

BEALL VS. HUNTER

Details of the Match

Showing the Mathematic Analysis of the Long and the Short Game



A GREAT deal of attention is now being given to the relative merits of the long game and the accurate short game in golf. Recent articles by experts supporting the theory that putting is the single most important department of the game in which they give a careful analysis of the style and performance of the contestants, show necessity of a careful diagram or map of interesting matches.

No better example of the long game versus the short game between masters of each style could be found than the 36 hole match last Saturday in which Edward C. Beall of Uniontown defeated Robert Hunter in the final round of the Annual Spring Tournament on number two course.

WONDERFUL DRIVING

We have never seen anyone that hit his ball harder—and that obtained more consistent distance than Beall. We made a very careful and accurate map of every shot in this match upon a card prepared for the purpose. His drives, not counting the short holes, actually averaged 218 yards, and his second shots, all taken with a midiron in practically every instance, brought him within putting distance of the green. As far as the long game was concerned Hunter was not in the same neighborhood. The Wee Burn champion was outdriven on an average of 35 yards, and on the twenty-eight holes calling for distance Beall had the actual and accurate mathematical advantage of 59 yards on the average after each second shot. Hunter had the best of it after the second in only three cases, and in two of these Beall had driven into a bunker and his second was a niblic.

HUNTER'S DEFENSE

And yet, Hunter reached the turn on the first round 3 up, ended the 18 holes all even,

reached the ninth on the second round one up, never lost the lead for an instant until they came to the thirty-first green, was even at the 34th and was not beaten until the last shot was fired. An examination of the chart shows the reason at a glance. Although Hunter took nine more strokes from the tee and the fairway to reach the neighborhood of the greens than Beall when within short approaching or putting distance he used six less strokes to get home.

THE ACCURATE GAME TAKES THE LEAD

Both players were in excellent form and in fighting trim, and did the utmost credit to their styles of play. Beall lost the first hole to superior putting, the third and fifth from contact with bunkers. The seventh, the longest hole on the course, is an excellent example of the value of the putter. Beall was within thirty-five yards of the pin on his second shot, fully a hundred and ten yards ahead of the Wee Burn honor. But here the tables turned. Hunter wasted neither approach nor putt, but made his remaining 150 yards in three, while Beall required four from his point of vantage. Hunter was out in 38, and three up at the turn, having one bad hole. He lost the 8th by reason of an insane drive into the forestry. He won the 10th in par, Beall failing on his approach shot after a splendid drive over the pond, and lost the 11th and 12th by dropping his brassie shot into a bunker in each case. These holes do not represent poor golf by any means. They demonstrate the difficulty and strain a short player has, the saving grace of the long game. In both cases Beall had pounded his midiron shot right up to the green. The consequence was that in endeavor to keep up so as to at least have a fighting chance on the green Hunter was obliged to attempt a longer shot than he could negotiate with the usual result.

Coming in Beall won all the long holes—the 11th, 12th, 14th, 16th and 18th, and Hunter won two short ones and halved a third. The 13th was also halved, both parties being in trouble.

This left the match even in the morning. The afternoon's

play further exemplified the value of each style of play. Hunter won two short holes going out, the 8th and 9th, and halved the other two, the 4th and 6th, in par. Beall won two long holes, Hunter one, and two were halved. These two that were halved (the 3d and 4th) were the only two long holes in the second round in which Hunter reached putting distance on anything like even terms with Beall. He went out in 35, was one up at the turn, and had nine more holes to go.

THE PROBLEM AT THE FINISH

At this point Hunter, in spite of being one up, was at an actual disadvantage. There were six long holes and only three short ones remaining. Both contestants understood the situation, and Beall made the best of it. It

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Little Horn Comes Back

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for a spurt—and who consequently favored a promenade for a mile and a dash for it on the stretch.

There was no holding back this time. Smith was off like a frightened reindeer, and the Whisper Bell accepted the challenge. The spectacle was thrilling. Twice around they flew, over the jumps like a team, beautiful to behold, racing to the utmost, and in the most perfect form. The Little Horn set the pace, except for a brief period on the second round, and led by half a length at the back of the track after they came into the open.

And then while the voices of a multitude of anxious adherents exhorted and screamed and yelled, she began to draw away. Foot by foot and she wrung the lead from the furiously running Whisper Bell, and by imperceptible increments increased her span until she passed under the wire working as steady as a walking beam, three lengths to spare. So now both camps have a victory to their credit, and the debate is still free for all, and not yet settled. Select your winning colors for their next meeting.

A new arrival, Mrs. Reeves' Mable Worth, a handsome little bay mare appeared to eclipse the whole colt string in the two year

old trot. She broke twice in the first heat and had to be content to run second to Rosalie, the favorite. But thereafter she conducted herself according to the traditions of her inheritance, and landed both the next two heats and first money. All six of the youngsters showed good speed and form, and they all came home in a bunch, travelling in good time.

Warren Bicknell rode Topsey to headlong victory in the Guest's Purse, holding the lead over Cross on Chief, and Latting on the Grey Eagle. If the Grey Eagle could start with the fury and abandon with which he finishes Latting might well hold a better place.

Miss Esther Tufts took the palm among the girl's twice during the day. The first time in guise of a senorita with sombrero and scarlet sash, embroidered saddle and Rio Grande equipment she outrode Eleanor Abbe, a very fetching Wyoming cow girl for the occasion, and the famous Annie Oakley, who was giving a correct impersonation of Buffalo Bill. Annie supplemented the Wild West ride by a few typical and well executed horseback stunts better understood on the plains than among the gentle riders of the East.

The second time was when Miss Esther checked up another score to her credit by passing the galloping squadron in the girl's race, and finished a length ahead of Miss Mabel Bliss and Miss Eleanor Abbe, in dead heat.

Rodman Wanamaker himself rode the hunter Garth in the thoroughbred flat race, five furlongs, and won his race over Miriam H. The little Palmetto mount is coming back though. She gave the Meadowbrook a hard run, and left the thoroughbred string in the rear—including the speedy Kindelew, Captain Heck and the redoubtable Hurd himself up on Kedron. Kedron might have made more progress if he had left off kicking his neighbors at the post in time to start.

J. W. Souther won the grand stand as well as the race when he brought Hatto home ahead of Hurd on Travellor and Thomas on Rex, in spite of the fact that he had lost his stirrup on the track in the heat of the onset.