis holed his putt in the like, and Webb missing his, the older player entered the semi-finals.

The Fownes-Gorton match was immediately behind the Travis-Webb contest and the combined galleries were able to divide attention between the two. As soon as the Travis-Webb match was finished the crowd surged round the home green keen to watch



FRANCIS OUIMET PUTTING ON THE 14TH GREEN IN HIS MATCH IN THE SEMI-FINALS WITH W. C. FOWNES, JR.

appeared a trifle slack, there would be no hesitation in predicting that Ouimet must be the victor. Ouimet must then meet Fownes or Gorton so that the final contest will in all probability be a repetition of last year's famous match at Garden City between Travers and Ouimet.

I continue these notes after the day's play is over. Travis after being 2 down at the close of the morning's play and losing 2 more at the beginning of the afternoon's play, profiting by some weakness in his opponent's putting, not only regained the lost holes, but added two more to his credit, and this was the position on the thirteenth green. On the fourteenth Travis lay with his second stroke about twenty feet from the cup when Webb, by a master-stroke in a long approach, placed his ball stone dead and reduced the lead to one. The fifteenth and sixteenth were halved; likewise the seventeenth which Travis might have clinched with his putt. Webb won the eighteenth amid growing excitement and squared the

how the thirty-sixth hole would be played, for Fownes was but 1 up. Just short of the green, a groan escaped from his sympathizers as he flubbed a chip shot and still lay forty feet away. Gorton promptly put himself dead, when Fownes intervened with the most difficult stymie in the world, his ball lying so close to the hole that his opponent was compelled to chip directly in or lose the hole and the match, there not being space for the least run. Gorton negotiated the stymie amid tremendous applause, and again there was a rush to see the nineteenth hole. In breathless silence both drove off, but let it suffice to say that Fownes won notwithstanding a pulled shot that threatened failure, but from which he admirably extricated himself. Gorton, the loser, will doubtless regret a few missed putts that might have told another story if they had gone down, but golf is golf and Gorton has proved his excellent quality and will doubtless be heard of again.

I did not follow the Ouimet-Gardner match but

GOLF ILLUSTRATED



J. D. Travers approaching the fifth green



J. D. Travers putting on the eighth green in his match with Travis



Fownes approaching the eighth green in the semi-finals. Ouimet, his opponent, standing at the left



Francis Ouimet, followed by Travers, walking from the eleventh green in the afternoon round of the finals



J. D. Travers at the finish of a putt

GOLF ILLUSTRATED



Francis Ouimet playing from bunker at back of eleventh green in his semi-finals match with Fownes



Fownes driving from the seventh tee



Francis Ouimet driving from the ninth tee in his match with Howland



Francis Ouimet driving from the twelfth tee



Charles Evans, Jr. playing from the rough in back of sixth green in his match with E. M. Byers

GOLF ILLUSTRATED

158	{	Walter J. Travis		}	Travis 7 and 6		}	Travis 4 and 3	}	Travis 1 up in 37 holes.	}	Travers 5 and 3	}	Ouiret 6 and 5.
158	{	R. S. Worthington		}										
161	{	H. K. Kerr		}	Kerr 4 and 2		}		}		}			
158	{	Harold Weber		}										
153	{	J. G. Anderson		}	Webb 1 up		}	Webb 1 up	}		}			
155	{	Roy D. Webb		}										
160	{	J. P. Guilford		}	Guilford 3 and 1		}		}		}			
147	{	Fred Herreshoff		}										
153	{	E. M. Byers		}	Byers 1 up		}	Travers 5 and 4	}	Travers 6 and 5	}			
151	{	Chas. Evans, Jr		}										
153	{	J. D. Travers		}	Travers 2 and 1		}		}		}			
150	{	J. B. Schlottmann		}										
159	{	A. F. Kammer		}	Kammer 7 and 6		}	Seeley 3 and 2	}		}			
161	{	R. W. Brown		}										
161	{	W. P. Seeley		}	Seeley 1 up		}		}		}			
161	{	W. H. Cady		}										
161	{	J. N. Stearns, 3rd		}	Stearns 5 and 4		}	Gorton 2 up	}	Fownes 1 up in 37 holes	}	Ouiret 1 up	}	
153	{	E. P. Allis, 3rd		}										
156	{	S. K. Sterne		}	Gorton 1 up		}		}		}			
144	{	R. R. Gorton		}										
158	{	B. W. Corkran		}	Lewis 1 up—19		}	Fownes 6 and 5	}		}			
154	{	R. M. Lewis		}										
157	{	G. W. White		}	Fownes 3 and 2		}		}		}			
144	{	W. C. Fownes, Jr.		}										
161	{	R. A. Gardner		}	Gardner 4 and 3		}	Gardner 4 and 2	}	Ouiret 9 and 7	}			
159	{	Louis Jacoby		}										
156	{	E. M. Barnes		}	Martin 3 and 2		}		}		}			
162	{	Fred Martin		}										
149	{	D. C. Corkran		}	Howland 1 up		}	Ouiret 4 and 3	}		}			
153	{	W. I. Howland, Jr.		}										
145	{	Francis Ouimet		}	Ouimet 1 up		}		}		}			
159	{	R. M. Martson		}										

THE SCORE SHEET OF THE 1914 AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP SHOWING THE PAIRINGS
AND THE MATCH PLAY RESULTS

I learn that the Brookline player won handily to the tune of 8 up with 7 to go. Keen to a degree was the general interest as the semi-finalists started off. It was well known that Travis and Travers, old rivals, would do their best against each other. The older player, looking very grim and determined, spent half an hour at the sixteenth tee driving practise balls before being called to take the honor. Travers might perhaps, with advantage, have indulged in similar practise, for his first tee-shot was a slice to the rough which cost him the hole; and, although the second was halved, his approach to the third green was so badly socketed that he picked up his ball; his iron to the fourth, too, was low enough to catch the bank and again the Amateur Champion picked up. Four holes played and three down! Is Travers hypnotized or pursuing a subtle plan of campaign? The position at the ninth hole was unchanged, but Travers, like Alan Breck, is "a bonny fechter," and, with the tenth began slowly to regain lost ground. Slowly, for at the conclusion of the morning's play he was but 1 up. Up to the seventh hole in the afternoon the play was close after which Travers steadily drew away in a streak of golf that was not to be denied for he accomplished the six holes from the tenth on in 4 better than 4's.

Much better was the golf played by Ouimet and Fownes on this Friday morning. It must be admitted that during the week no one played steadier golf than the Amateur Champion of 1910. No one, in particular, played his irons quite so well. Fownes has

the secret of crisp and effective iron play, delivering the downward blow with arms well extended and but slightly raised after the impact. When Ouimet lay on the first green with his second shot about twelve feet from the pin it was by no accident that Fownes placed *his* second stroke half that distance nearer; and when both holed out brilliantly in 3 the applause was deservedly hearty and a keen match was clearly on the cards. Fownes gave another proof of his quality in the fourteenth where his second shot lay bunkered in sand with the hole 150 yards distant. A superb iron shot placed the ball at the green's edge, and secured a half where a loss seemed inevitable. With the players constantly exchanging Rolands for Olivers in brilliant fashion, the morning's play resulted in a draw. Everybody went to luncheon in expectation of the keenest of struggles in the afternoon play.

And the keenest of struggles it was; no better match was ever played in our annals. It is hardly too much to say that but for a very little we might to-day be acclaiming Fownes instead of Ouimet as Amateur Champion; for, when the sixteenth hole was finished Fownes was 1 up. At the tenth, when good putting gave Ouimet a lead of two holes, it might have been thought that the psychological moment had come; but Ouimet's lead was of brief duration. Playing the short eleventh, he drove into the bunker beyond and although he recovered splendidly and holed out in 3 Fownes, making no mistakes, holed out in 2. Again at the difficult twelfth Fownes had the better



WAITING TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED

Seated from left to right: Adolphe Smiley, Max Marston, Louis Jacoby, R. C. Watson, Jerome D. Travers, Francis Ouimet, John Reid, Jr., and Gilman Tiffany

play and deservedly won. The thirteenth he also won. The fourteenth and fifteenth were divided: 1 up and 2 to go! The tense excitement at this point can, to use the trite phrase, be better imagined than described. Excellent drives sped down the fair way from both at the seventeenth; but here for once Fownes's good iron failed him; he was obliged to play the odd, running up to the plateau but stopping short of the hole some ten or twelve feet; the putt did not go down. Ouimet from half the distance holed out and the match was squared.

Thirty-five holes of gruelling play and all even! Whoever suffers defeat now can wear it without sting. The wind blew freshly from the home green as these fine golfers drove off, the advantage in distance and position being with Ouimet. Playing the odd with his spoon Fownes was off the line and his approach left him a putt of fifteen feet. But Ouimet with a perfect iron had placed his second at just this distance from the flag. Would Fownes hole that long putt? In that event could Ouimet respond with the necessary stroke to clinch matters? Fownes just stopped short, and Ouimet's two putts gave him the hardest won victory in his career.

Mount Equinox looking down on Ekwanok on Saturday morning saw it at its loveliest and best. The gallery was large, even distinguished, and ex-

pectant of thrills. The reader of these notes doubtless has learned elsewhere the result of the great duel, Francis Ouimet winning from Jerome D. Travers by the wide margin of 6 up and 5 to play. There can be no doubt that the better man won. Travers played pluckily as he always does, but had not that complete command of his game which reduces errors to a minimum and makes the winning play seem easy. Whatever little fault of grip or stance or swing it may be, Travers seems destined to suffer from it in extended play. Those too frequent visits to the rough, however brilliant the recoveries, prove too costly.

The morning game was close and had its moving incidents. Ouimet's driving was perfection but his putting was not inspired. At the turn he was 2 down, but at the tenth there was what must have given Travers a bitter shock. Ouimet ran down his long putt; the crowd applauded. Somewhat disconcerted Travers putted too hastily; missed; his prospect of 3 up vanished and he found himself only 1 to the good. Henceforward it was an uphill struggle. The morning round concluded in Ouimet's favor by 2 and to these in the afternoon were added the first five holes. There was a flash of the old-time skill when the four-times champion won the long tenth, being liberally applauded, but the end came on the thirteenth green. Amurath to Amurath succeeds.