

## LITTLE RULES BRITISH GOLF

Californian Dominant at St. Andrews,

"Man of Destiny" in Prestwick Play

By BERNARD DARWIN

I AM bidden to write about the chief events in the Walker Cup Match at St. Andrews and the Amateur Championship at Prestwick in one and the same article. I will do my best but my trouble is that everything else seems very faint and far away while in front, dwarfing everything else, looms the colossal figure of Lawson Little.

No doubt you have heard long ago of all the wonderful things he did in the final at Prestwick and his ten under fours (or thirteen over threes) for twenty-three holes, his twelve threes—more than 50 per cent—in those same twenty-three holes, his ten under an average of two putts per green and so on. These are eloquent statistics and I could easily provide some more, such as that if Little had given Wallace, his poor adversary, half a stroke a hole he would still have been three up. But no statistics can convey the immense impression that he made on us who saw him. I am quite sure I have never seen such golf in my life, and I am equally sure that, as long as I live, I shall never admit that anybody else has played such golf again. The power and accuracy of the long game, the delicacy of the short pitches and runs among the puzzling lumps and bumps of Prestwick, the murderous putting were all equally striking. Perhaps most impressive of all was the unhesitating, unrelenting power of going on and on. Here seemed to me the beau ideal of golf played against par and not against a human adversary. I am sure that Little knew that Wallace was there because, when he was leading by untold holes, he conceded him one or two rather long putts with a gesture as generous and pretty; but regarded purely as an enemy, I do not believe he paid the least attention to him. He bent his whole mind to the task of playing each hole as well as it could be played and the more terrifyingly and brilliantly he grew his score, the less he was frightened of it and the more he concentrated on the hole immediately before him.

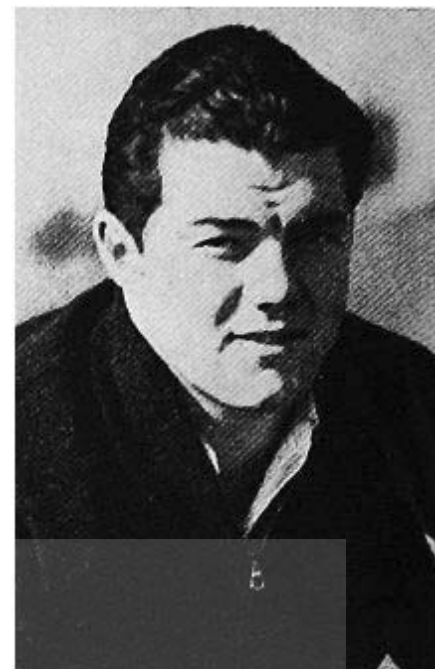
Though all hope of a match had vanished long before, most of us expected that Little would be a little more human after luncheon, might perhaps make a slip or two and allow Wallace to win one hole. On the contrary he was better than ever. When he began the

second round by holing a twelve-yard putt for three, we smiled and when he holed another at the fourth we laughed aloud. It was too ridiculously good. When he was in the pleasant position of dormy 14 and was about to play a blind short hole over the towering Himalaya, a Scottish friend said to me, "I expect the fellow will do it in one." He was not so far wrong for the ball went straight as an arrow for the hole, very nearly pitched into it, and lay a few yards beyond. The champion's last shot was as good as his first and there were no worse ones in between.

Truly a mighty golfer! A Juggernaut that trampled down everything before him. The moment the American Walker Cup team had played their first practice round at St. Andrews, the wise men agreed that of all that formidable side, Lawson Little was the most dangerous. They never had any cause to change their view. He was magnificent in the Walker Cup when he walked all over Cyril Tolley and right through the tournament at Prestwick. He played so well that only once was he hard pressed, when Leslie Garnett took him to the nineteenth hole in the semi-final. If ever it was true that the right man won, it was true of Lawson Little.

Let me say one word for poor James Wallace, the artisan golfer from Troon and a most gallant and modest player, who was Little's victim in the final. On Friday night he was a national hero on the pinnacle of fame; at a quarter past two on Saturday he had become the man who had lost more holes in a final than anybody else in history. There have been players who have got through undeservedly into finals, but Wallace was not one of them. He had had the hardest of all rows to hoe; he had beaten no less than five Walker Cup players—two Americans, Chandler Egan and Dunlap, three British—Tolley, Fiddian, and the best player in this country, Jack McLean. He ran into a tornado, the magic deserted his putter and down he went with a crash, but what he had done before that crash ought to be remembered forever in his favor.

What a lot I could write, had I the space, about the feats of the other American players in this championship! There was first the very first match in the whole championship



W. LAWSON LITTLE, JR.

—Ouimet and Moreland, with Francis out in 33 and then pulled down and down till he lost most cheerfully—at the last hole. Then there was the almost farcical adventure of George Dunlap who began by being five down with five to go against a golfer from India, of whom scarcely anyone had ever heard, Pakenham Walsh. Dunlap won that match at the 22nd, not wholly because he played well but because his enemy became paralyzed for a while and could not hole the vital putt from two feet. After that every one said Dunlap would win outright and he looked very like doing so till Wallace stopped him in the semi-final with seventeen holes in three under fours. There was a wonderful struggle: for Wallace holed everything and Dunlap played superb golf to hang on as long as he did. Then there was an equally sparkling fight, somewhat easier, between Johnny Fischer, who had beaten Moreland, and Jack McLean, and McLean was two under fours when he won, also at the seventeenth. Fischer had the better of the driving, sometimes by 30 and 40 yards, but McLean's iron play was so fine that I think he gained by having regularly to play the odd. There was his ball always on the green in two and nearly always close to the hole and Fischer had to follow it knowing that nothing but a three would win.

McLean also played very well against Jesse Guilford, just when the Siege Gun was beginning to look most menacing. He had been mowing down all his enemies and was two up on McLean in eight holes, but the young Scot came away with a tremendous rush to win by 4 and 3. Finally, there were in one day two terrific matches of Johnny Goodman's: in one he escaped miraculously with the skin of his teeth; in the second, Providence and his adversary were not letting him off. Against McCallum he was one down with one to play and laid his wretched enemy a stymie when the furthest ball was scarcely nine inches (*Continued on page 63*)



LITTLE ON TEE

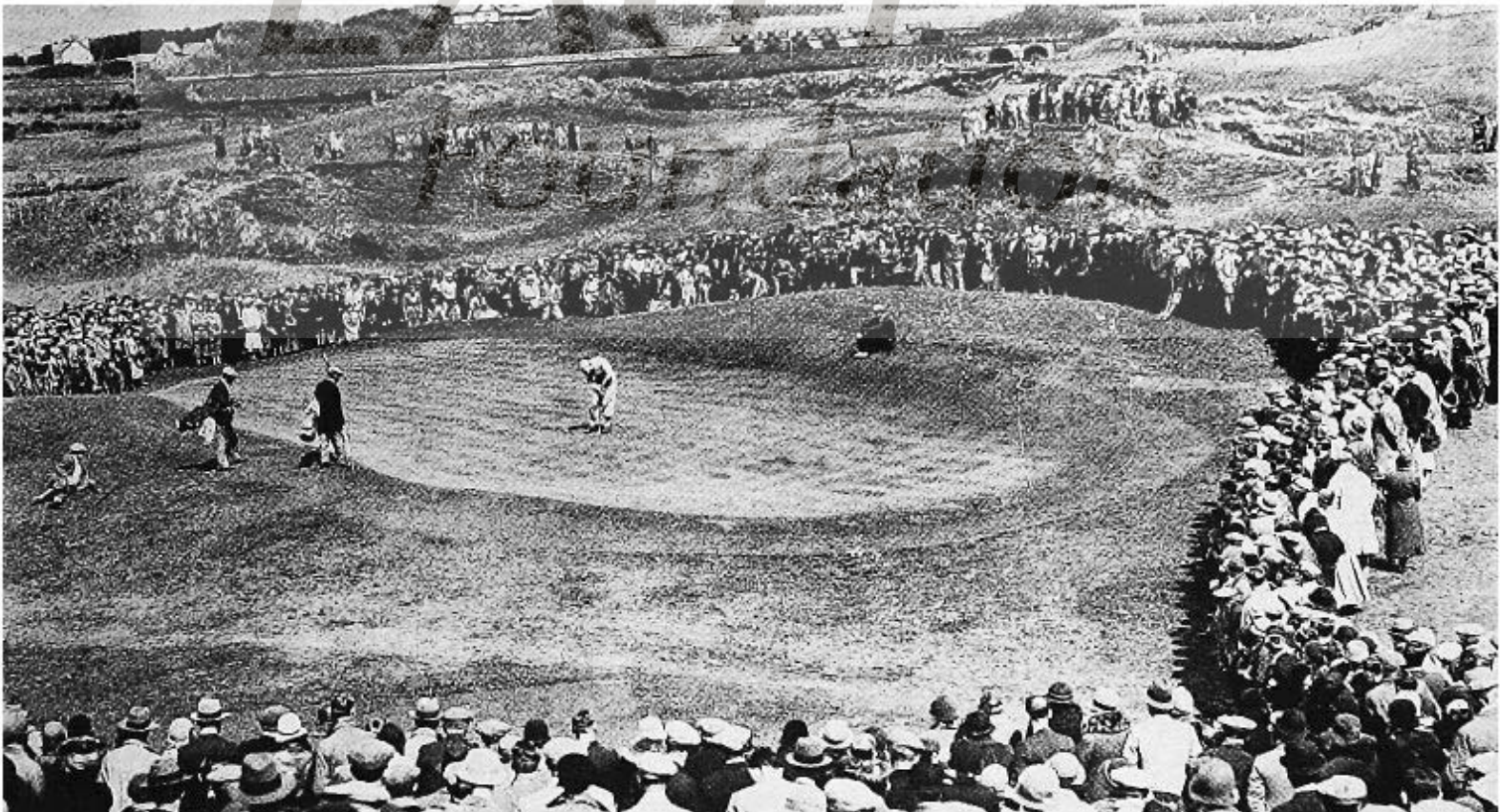


LITTLE AT PRESTWICK



CROWD HAILS WALLACE

Little an interested observer of the progress of his drive at St. Andrews (above). (Upper right) He leads way from the fifth which he has just taken at par despite a stymie at the hands of James Wallace, finalist in the British Amateur. The carpenter (right) was a national hero after beating Tolley and four other Walker Cup stars. Note the admiring crowd about him. Below, gallery watches Fischer-McLean match which the young Scot won



FISCHER-MCLEAN MATCH



## LITTLE RULES BRITISH GOLF

*(Continued from page 16)*

from the hole: he went on to win with a tremendous three at the 19th. Next time, against Garnett, he was again two down with four to play, got one hole back and then was killed by two successive threes and a final putt of twenty yards full measure. I have seen many dramatic championships but this one was melodramatic.

Now for the Walker Cup. But that seems ancient history now and what is there to say? Only this and with the utmost sincerity that our people were beaten by a far better team, and however often the match was played and whoever had been chosen for Britain the result would have been the same. Not perhaps quite the same in

detail. I do think the play of some of our men, especially in the foursomes, was a little too bad to be true. We might have made rather a closer fight of it on another occasion, but we could never have done more than that. Bricks cannot be made without straw and we have not got the men. An old St. Andrews caddie was asked beforehand what he thought. He said the visitors would surely win and added, "I haven't seen much of their players, but it seems to me that these fellows from America always hit the ball in the middle of the club." That is all there is to say about it. We loved seeing them and meeting them and dining with them after the match but we can't beat them.

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