

JIM BARNES GETS WANAMAKER TROPHY

Holes Putt on Home Green That
Wins Cash, Medal, Silver
Cup, and Championship.

HUTCHINSON PUTS UP FIGHT

Pittsburgh Pro. Takes Goodly Lead
on Tall Englishman at Outset, but
Sees It Slowly Devoured.

Long, lean, and lanky Jim Barnes of Whitemarsh Valley stood on the home green at Siwanoy yesterday about an hour before sunset, playing the thirty-sixth hole of his match with Jock Hutchinson of Pittsburgh for the Rodman Wanamaker Trophy and the championship of the Professional Golfers Association. He had a four-foot putt to make that meant \$500 in cash, a diamond studded gold medal, custody of the huge silver trophy, the professional championship title, and the position of undoubted supremacy as the leading professional of the season—and he holed it.

Evidently Jim Barnes has no nerves. In addition to the disconcerting importance of that particular putt, the Englishman was certainly not fortified in his certainty of sinking the ball in the cup when he saw Jock Hutchinson miss a putt that was just one inch and one-quarter, standard measurement by Johnny Anderson, further from the goal than his own. However, Jock Hutchinson is only five feet eight inches and stands up straight when he putts. Jim Barnes is six feet and something more, and when he leans forward to putt he is looking straight down into the bottom of the cup, the ultimate destination of his ball, making a miss improbable if not impossible.

The margin of 1 up by which Barnes defeated the fiery Scot from Allegheny is an indication of the closeness of the battle from start to finish. Hutchinson was anxious to win and was plainly showing his anxiety, but he was no more enthusiastic over his chances than the large gallery that followed the final contest. Almost every separate and distinct individual in the multicolored throng that charged wildly over the hills and dales of the Siwanoy course was hoping that victory might perch on the shoulders of the picturesque Scotchman.

Squares Match on Seventeenth.

If victory descends from the clouds, however, it is no wonder that Jim Barnes appointed himself a committee of one to welcome the visitor, for he can grasp a descending object before the canny Scot can even discern it with the naked eye. Moreover, he saw it coming when every one else was expecting Hutchinson to make assurance doubly sure with the magic of his mashie when he was 1 up with an easy pitch to the seventeenth green. Barnes played a difficult shot that stayed on the green. The Scot put up a high shot with a hook that quared it over the green into a trap, squaring the match, and the aforementioned expensive putt on the home green settled the matter for the season.

However, if Barnes made a putt that brought him the victory, it must be remembered that Hutchinson missed one of almost the same proportions that probably meant more to him than the winning putt did to Barnes. One reason why the gallery and all his fellow-professionals were rooting hard for Hutchinson was because the tall gentleman from Whitemarsh Valley, in company with one Walter C. Hagen of Rochester, has scoured the country from East to West and from North to South, winning everything that there was to be won, and laying in a stock of trophies and medals that rivals a court jeweler's collection.

In the course of the single season which this tournament practically closes as far as the metropolitan district is concerned, Barnes captured the North and South open championship, tied for first and lost to Hagen in the play-off of the Metropolitan open championship, won the Connecticut open championship at Shennecossett, won the Van Cortlandt Park open tournament, and formally ascended the throne yesterday by winning the first annual championship of the Professional Golfers' Association. All that Barnes needs to win a golf tournament is a golf course, a putter, and a liberal supply of the clover-leaves that he carries in the corner of his mouth.

Barnes Declines to Get Rattled.

All three things were on hand yesterday—the course was in fine shape, the putter was 100 per cent. efficient, and the supply of clover leaves was of the best quality found in this part of the country. Therefore when Jock Hutchinson of the Heather Country went into an early lead in the morning round, the tall Briton just sort of played along with him in a bored way, for he knew that things were a little topsy-turvy, and only time would set them to rights. Barnes fell short of the second green on his second shot, whereupon the Pittsburgh player ran down his putt for a 4 and was 1 up.

On his pitch to the third green, Barnes proved to be too strong for the distance needed, and his ball went over the green. Hutchinson was in a handy position to get a 3, and when Barnes missed a putt that would have given him that figure, the Allegheny player made his and was 2 up. The fever of victory was upon him, and he further increased his lead by pitching neatly across the gully to the sixth green and holing a twelve-foot putt for a 2. He gained another hole when Barnes took three putts on the eighth green.

Four up on Long Jim Barnes at the eighth hole! Wonders will never cease. Hutchinson could hardly wait until he had hit the ball before he was hastening after it to mark its untoward fate or its happy destination. Here again he was handicapped as opposed to the great advantages that Barnes enjoyed in this respect. Barnes can stand in most of the Siwanoy valleys and look over the tops of the hills, but Sir Jock, of Scotland, must throw dignity to the winds if he wishes to follow the flight and find the landing place of his ball, and yesterday he was rushing up hill and down dale as if the ghost of Sandy MacKellar, the "Cock o' the Green" were one stride behind clutching at what would have been his coat tails if he had only worn a coat.

Wins Not One from Thence Onward.

He was not in such a hurry that he forgot to hole his putts, however, and a 4 on the ninth hole would have given him a 35 for the outward journey which has a par of 37. But at this precise point, the eighth green, Jock bade a long farewell to all his prosperity, and for the next twenty holes—a full round and two over—he failed to register a single victory. He pitched over the ninth green into a road, losing the hole, and on twenty successive tees the Knight of Scotland was forced to give precedence to the English Yceman.

In his quiet way Jim Barnes resented being 3 down to any golfer, especially since the situation was entirely misleading to his opponent and the public at large, for Barnes knew all the time just who was going to win the match.

Continued on Page 3, Sporting Section.

ADDITIONAL NEWS OF
SPORTS ON PAGE 20,
MAIN NEWS SECTION.

JIM BARNES GETS WANAMAKER TROPHY

Continued from Page 1, Sporting Section.

Therefore he determined to get down to business and win a few holes. He made a start by taking the ninth with an easy par 4, and Hutchinson gave him a helping push in the right direction at the thirteenth hole by holing out in his sweater pocket after he had played two shots in a bunker. Hutchinson rimmed the cup on the fifteenth green, cutting his lead to a single hole. As far as results were concerned, the next three holes were a waste of time, for each and every one of them was halved, leaving Hutchinson 1 up at the end of the first round.

Barnes saved the first two holes in the afternoon round by chipping dead to the hole from just off the green, and he brought the match all square at the short third with a par 3 when the Scot tried first one side of the green and then the other before he could get his ball within striking distance of the cup. The Englishman seemed to have luck with him on the fourth hole, where he drove over a tall oak into the rough and found his ball in a good lie. However, he put his second shot into the depths of a trap by the green and would have lost the hole if Hutchinson had not run over on his second shot. This hole is 514 yards long, so players were forgiven the lack of accuracy on their second shots.

Tops Ball Into the Ditch.

On the 492-yard fifth Barnes sliced into a poor lie, but a magnificent second put him on the hillside just short of the green. With a fine chance to win the hole, the Allegheny professional topped his ball along the turf, and it came to grief in the watery ditch at the foot of the hill, half buried in soft mud. Accoutred as he was with his spick and span golfing costume, he descended into the ditch with his niblick, splashed himself from head to foot, carved out a huge section of mud, and put his ball on the green within 15 feet of the pin for a half in 5.

Barnes, however, was just swinging into his stride—and his stride is just about twice as long as that of the average player from every point of view. On the eighth hole he took a 250-yard drive, a 126-yard approach, and a 12-foot putt that gave him a 3 and put him one up for the first time in the match. He liked this position so much that he saw no reason for abandoning it just because Hutchinson pitched within a yard of the cup on the ninth green, and therefore he proceeded to hole another typical Barnes putt for a 3 that gave him a half on the par 4 hole.

The tenth hole he played in the same way, and found the method highly effective. He drove nearly 300 yards toward the green, put his approach within fifteen feet of the cup, and holed his putt for a 3 that put him 2 up. Then Jock remembered! It was just twenty greens since he had holed a winning putt, and he had promised big Bob Macdonald that he would defeat Jim Barnes for the title and trophy. He set about busily to remedy the sad state of affairs, and proved an able physician, except that his patient fell dead at the last moment.

Hutchinson Again in Lead.

He pitched into a trap by the eleventh green, but, mindful of his promise to his brother Scot, he pitched out again and holed his putt for a 3 that gave him the hole when Barnes missed a short one for a half. The Englishman put his tee shot into a trap on the thirteenth hole, and his opponent straightway brought the match all even again with a par 3. The fourteenth was halved in 4, and then the hope of Scotland took the lead at the fifteenth hole when Barnes put his second shot just off to the left, and failed to make the short putt for a half.

The sixteenth was halved in par 4, and with a lead of 1 up and 2 to play, Hutchinson was almost ready to accept the eager congratulations of his countrymen. "I thought I had him," he confessed afterwards in his inimitable Scotch burr, but James Barnes of Whitemarsh Valley knew better. Barnes pitched to the seventeenth green, staying uphill on the high side. Hutchinson's ball hit in the middle of the green, but ran down into a trap, and he failed to make the putt for a half, squaring the match.

The last hole had come, and on it hung the result of the thirty-five that were already past. Barnes drove first and put his shot into a sand trap. Hutchinson was little better off to the left near the road and both second shots were equally distant from the green.

Barnes played first, and put his ball on the green with his mashie. Hutchinson was off to the right a little, but his fourth shot, a chip from the edge of the green, put the ball within four feet of the hole. Barnes had a long putt to win the match and the title.

He ran up slowly and stopped far short of the cup. John G. Anderson, who was referee of the contest, measured the distance, and announced that the Highlander was an inch and a quarter away. Jock Hutchinson knew that the moment had arrived. He had that putt for both fame and fortune, and when he missed the putt he lost everything that went with it. However, Barnes still had to hole the putt that his opponent missed, and the gallery waited in expectant silence.

It was only four feet, however, and in his typical putting attitude, leaning forward on his right leg, Barnes was gazing exactly into the bottom of the cup. He saw the ball, he saw the cup into which he was about to place it, and to cut short the agony of Jock Hutchinson he quickly holed the putt that gave him the title, the trophy, and the professional crown for the season of 1916. The cards of the match were as follows:

Morning round:											
Barnes—	Out	4	5	4	5	5	3	4	5	4—39
Hutchinson—	Out	4	4	3	5	5	2	4	4	5—36
Barnes—	In	5	3	4	3	5	4	4	4	6—38 77
Hutchinson—	In	5	3	4	5	5	5	4	4	6—41 77
Afternoon round:											
Barnes—	Out	4	4	3	5	5	4	3	4	3—33
Hutchinson—	Out	4	4	5	5	5	4	4	4	3—33
Barnes—	In	3	4	5	4	4	5	4	4	5—38 73
Hutchinson—	In	4	3	5	3	4	4	4	5	6—38 76