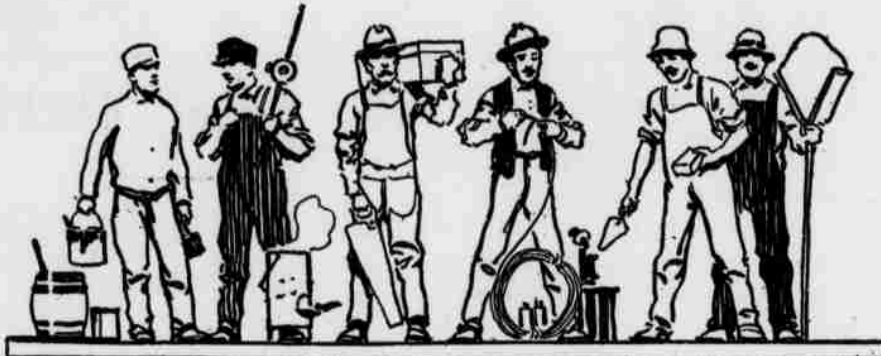


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would eventually take off the prize, and because it played off the tie for the medal.

FANCY PUTTING.

After a little amateur work on the first two the champions hit their exhibition pace. From there on to the turn Becker's score ran even with par. He came to the seventh two up, got away with a half on that only by virtue of a stymie, and then faced a ruinous proposition on the eighth. It was there the putting furore set in. Gates missed his approach in this short hole, and so was away with a good 25 feet to go on his third. In that methodical and careful way he has he just rolled it in as if it was ordained to sink. This left Becker in a pickle, in spite of a drive onto the green. But the Goddess of the day was impartial. His ball rolled the 20 feet without a flicker, and won him the hole in two.

This was only the beginning. Before the last fateful shot went home both of the embattled golfers had burried at least four putts apiece of over 20 feet. There was no missing them—that is, until the fateful 18th. As is quite customary with Gates, he came into the stretch in situation that would delight the movie man. He halved the match on the 12th, lost the 14th, but halved it again on the 15th with a 3, and lost the 17th, an easy 4 by a distinct error. I suppose that everyone will agree that a journey in the trenches and a fulsome 6 was an error at that point. This left Becker 1 up. All right. Gates comes sailing up and drops dead three feet from the pin on his third shot. Even as it was done in the olden days. Becker falls for a five. All that is needed to even the match is a putt that was child's play beside those we had been looking at. Did he do it? He did not. Becker went home with the match and the medal. To such an extent is the putter a fickle fiction.

Meantime Armstrong was polishing off McCabe to the tune of 5 and 3. Howard Phillips sailed into Wiswell and finished the match at the 14th. Waring and Shannon had it even and interesting until Waring turned sour on the turn and was left excavating.

We quite agree with Grant Rice that the medal scores on a match round are pure nonsense and delusions. Nevertheless, to satisfy the cravings of a foolish public we will state that the best done in this round was a 39 made by Becker on his way out.

At this stage of the game Shannon slipped back into his pristine midseason form, and bethinking himself of past glories took such advantage of Armstrong's preliminary canter that he simply left him at the turn. Left him cold.

The same cannot be said of Phillips. He worked like a Trojan over Becker, in a match that was principally characterized by both parties scoring 2 on the 6th. The astonished multitude began to herald a new champion when he came in with the veteran's scalp three up and two to go. The pace was getting hotter. The medal was an 82.

A SPECTACULAR FINISH

The final round between Shannon and

Phillips was played on what was probably the finest day and under the purest sky that ever fascinated a driver. It was good golf., with the putting still predominating. It began again on the 8th. Shannon drove into a pit. He scrambled out in two just in time to get a distant view of Phillips holing out in 3. Nothing daunted he shot over the intervening country for a half. Mirabile dictu! This put Shannon two up at the turn.

He lost one of these in a burial party on the tenth, and as was the order of the day, was euchered out of an apparently certain win on the 11th by another 20 foot putt by Phillips. From here on I fear for my reputation if I tell the story. It beggars all belief. For on the 13th Brockport staved off defeat with nothing less than a forty foot sinker from the top of the hill. I have no heart to tell of the rest of the strokes. My eyes were glued on the so-called putting. On the 15th Phillips made the long drop; on the 16th Shannon makes his four after coming to the green by way of the dairy, by virtue of 12 feet negotiated with his cunning little putter. This left Phillips one up. Now for the climax.

Both champions drive according to Hoyle. They both go over the green on this short hole, as is wise to do if you can. Very well, they are 60 feet from the cup. Shannon shoots first. He comes within easy putting distance—say 20 feet in this match. We will concede him a three. Everybody moves off to see the next drive. But Phillips smiles a sardonic smile, and calling upon the fickle Goddess of the fitful putt he lets drive with a mashie. Of course, the ball went directly to the hole, and settled down. A very proper and spectacular finish to any championship, not equalled in our memory since Phil Carter did Skeins out of the United by the same trick on the same hole, a long time ago.

The incubus of Early Season rustiness was laid even more heavily upon the Second Division than the first. Here were found old experts who in the past have consistently been found in the front rank, no matter how many or skillful the entries. C. B. Hudson, once striking his gait, will be discovered well down in the eighties, and T. A. Cheatham in the height of the season will not be asking odds of any 90 man.

J. D. C. Rumsey and Col. Ormsbee played the most interesting and the closest match in the first round. Rumsey was working up to very good form, and eased the Colonel out on the last hole. Cheatham, Hudson and P. B. O'Brien came through.

This left Rumsey matched against Cheatham and Hudson against O'Brien. Rumsey here hit out for fair, although he ran into a cross current of baleful stymies that in the end contributed substantially to his downfall. His contest against Cheatham was marked by a remarkable two he landed on the ninth, doing Cheatham out of a perfect three on the same hole. At that Rumsey drove the tenth one down, and only by the most sustained and creditable play eked out a victory on the 18th.