



CYRIL TOLLEY AND R. A. GARDNER
Watching the Amateur after their
elimination



R. T. JONES, JR., AND CAPT. HARRIS
Just before the big battle which Jones
won



J. L. COWAN AND W. C. FOWNES, JR.
Before the President of the U. S. G. A.
eliminated in the Amateur

Sweetser's Triumph in the British Championship

By GEORGE W. GREENWOOD

WHEN Jess Sweetser holed his last putt on the 31st green at Muirfield, to win the British championship, 5000 golfers burst into one great roar of spontaneous cheering, intended as much for the victor as it was as a sign of appreciation of the sporting efforts

china orange as to the destination of the Cup. Sweetser put it very delicately when his opponent, Alexander Simpson, a Highlander, shook hands and offered the American his hearty congratulations. Sweetser, smiling ever so sweetly, said, "Gee, boy, you had some most terrible bad luck."

of a great nation to achieve the goal of her ambition extending over a period of 22 years. When Walter Travis won the British Cup at Sandwich in 1904, Sweetser was a baby in arms. He now wears the mantle so worthily carried by another New York golfer nearly a quarter of a century ago.

We do not begrudge the honour won by America; rather do we welcome it, because all good sportsmen of the two great English-speaking races recognize in it a strengthening of the bonds of friendship between the two countries. The fact that at the moment of Sweetser's well-deserved success the United States held the two British championships did not dismay us one little bit; on the contrary, it acted as a stimulant to our determination to recapture the coveted titles in the same spirit of splendid endeavour as America had won them from us.

Because of its tameness, and its lack of dramatic incident, the final came in the nature of an anti-climax to a week of thrills and exciting situations. From the moment the first ball was struck there was never the smallest doubt as to who would win; it was all Wall Street to a



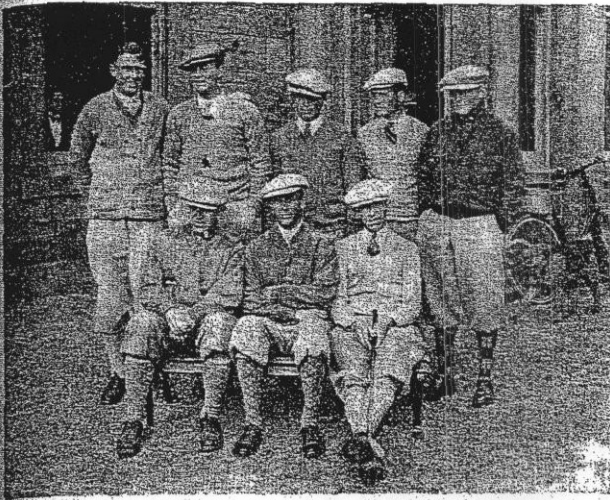
THE FOUR SEMI-FINALISTS IN THE AMATEUR

Hon. W. G. Brownlow, Jess Sweetser, Jamieson and A. F. Simpson. Sweetser won his way to the finals by defeating Hon. W. G. Brownlow, son of an Irish nobleman, in a thrilling twenty-one-hole match. Jamieson won his way to the semi-finals by defeating Bobby Jones. Simpson then eliminated Jamieson 2 and 1. Sweetser then defeated Simpson in a thirty-six-hole match, 6 and 5

men. Sweetser, a very workmanlike, rather than a finished and polished golfer, as compared with his fellow countryman, Bobby Jones, played the straightforward, winning shots, down the middle of the course, always avoiding as far as is humanly possible, the major errors that lead to disaster. He had command of every shot in the game.

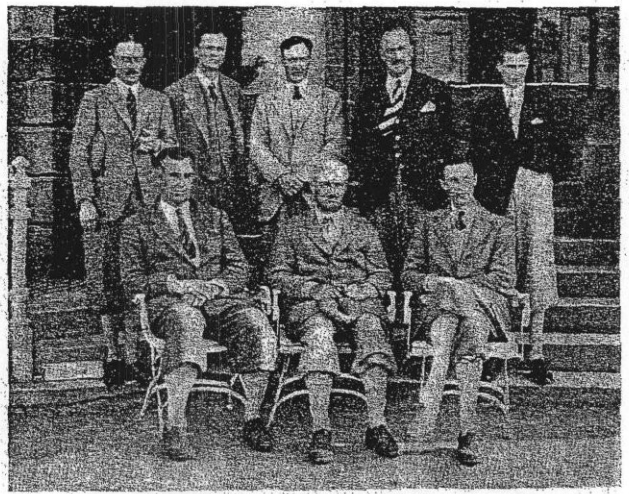
This was a reference to Simpson's many and almost continuous exploits in bunkers. He never seemed to be out of them, and it is true to say that no man ever dug his own grave so effectually as did this civil engineer from the neighbouring city of Edinburgh. Never once in the whole course of the final was Sweetser seriously pressed, and it is certain that he never had any misgivings as to the ultimate result. He gave the impression of a man playing well within himself, who instinctively felt that he was master of the situation, and that sooner or later the other fellow would blow himself sky high, which Simpson actually did.

The margin of 6 and 5—big enough in all conscience—is scarcely a true mirror of the difference in golfing qualities of the two



AMERICAN WALKER CUP TEAM AT ST. ANDREWS

Seated: Guilford, Gardner (Capt.), Ouimet. Standing: Mackenzie, Sweetser, Jones, Gunn, Von Elm



BRITISH WALKER CUP TEAM FINALLY SELECTED

Seated: Tolley, Harris (Capt.), Wethered. Standing: Storey, Brownlow, Holderness, Hezlet, Jamieson

whereas his hapless opponent seemed absolutely incapable of doing anything but drive and putt. Had he not been able to get the ball into the hole from all manner of doubtful positions I tremble to think what the margin of defeat would have been.

Simpson is the type of golfer who relies solely on the big driving-iron for the long shots through the green, and as luck would have it this trusted and tried friend turned out a traitorous wretch. It hooked, it topped, it sliced; in fact, it did everything but the job for which it was intended. Never was a golfer so badly let down by an implement that he had come to regard as a firm and trusted ally. And the fact that Simpson does not carry a brassie for the very simple reason that he cannot use it, increased the sum of his misery, because he was as helpless as a rudderless ship.

The downfall of most of the British giants in the very early stages of the championship made an American victory the more likely. Cyril Tolley, for example, fell with a crash at the very first fence, and so did Charles Hezlet, another British Walker Cup player. Roger Wethered survived one round and came to grief in the next, an experience that

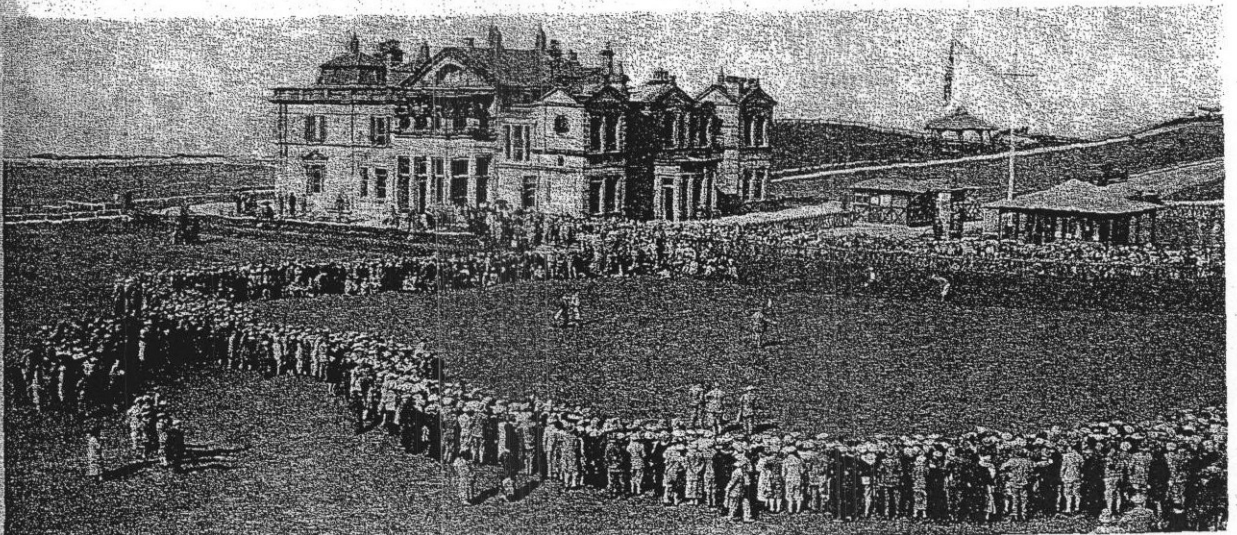
befell Ernest Holderness. The defeat of Holderness was the more remarkable inasmuch as a boy of seventeen years of age, Robert Peattie, who has won the Boys' Championship two years in succession, was responsible for lowering his colours. Peattie proved himself a golfer of no mean merit and one who at no distant date will give the best of the Americans a good run for their money.

A very striking feature of the championship was the fact that of the last eight survivors only one was left of the twenty-one British nominees chosen to prepare themselves for the Walker Cup match. The solitary player was Willie Murray, who went over to America with the last British team. In this last eight were two Americans—Sweetser and Bobby Jones—and an all-American final seemed probable when Jones got rid of Robert Harris by a margin of 8 and 6.

The meeting of the champions of the respective countries was the titbit of the week. The clashing of the two tigers attracted enormous attention, because it was felt that the result of the encounter would have a direct bearing upon the destiny of the championship. As it turned out it had nothing of the kind. Bobby Jones (Continued on page 42)



GALLERY RUSHING TO WATCH EXCITING FINISH SHOWN BELOW



CAPT. GARDNER MAKING THE THE FINAL PUTT IN THE WALKER CUP FOURSOMES

This was the exciting finish in the Gardner-Mackenzie vs. Shorey-Brownlow match that attracted the gallery shown running in the center

reached the very peak of his form. He drove magnificently, played the iron shots straight at the pin, and putted with the greatest confidence and accuracy. A more delightful exhibition of scientific golf has never been witnessed in a British Amateur championship.

Against the avalanche of 4's and 3's, which descended on his head, Harris was helpless. This was the most severe drubbing that Harris had ever received in the course of his long career in championship golf. Jones was both relentless and merciless. Now comes the tragic sequel to the story. In the next round the American champion met a young and comparatively unknown player named Jamieson, of Glasgow, who had recently become champion of the northern city. Jamieson, only 21 years of age, played with all the abandon of youth. The shots came off, he putted like a fiend, and before anybody had time to realize what was happening, the great Bobby was numbered among the dead. It was the most startling thing that had so far happened.

"I shot my wad in the Harris match," said Jones afterwards, "in which I was all keyed up to win. The boy Jamieson is a plucky fellow, and I should have had to play my very best to have beaten him. I did not, and there is nothing more to it." Whatever trace of regret Jones felt at his defeat in the championship, which he had set his heart on winning, was completely wiped out with the triumph of his fellow countryman, Sweetser. All that mattered to Jones, indeed, to any of the American players, was the ultimate success of the United States.

The hardest match in which Sweetser admitted he had engaged was that with Francis Ouimet, which was a kind of fratricidal kind of combat. Here again there were no regrets, because the end justified the means. Ouimet was afterwards the mainspring around which the American jollification revolved. Von Elm, who led the American contingent in the competition for the St. George's Challenge Cup, and was thought to have a splendid chance for the championship, went down before the experienced and far-seeing Ouimet, who probably took more out of himself in this match than anybody knows.

Watts Gunn did splendidly, getting as far as the fifth round, where he was defeated by W. Brownlow, who afterwards took Sweetser to the 21st after being two down with two holes to play. Brownlow holed two long putts on the seventeenth and eighteenth holes for a par 4 and a par 3 respectively. Sweetser should have been beaten on the nineteenth, but Brownlow made the fatal mistake of taking three putts when Sweetser had been in a bunker and could hope for nothing better than a 5. Bob Gardner, the genial captain, fell at the first hurdle, being unable, for some unaccountable reason, to get the ball to rise from the ground. As an exhibition of skittles it was admirable; as an exhibition of golf it was deplorable.

The United States followed up her victory in the Championship by defeating Great Britain for the fifth successive time in the Walker Cup contest. The American players have thus won the double crown, and, moreover, have fulfilled the proud mission, which, like a band of splendid adventurers, they set out from the other side of the Atlantic to accomplish. It is a wonderful achievement, which we in Great Britain both envy and admire. We trust, in fact we feel sure, that these conquerors have returned to their homes, and the particular spheres in life which they occupy, with the pleasantest recollections of their visit to a country which gave birth to a game that has spread to the uttermost parts of the earth in these recent days.

The ancient City of St. Andrews, the classic home of golf, where every man, woman and child plays, thinks and breathes of nothing but golf, captivated the hearts of the American players. "The fairest spot in Christendom" was the enthusiastic description of one who had set eyes on the old grey city by the sea for the first time. Even the weather, usually so treacherous in these northern climes, conspired to make the visit a memorable one. The sun shone from a cloudless sky, and the wind, a very fickle jade, was on its very best behaviour. Nothing could have been more favourable to the golf of the Americans, so different from the appalling conditions that prevailed at Sandwich during the competition for the Gold Challenge Cup, when the wind blew with such violence that it was with the greatest difficulty that one was able to maintain some semblance of body balance.

The chief, and most important point of all, however, is that America has won the Walker Cup once again, and as one disgruntled British golfer observed: "She might as well keep the darned thing altogether." We do not endorse this view, rather are we determined to go on trying until we do win it. And when we do we shall take jolly good care to

stick as fast to it as America has done since the contest, one of the most exhilarating in the whole world of sport, came into being.

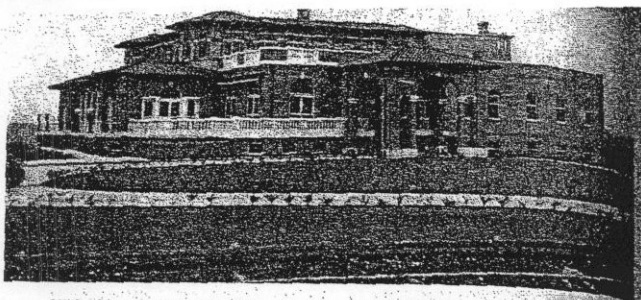
While Great Britain was defeated she was by no means disgraced. It was a desperately near thing, and in the end America only won by a single point—6 matches to 5. And if it is any consolation to Britain she should have escaped defeat altogether if Charles Hezlet, as it turned out, had, in his match with Von Elm, holed a putt of no more than a yard in length on the sixteenth green. That fatal missed putt cost Great Britain the contest. True, we should not have won, but we should have done the next best thing—halved the contest.

The story of the match begins with the foursomes, in which America obtained a most invaluable lead of two points, winning three of the matches to Britain's one. America did not know it: in fact no one could possibly know it, but the possession of these (Continued on page 50)



THE WALKER CUP TEAM—FIRST PRACTICE ABROAD

Wind-breakers and heavy sweaters were often necessary. Top row: Jess Sweetser, Captain Gardner, George Von Elm, Roland Mackenzie. Lower row: Jesse Guilford, Francis Ouimet Bobby Jones and Watts Gunn



SECOND CLUB HOUSE OF THE SALISBURY GOLF CLUB

The new club house has every modern convenience and cost \$350,000. Salisbury now has five courses and two fine club houses

Walker Cup Contests

(Continued from page 42)

two points turned the scales in her favour. For the first time in the history of the Walker Cup contests that formidable foursome couple, Francis Ouimet and Jesse Guilford, were beaten. They were dragged from their pedestal by Roger Wethered and Sir Ernest Holderness, who proved a most happy partnership. Wethered was the hero of the side, and for a small part of the way carried his colleague, winning by 4 and 3.

The United States repaired this loss by winning the remainder of the three matches. Sweetser and Von Elm, playing irresistible golf, crushed Robert Harris, the British captain, and Charles Hezlet to the tune of 8 and 7. Bobby Jones and Watts Gunn had a perfect understanding, and making precious few mistakes defeated Tolley and Andrew Jamieson, the man who created astonishment by knocking out Bobby Jones in the championship, by 4 and 3. There was never any doubt about the result of this match, but there certainly was about the last one in which Bob Gardner, the genial skipper of the side, and Roland Mackenzie were partners.

However, Gardner came to the rescue. So, the end of an exciting day's match was a clear lead of two matches in America's favour.

Now we come to the singles on the second day, and as fate would have it a putt of less than three feet decided the destiny of the Cup for another period of two years. I will treat the events in their chronological order. Tolley was given the honour of playing in the leading match against the incomparable Bobby Jones, and a great, indeed, a classical fight was anticipated. The two greatest figures in amateur golf had never met before, and Tolley was ready, even anxious for the fray. Without fuss, never smiling, and only occasionally stopping to light a cigarette, Jones went calmly and serenely on his way, reeling off miraculous 3's and 4's as if it were the simplest thing in the world. He won the first five holes, finished the round in 71, and was nine up on the mystified Tolley, who had been swept away by the avalanche that poured on his head.

Keeping up the pressure in the second round the silent Bobby Jones produced a string of seven perfect 4's and won an historic, if a very one-sided, match by the terrific margin of

12 and 11. This was the most crushing defeat that Tolley in the whole of his amazing career had suffered.

There was a set-off to this terrible blow with the defeat of Ouimet by his old antagonist, Wethered, 5 and 4.

Then came Sweetser, who, though far from well, defeated Holderness by 4 and 3.

The match was squared with three holes to play and at the sixteenth Hezlet had a putt of no more than three feet to win the hole. He missed it, and though he could not possibly be aware of it that putt cost Britain the Walker Cup; it would have halved the contest instead of losing it.

Club Dining Rooms

(Continued from page 38)

and the class of people catered to. Several private dining rooms which can be thrown into one by means of folding doors are a very practical help to the average club. A new building with its dining room and kitchen equipment, will invariably increase its weekly service for the next six months, when it will recede to normal.

A grille room for three hundred and fifty lockers should contain between sixty-five and eighty seats. This figure is also affected by the amount of play a course receives and the distance of the club from the town. Eighteen square feet is comfortable seating, and on this basis the homelike freedom of appearance can be obtained. Grille seating can be reduced to a fifteen square feet per person without discomfort. Forty-five dollars and twenty-five cents is the average cost of this equipment without service, and from seventy to seventy-five dollars with service. The grille room is slightly cheaper, and will run between sixty-five and seventy dollars with service for each person.

A homelike atmosphere in a club dining room is most desirable. The Winged Foot Golf Club's dining room, while somewhat formal in effect, due to the added number of seats required, has a glow and cheerfulness found only in smaller spaces.

The modern tendency is to eliminate rugs, carpets, and as much table linen as possible, hard top tables with stain proof finish being more desirable.



JESS W. SWEETSER, 1926 BRITISH AMATEUR CHAMPION

Receiving the Championship Cup at Muirfield, Scotland, from Mr. Stier Gillon, Captain of Muirfield. Sweetser defeated Alexander Simpson, of Edinburgh, 6 and 5. The new champion was a member of the Walker Cup team in 1923, and also 1926. His most remarkable golf achievement was the elimination of Willie Hunter, Jesse Guilford, Bobby Jones and "Chick" Evans to win the National Amateur championship in 1922 at Brookline