

Hoylake Yields a New Champion

Dr. William Tweddell Crowned Amateur Champion of Great Britain

By Bernard Darwin

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I THINK the friendly invaders from America have rather spoiled us. We are not now content with our own championship unless there are some Americans. We are disposed to think it a little dull if it is only a private and domestic festival. This year at Hoylake it was largely domestic. True we had some invaders; there was young Mr. Nettlefold the amateur champion of Australia who plays left handed; there were also a number of American players, but we had the temerity not to be very much frightened by them; we thought we could keep the cup at home this time.

These anticipations proved correct but not without some slight excursions and alarms and a scare produced by an American golfer. Only one round a day was played on the first three days. After two days we believed that all the Americans were dead; Mr. Joshua Crane, Mr. Platt, Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Richard and one or two others had all gone, but in fact there was one left. The innocent looking entry of Mr. Edwin H. Haley from Sunbridge Park, a club in Kent, not far

from London, concealed the fact that he was an American golfer. True, as soon as we saw him swing the club we knew that well enough, but most of us had not seen him; we had just seen his name as beating in the first two rounds two golfers of no particular fame and we knew that he had to meet Mr. Tolley in the third. I believe that Mr. Haley only decided to enter at the last moment; he had no time to enter from an American Club, and only just time to acquire a National handicap to entitle him to enter from an English one.

Mr. Tolley had been playing eccentrically as is his wont during the first two rounds but he had put in some typical thrusts when they were wanted and he began to play, if not faultlessly, at any rate very far from ill against Mr. Haley. Mr. Haley was driving a long way—right up to Mr. Tolley and sometimes past him; he was also holding out very well and it was always a good hard match. Still, on the way to the twelfth hole it seemed that Mr. Tolley was safely through his troubles. He was two up. To this twelfth hole—a good two-shotter—he had played a beautiful second to within six yards of the flag, while Mr. Haley was bunkered. However, he "exploded" the ball out to within four yards and then, as if it was the simplest thing in the world, ran down his putt for a half. What was more he played a beauty to the short thirteenth, a hole guarded by a little matter of eleven bunkers, and won it. From that point Mr. Tolley was definitely the hunted and Mr. Haley the relentless hunter.

Mr. Haley holed another nice putt to square at the fifteenth. At the sixteenth Mr. Tolley was in two successive bunkers but he hacked his way out and holed a gallant putt for a half. He was bunkered again at the seventeenth; out he came

again and down went another putt for a half in four. These two holes had been distinctly cruel ones for Mr. Haley who had played them without fault. Now it was his turn to have some luck.

Both pulled their drives into the rough at the last hole, but whereas Mr. Haley got a good lie, Mr. Tolley, who was rather unfortunate to be in the rough at all, got a horrible one. By a prodigious effort he hewed his ball out of the rough and over the cross bunker but also over the green and into another horrible place beyond

and a good putter. The pair had a good match in which Mr. Haley was rather the steadier from the tee and won by 2 and 1. So now he was through four rounds and had to meet Mr. Gillies, a very difficult man to beat. I do not think that on this occasion either played very well but they had an exciting rough-and-tumble match of it. Mr. Gillies having been two down won five holes off the reel to make himself three up with five to go. Then for three holes he took a partial leave of his senses and Mr. Haley taking the chances liberally offered squared the match. The seventeenth was halved but Mr. Gillies played the last perfectly and Mr. Haley was just beaten. He had done more than enough for glory and is going, as I imagine, to be a very fine golfer. At the moment his pitching seems to be rather loose and slack but at all other points he is formidably armed.

While these things were happening Mr. Wethered who had been established a strong favorite was first bringing his supporters' hearts into their mouths by his mistakes on the way out, and next sending them into raptures by his grand play homeward. In one match he was three down at the turn and won six holes running; in another he was three down at the eighth and holed the next nine, the longest and hardest part of the course, in thirty-two shots; in a third he only won by playing a really miraculous stopping pitch which carried a bunker by a foot and finished within six inches of the hole. At last however the pitcher went once too often to the well.

In the semi-final he met Dr. William Tweddell, a very good golfer who had been getting through at once brilliantly and inconspicuously. At each of the first five holes Mr. Wethered made a slip; each cost him one stroke and that one stroke cost him the hole. Dr. Tweddell played each hole in the par figure and he was five up. For three more holes he kept his head, having some luck to help him, and then came Mr. Wethered's counter attack. He got two holes back and he really seemed to have more than a fighting chance when he threw his head up at the difficult one-shot eleventh and missed his tee shot. He got his four and Dr. Tweddell, also playing a poor tee shot, could do no more, but the possible collapse had been averted. Dr. Tweddell recovered himself, having been a little shaky, and won comfortably by four and three.

That semi-final was in effect the final. Dr. Tweddell's opponent in the actual final, Mr. D. E. Landale, is a good and steady golfer but he was tired as a dog, and, to tell the truth, was just not quite good enough to reach such eminence. After four successive matches won on the last green he had hardly a kick left and Dr. Tweddell sailed right away, was eight up at lunch and won by 7 and 6.

He is a good and interesting golfer, this new champion of ours, a young doctor of 29 or 30 years. He is an Englishman by birth, a Scot by golfing education, since he learned most of his golf at Aberdeen, and he plays more in the American style than in (*Continued on page 66*)



Edwin H. Haley, former Williams College golfer and baseball star proved something of a sensation by surviving the first four rounds of play at Hoylake

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it. Again he recovered finely and came very near to holing his putt; but Mr. Haley made no slip; he was left with a five-foot putt for the match, in it went amid much cheering and the unknown David had beaten Goliath.

Mr. Haley was now the hero of the hour and took away a big crowd with him the next morning when he met Major Thornburn, a strong player



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either the Scottish or English. He is essentially a swinger rather than a hitter, with plenty of hitting power yet with a nice slow take back of the club; a master of the high iron shot and a very good putter. How some of his high shots would have fared in a regular Hoylake gale I do not know. At any rate handsome is as handsome does; in the weather that he had to play in he played undoubtedly the best golf of the week, hovering near an average of fours for round after round and entirely deserving to win.

One more word I must say, not about the final but about a match in the first round. In it Mr. John Ball made what I fear will be a farewell appearance in the championship. He played a strong and good young player in Mr. Abercrombie and he lost by three and two, but within his powers he played superbly and to see him was, in the old phrase, a liberal education. He swung the club as gracefully and easily as a boy; he hardly mis-hit a single shot, and he played one or two iron shots through a cross wind that hardly another man in the field could have matched. He was never for a moment outplayed, but he beat himself alas! as he used occasionally to do when he was younger, by missing very short putts. It was very sad, but it was also very magnificent. To see a man of sixty-five flick the ball up in two wood club shots at a hole of four hundred and ninety yards long is—whether the ground be hard or not—an inspiring spectacle. I am glad to say that he took the whole crowd with him and there were no more heartfelt cheers during all the week than those which greeted the greatest of all champions in defeat.