

GOLF ILLUSTRATED

Edited by J. LEWIS BROWN

SMASHING THE RECORDS AT BROOKLINE

As might be expected, the leading giantkiller, who went about breaking down the bulwarks around the records which have stood for years, was the new champion. It was befitting to Jess Sweetser's prowess, as the National Amateur titleholder, that he should be much in evidence in these things, although record breaking is no new thing for him. All this year course records have been tumbling with such consistency whenever he appeared that we were almost inclined to believe that every time he and his bag of clubs put in an appearance the course record had stage fright and acceded at once.

His first achievement along these lines was provided when he turned in a card of 69 against Bobby Jones in the morning round of their semi-final match. This clipped the course record from 70 to 69 and what is more took the record away from the deposed champion, Jesse Guilford, whom Sweetser had beaten the day before—a new mark which Guilford had just hung up three days before in a terrific rainstorm.

Sweetser's victory establishes him as the second youngest player ever to win this title, as he is but twenty years of age, while Bob Gardner was nineteen when he first won it. He also now shares with Jerome D. Travers the honor of being the only player ever to have won the National and Metropolitan Amateur titles in the same season, Travers performing this feat in 1913. He further required the least number of holes, since the establishment of the thirty-six hole route, in which to win the championship. In one hundred and fifty-three holes he disposed of his five rivals, or an average of thirty and three-fifths holes per round. It was not until he met Evans in the final that he was required to go the thirty-third green for a decision and three of his matches he settled at the thirtieth hole or earlier. Against this we have the fact that Guilford took one hundred and sixty-three at St. Louis last year; Evans took one hundred and fifty-eight at the Engineers in 1920, including a forty-one hole battle with Reggie Lewis; S. Davidson Herron took one hundred and fifty-seven at Oakmont in 1919, as did also Evans in 1916 at Merion, while Bob Gardner took one hundred and sixty at Detroit in 1915.

Besides establishing a new mark for the fewest holes to win his title, Sweetser equalled another record held by Travers, also made in 1913. Travers did not have to go beyond the thirty-fourth in any of his matches that year but Sweetser excelled that record in one particular; he qualified among the leaders with cards of 73

and 79, while Travers only got into the championship via the playoff route. What makes these achievements all the more remarkable is that from the time he won the Metropolitan championship until he went to the National Links for the International match he played little golf. Once in a while he got out to play a few practice shots at night, but his full rounds were confined to week-ends. Then on top of that Sweetser had the hardest road to a title, on paper at any rate, of any man who has won the national title. Imagine being pitted against Willie Hunter, Jesse Guilford, Bobby Jones and Chick Evans in consecutive rounds and you have a better idea of why records fall before his trusty niblick.

There were many other unusual features. Never was there a championship with so many double-figure victories, that is, victories in which the winner won by ten up or more. In the first round Willie Hunter and Cyril Tolley won their matches by eleven and nine; George Rotan and Jess Sweetser by ten and nine; in the second round Jesse Guilford won by 11 and 9, and Chick Evans by ten and nine; in the semi-finals, Evans won by eleven and nine, and Sweetser, while he did not go into double figures, won by eight and seven; a total of seven double-figure victories in all. Looking over some of the past championships, back as far as 1910 at The Country Club, we find that there were no double-figure victories in 1913, 1914 and 1919; in 1910, 1912, 1915 and 1920 there were one each, that at Detroit in 1915 the biggest margin on record was Travers' fourteen up and thirteen to play over an opponent. There were two double-figure victories in 1911 at Apawamis, one of them an eleven and ten by Harold Hilton, winner of the title. There were two at Merion in 1916 and three last year at St. Louis. Chick Evans figures prominently in the double-figure-victory class, with two at Brookline this year, one last year at St. Louis, one in 1920 at the Engineers, one in 1916 at Merion and one at Brookline in 1910 when he defeated the late Frederick Herreshoff, eleven and ten.

In the same category with the double-figure-victories goes the fact that at Brookline this year not a match was won by less than two up, which is another record for all time. It was the second time on record that a national championship was held without an extra-hole match and, oddly enough, Rudolph Knepper figured in the only two matches which came to the eighteenth green, defeating W. B. Torrance by two up in the first and Cyril Tolley by the same margin in the second.



Photograph by Pietzcker
ROBERT A. GARDNER, OF CHICAGO
 Who lost to Jones



Photograph by Pietzcker
THOMAS J. McMAHON, OF NEW YORK
 A hard-working official



Photograph by Levick
J. J. BEADLE, OF PHILADELPHIA
 Made a good showing

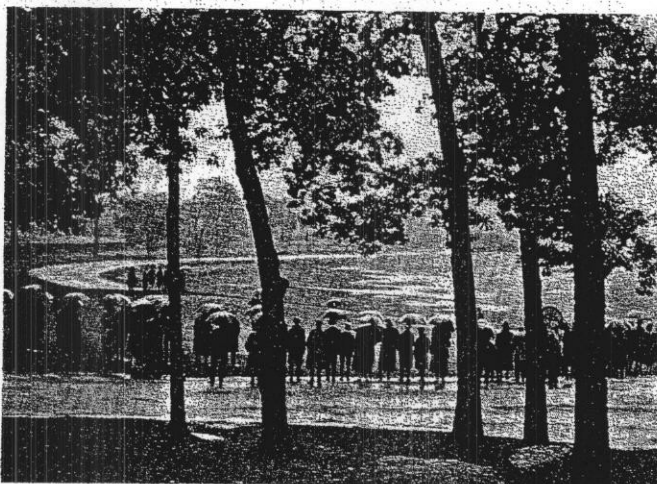
THREE FOR YALE

Jess Sweetser, in Winning the National Amateur Championship, Duplicates Bob Gardner's Feat

By J. LEWIS BROWN

YALE breeds them young. Old Eli has three National amateur championships to her credit. At nineteen years of age Robert A. Gardner of Chicago, who was also Yale's premier pole vaulter, triumphed at Wheaton in 1909 and he duplicated in 1915 at Detroit. In 1922 at Brookline, Jess Sweetser, of Ardsley, and Siwanoy, once more carried the colors of Yale to the front.

One could almost imagine that this year's championship was an intercollegiate affair. The semi-finals saw Rudolph Knepper, of Princeton, meet Charles Evans, Jr., late of Northwestern University, and Bobby Jones, late of Georgia-Tech., and now of Harvard, meet Sweetser of Yale. Thus, the final left lots of opportunity for collective cheering and college spirit with the east and



Photograph by Pietzcker
THE EIGHTEENTH FAIRWAY DURING MONDAY'S STORM

west fighting it out—Yale versus Northwestern University, and that it should be a triumph for college athletics is equally consistent in the fact that Sweetser is a former Inter-collegiate champion, which title he won at Greenwich in 1920 as a member of Yale.

The crowning of Sweetser as the new National amateur champion not only was the outstanding feat of his career but also the outstanding one of the last few seasons golf. In that respect the nearest approach to the same was the winning of the National Open and the P. G. A. by Gene Sarazen. Sweetser's acquisition of the championship was the result of a masterful week of golf beginning with two satisfactory qualifying rounds and ending with five match-play exhibitions, the like of which has never been sur-



Photograph by Levick
CYRIL TOLLEY, OF ENGLAND
 Who lost to Knepper



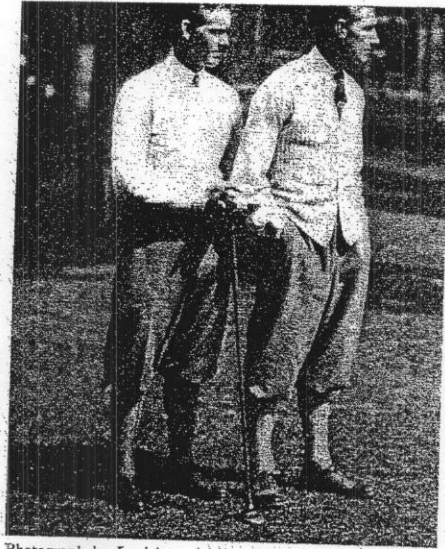
Photograph by Underwood & Underwood.
BOBBY JONES AND HIS FATHER
 Who watched every shot Bobby made



Photograph by Levick
JESSE GUILFORD, OF BOSTON
 The deposed champion



Photograph by Pietzcker
RUDOLPH KNEPPER, OF SIOUX CITY
 Rises to the occasion



Photograph by Levick
HARRISON JOHNSTON, OF ST. PAUL
 And Tommy Armour, of Scotland



Photograph by Pietzcker
FRANK GODCHAUX, OF NEW ORLEANS
 Played remarkably well

passed. When we stop to consider that he was forced to meet, what the golfing world would consider as the elite, a better idea of how young Sweetser rose to the occasion can be gathered. In the first round he met Harry Kenworthy of Providence, who squeezed into the competition after a playoff for last place, but he was immediately squeezed out again by Sweetser to the tune of ten and nine. Next in line came Willie Hunter of New York, former British amateur, who also got into the championship by the squeezed player out and once more the squeezing process was applied, Hunter being on the short end of a seven and six verdict. Then came Jesse Guilford of Woodland, the titleholder, who had just beaten Marcus Greer of Philadelphia and Regnie Lewis of Greenwich, but



Photograph by Pietzcker
THE SWEETSER FAMILY IS PROUD OF THEIR CHAMPION

Guilford left his crown on the fifteenth green losing by four and three, due chiefly to Sweetser's remarkable play and Guilford's occasional flights from the fairway. After turning the corner in disposing of the champion and thus reaching the semi-finals the next in line was Bobby Jones of Atlanta, Southern amateur champion and runner-up in the National Open and golfer extraordinary. It was the first time these youths had ever met and Sweetser's victory is still the talk of the golfing world.

While I was waiting for a train to leave Boston after the championship, I met Bobby and, wishing to cheer him up in some way, I said: "Well, never mind, Bobby, next year is your year." Bobby grinned and said: "I haven't got any year. I just play the (Continued on page 40)



Photograph by Levick
C. F. WELLS, OF BARTON HILLS
 Who lost to McPhail



Photograph by Levick
MR. AND MRS. FRANCIS OUMET,
 Of Boston, with two friends in the gallery



Photograph by Keystone
GEORGE AULBACH, OF BOSTON
 At the eighteenth green



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THREE FOR YALE

(Continued from page 11)
best golf I know how and they beat me." And while Bobby half-jokingly made this statement there is a lot of truth in it. Ordinarily the golf that Jones played in the morning round against Sweetser would have been sufficient for him to win, but Sweetser, as ever rising to the occasion, turned in a 69, a new course record, against Jones' 74. The only mistake that Sweetser made in all that round was to take three putts on the seventeenth green from a distance of forty feet.

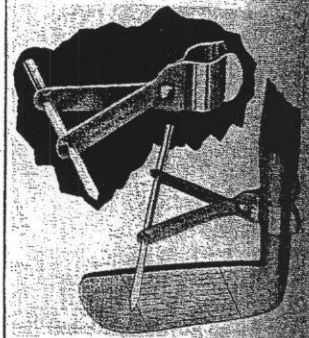
How will Jess stand up against "Chick" was the uppermost query before the final. By a curious coincidence, Evans turned in a marvelous round in disposing of Rudolph Knepper, so that if Sweetser and Evans had met on this occasion they would have been all even in the match play, despite the fact that Evans took 71 in the morning to Sweetser's 79 and 36 in the afternoon to Sweetser's 35. With this as a background upon which the fancy could play, interest ran high in the possible outcome of the final. It was generally conceded that if Sweetser would have greater length off the tee but whether Evans would make up for this in his better direction and by his superior second shots was a matter of conjecture. It was on these masterpieces of Evans that his supporters based their hope of victory. But the way in which Sweetser beat the best of Evans' shots to the green was a revelation. Evans certainly lacked nothing in this kind of play. Often he was inside Sweetser, but rarely by such a margin as to say that he had outplayed the Yale player.

Evans is deserving of great credit. After surviving the series of championship tests, that he has and still has the heart to force his way to the finals and semi-finals each year, few of us can appreciate what the loss of this final meant to him. Outwardly, there was no sign of what the blow meant. He was in every respect a good loser and a gentleman. But in his quieter moments probably "Chick" reflected to himself along these lines. "Well, there's another chance gone. I am not getting any younger each year. Thirty-two seems to be an old man's stage for there is Bobby and Jess, who are only twenty, and Ruddy is only twenty-two. I guess a man of thirty-two is too old to win from them." Evans lost on the green. At least the majority of the mistakes he made, and they were not so many, were made on the greens. He seemed to lack the confidence to get his putts up to the hole and in this respect Sweetser was just the opposite. Evans apparently reached the peak of his game just a day too soon. He had a brilliant battle in the first round with John Anderson of New York, found his rival William Fownes, Jr., of Pittsburgh, slightly off his game in the second, disposed of Frank Godchaux of New Orleans in the third without having to extend himself and then triumphed over Rudolph Knepper of Sioux City in the semi-finals in the same manner.

Of Knepper it should be said that when he met Evans he was overplayed. Knepper earned the title of the "Hero of Brookline" by his dauntless spirit. First of all he came from behind to beat William Torrence of Scotland, then he did the same against Francis Ouimet of Boston and third, and lastly, he pulled out of the fire a game which he had apparently lost to Cyril Tolley of England. Knepper played to the limit of his ability and was all tired out in the semi-finals. Bobby Jones, in reaching the semi-finals, had no sinecure. Right off the bat he met J. J. Beadle of Philadelphia, a former caddy boy, who kept pace with the Atlanta youth to the

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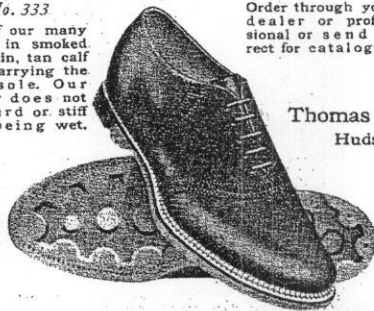
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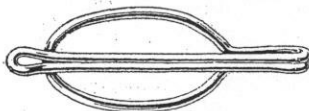
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THREE FOR YALE

(Continued from page 40)

was not decided until the seventeenth. The battle of the two "Bobs" was next in order, Bobby Jones and Bobby Gardner, and Jones won after a hard fight. While William McPhail, of Boston, a dark horse of the tournament, carried Bobby at a sizzling pace to the eleventh green in the afternoon and then threw away a chance for victory by taking three putts from twenty feet away.

All in all it was a great tournament, well handled and productive of the highest standard of championship golf. From the time that Jesse Guilford captured the medal round with his marvelous 70 in the rain, to create a new course record, and win the medal with a total of 144, one better than Bobby Jones and two better than "Chick" Evans and Cyril Tolley, to the last putt on the sixteenth green in the final beteen Sweetser and Evans, no tournament has excelled the 1922 amateur championship, and although comparisons are odious I could not but reflect on the same as I watched the culmination of this championship in direct contrast to my first American championship, the National Open at Brookline in 1913. Each of these was alike, in that they produced two new American boys as national heroes and this is all the more striking because of the fact that the Country Club was the setting for both of these great events.

THE MONTH AT A GLANCE

(Continued from page 30)

so these two teams will have to settle it some time later, probably on a metropolitan course. Reekie and Dyer seemed reasonably certain of the prizes when Sweetser and Anderson required 36 for the first nine holes, but the Siwanoy pair tied by virtue of their ability to come home tain of the prizes when Sweetser and Anderson required 36 for the first nine holes, but the Siwanoy pair tied by virtue of their ability to come home in 33.

WOMEN'S GOLF AT HOME AND ABROAD

(Continued from page 29)

Mrs. Gavin played steady golf throughout while Miss Stirling was erratic off the tees and even more so on and near the green. She made a belated effort and succeeded in reducing the margin against her to one down at the sixteenth, but Mrs. Gavin captured the seventeenth and the match.

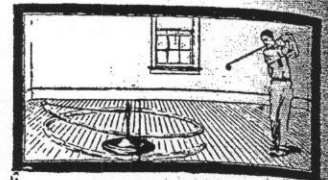
THE FIRST PUBLIC LINKS CHAMPION

(Continued from page 23)

team of nine players that one of them, Richard Walsh, was runner up. A large percentage of his team mates qualified and right stoutly did they support this brilliant progress to the final. Mr. Costello of Detroit, and many others, did yeoman's work, which insured the remarkable entry. For this and the many kind things which the visitors said of our Ottawa course we are indeed grateful.

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THE GREAT ADVANCE

Brookline Has Changed Little in Twelve Years but the Players Have

By CHARLES EVANS, JR.

TWELVE years have not brought much change to the golf course at the standard of play in America. Although I had not seen the course Brookline, but during that time there has been a great change in since 1910, when I was defeated by W. C. Fownes in the National Semi-finals; I found it practically unaltered with the exception of the re-arrangement of the sequence of holes in the middle and the addition here and there of a few excellently placed traps. Strangely enough I played more golf at Brookline with Mr. Fownes, the winner of the 1910 championship, than any one else, and he told me that he thought that he was playing better golf now than in 1910, and this fact shows the decided advancement of the standard of the game.

Perhaps the field in 1910 was larger than the eligibility list of 1922, but there was one good golfer in the former year there were thirty in the latter one. What impressed me more than anything else was the large number of fine players of whom I had heard but little. Everywhere I saw their full boyish faces. And yet I do not think that the superiority of the boys around twenty came altogether from the fact that they are young. They all know their shots now, but youth helps. I noticed a peculiar result in my own playing. Whenever I got off the course, or in the rough, I either lost the hole, or, and this was rare, halved it. In all my matches with the younger fellows, and this was particularly true in the finals against Sweetser, I lost every hole, and when he went off the course, he usually won the hole, and never lost it. I think this power of recovery proves that the strength of the younger players has more than anything else to do with their success over the more experienced. There was much talk at Brookline about my short driving, but lack of distance did not cause the loss of a single hole.

More than ever before I realized that a golf championship is not only a test of skill, but a test of physical endurance. I believe that it would be a step forward, from the expense side, at least, if we could shorten our tournaments. But how? With the tendency to-day to build courses of great length fatigue plays a too important part. Even at Brookline, with the tee plates on the back edges of the tees and the course slowed up by rain, the day by day grind proved exhausting.

Last fall I predicted that the National Semi-finals for 1922 would be fought out by Rudy Knepper, Bobby Jones, Jess Sweetser, and Harrison Johnston. I feel rather proud of this guess. Johnston disappointed me, however, for not once did he strike his stride in the East. The fact that he is to be married this month may have had a lot to do with his game, but I think that the loss of a golf match is a trifle considering the richer reward coming to him.

In a way I feel sorry for Bobby Jones, for he has been running up against the most brilliant streaks of golf in the other fellow just as he was about to win his championships. From experience I know how discouraging that is, for I was in the semi-finals eight times before I won my National Championship. He is very young; there is no better shot-maker in the country than he is to-day, and he should be proud of his 1922 achievement. He is sure of his championship. The delay is in no wise discreditable to his wonderful game. Luck always will play a large part in golf.

Everybody knows how the championship came out, but I would like to say a few words about Jess Sweetser. I never lost to a finer sportsman, and I believe that he is one of the soundest golfers in America to-day. He has a terrific drive, and is, I believe, the most accurate strong-arm hitter in the game to-day. His iron shots are splendidly straight and fly with beautiful steadiness. In my match with Sweetser at St. Louis last

year I saw a great golfer developing, and I told many people about him. Now he has realized.

The heavy rain in the qualifying round was unfortunate. Golf is the only sport played in a deluge of rain, and that this is not as fair to one as to another was proved again at Brookline. Yet, with the exception of Max Marston, the brilliant Pennsylvania champion, and some of the British players, the most noted golfers came through. I was particularly sorry that more of the British players did not qualify. They were such a sorry lot of fellows who had come a long way to add to the éclat of our

championship. It is a difficult thing to play well in a foreign land. The climate, the food, and the general habits of the people always affect one. Tolley was threatening for the first three rounds but he did not play the game he is capable of at home. In spite of its drawbacks to the visitors international sport is a fine thing. Whenever we played up to the first hole we could see two flags flying above the grandstand of the old race track. One was beautiful Old Glory, and the other, the Union Jack, a tribute to the British entry, their own flag. It was good to see

The Brookline officials deserve something very special in the way of praise. I doubt if I have ever seen galleries more efficiently managed. I would like to mention them by name, but it would be a long list. The course was in wonderful condition and the rain made their work much harder to keep it so. The placement of the cups during the whole week was good, and that is really a more difficult thing than one usually thinks. One of the most active members of the Brookline Committee was Herbert Jaques, Jr. We old golfers remember his father, former president of the U. S. G. A. and an early American golf enthusiast.

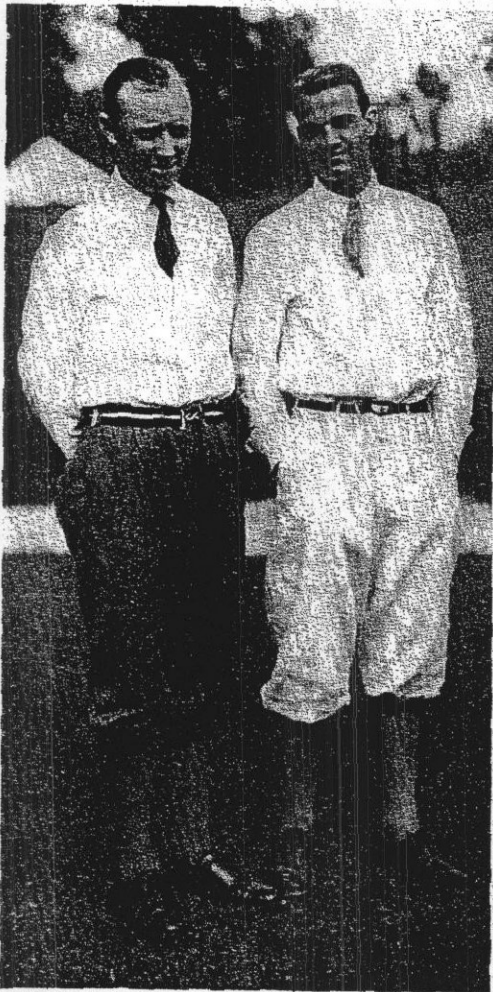
There was one very interesting thing about the galleries. Usually when local favorites are defeated local interest wanes, but the comparatively early defeat of Guilford and Omet did not destroy the enthusiasm of the Brookline Gallery. To the end they cheered us on with great impartiality. It was a great tournament, and the U. S. G. A. officials deserve the greatest praise for its fine conduct, and their self-sacrificing labors. I shall long remember it.

The soggy condition of the course reminds me of the fact that every year of the fifteen years during which I have taken part in these championships we have had rain to contend with. The open championship, usually held in July, escapes such wet weather. The amateur meet always gets wet because just at the time it is held each year, the equinoctial storms arrive. Last year at St. Louis we were in rain nearly every day, and if it did not rain the grounds were heavy and greens soft, which muddled the balls. I personally think it would be better for all concerned if the meeting were in October henceforth, or, if that is too late, make it in August.

It may seem a little out of place for me to make the point, but wouldn't it be better if the championship each year were held at places nearer the centre of the country? I have no personal opinion, or bias, in the matter since I won both my titles in the East, but the expense of traveling so far to attend a tourney makes the matter prohibitive for a great many but young players who otherwise would be in Boston to-day. I could name a great many boys, many of them in their teens, who would be here except that they cannot afford to come.

During the tournament enthusiasm ran high in Boston. In fact, one of the waiters at my hotel offered to match me, heads or tails, for twice the amount of my check. We matched and he won.

"Golfer"? he inquired. I admitted I was there for the tournament. "Bet you the whole amount you don't qualify," he offered. Alas, such is fame!



Photograph by Levick

CHICK AND JESS AFTER THE FRAY

Sweetser proved just as cool in the final as Evans despite the latter's greater experience

Golf Illustrated
Oct 1922