I am afraid it is nearly fifteen years since I saw any considerable number of American class players at play, the occasion on which my mind harks back being the last of the international matches between Canada and these United States, and the place: the storied Plains of Abraham where the illustrious Wolfe and Montcalm fell but still live; and where, for hazards, there were not ditches, or pits of sand, or running brooks, but frowning citadel walls, glacis and redoubts, fosses and martello towers—not to mention the mighty St. Lawrence itself which has carried to ocean as a proper punishment many and many a pulled ball.

I recall among those who played at Quebec so many years ago, alas, the names of Farnam, Reid, Stickney, Hubbard, Averil, Smith and Lyons. The United States team was captained on the occasion I write of by John Reid, Jr., in those days in very a mighty swinger and a putter of astonishing excellence; easily taking into camp the redoubtable Lyons who, almost continuously ever since, perhaps because of lessons then learned has been the leader of Canadian golf. He was, however, with much hesitation from the Canadian team, the leading player in the American Championship match and in victory during our match received the plaudits of many Bostonians, but whom I had never before seen in action. I am pleased to observe that great fortune that followed the play in Hickory. The fair sex was represented as unusually large numbers and added...
LOOKING ACROSS THE FIFTH FAIRWAY WITH MANCHESTER IN THE MIDDLE, DISTANCE AND THE 'TACONIC RANGE OF MOUNTAINS IN THE BACKGROUND.
not a little, it need hardly be said, to the charm and picturesqueness of the scenes on the fairway and the greens. The little hills of Ekwano were especially favored as coigns of prospectiv by those who found the spirit willing but the flesh weak in traversing the 6,000 odd yards of the course, and when the crowd, following the big matches, swept up the broad field in all the bravado of its color, from the home green was one to be remembered.

A five minute was allowed at the expiring of which came the order through the megaphone: "Drop behind and play three!" In their tent by the first tee sat the president, R. C. Watson, and the secretary, John Reid, Jr., both wise, experienced, and indefatigable; calling up the men at regular intervals until the moment came for themselves to drop the pen for the driver. The round was of eighteen holes, medal play, and it had been decided by authority that the

GOLF ILLUSTRATED

The qualifying rounds on Monday and Tuesday gave the chance of observing the players come up to the course, some of whom, having missed the Monday of the tournament, returned the following Tuesday. The players were spread out gradually like skirmishers over the gorgeous undulations, and adding the human charm to the landscape. Looking down the wide green prospects from the committee's tent, comfortably seated upon ecclesiastical chairs (the hospitality of St. Paul's Church, Manchester) we looked upon a scene of extraordinary loveliness; and, for more than one, it was impossible not to contrast it with the horror and carnage of the French and Belgian battlefields of
As the contestants creep round, as at this distance they seem to do, and pair by pair bring in their medal scores, let me take time to chronicle that the heavens, which during the preceding week seemed to empty themselves of rain, smiled most benignly throughout the tournament. The first day there were some complaints of hard luck from adhesive mud and resultant missed putts but other excuses, chiefly subjective, had to be sought on Tuesday and the remaining days.

There are some who think no struggle at golf complete without a gale of wind or a hurricane of rain. These meteorological hazards were conspicuously absent. Ben Sayers is reported to have said on the eve of an Open Championship when asked who would be the next champion: "Give me a wind and I'll show you what the champion is like!" But no regrets that Euroclydon did not descend were heard at Ekwanok; and the rains that came on Sunday were for the healing of the turf.

As to the course itself, nestled between the Green Mountains and the Taconic Hills, let us pay homage to its unequaled beauty. What more lovely valley and vista than that seventh tee discloses! How billowy the woodland maze on Mount Equinox so near and friendly! How charming is Manchester Church with its spire and white villas, as we look back upon it from down the course! The approach shots are in the light of a clear moon, but the shotmaking is far from simple as the fast flight is often not the shortest. The bunkers and sand are large and imposing.

The holes that actually joined the player on par were frequently a stunning test of power and accuracy. The greens, with their smooth surfaces and keen breaks, invited the player to play both come and go, and the traps and bunkers the variety that is so necessary to a well-maintained course.

As to the playing quality of Ekwanok, I can quite understand how the Green Committee (Green Committee is much too ambiguous) have hesitated to gash the flank and velvet verdure of the puttinggreens with other traps and bunkers. But those that actually guard the greens are perhaps more formal than serious. In consequence the approach shots rarely call for much finesse. The traps are, too considerately, placed out of harm's way. I quite believe, therefore, that Euroclydon wouldn't have been missed had the greens been more adequately defended for, as Vardon has recently told us, if our golf is to improve our golf courses must improve—must make increased demands upon the powers of our players.

While still waiting for the results of the qualifying round, the eight green with the Green Mountains beyond at Manchester, Vt.

Looking back to the seventh tee at Manchester, Vt.
The pairing-off for the real struggle at match-play contests in which (to remind ourselves of the unique pairing-off, I am trying to say, was as follows: —

The elegant, gentlemanly pastime of billiards or cricket you may,

and make use of your opponent's ball; — the drains off so much more vitality than the body—

the mind with its day by day eliminations, its dramatic sur-

(facilitating the stymie) ; where the play is in parallel not

with it save in the cut fairway, but noth-

short of the cut fairway, but not lying badly. A

hole were in neither player's usual form. Evans was

comfortably on the green, holing out in 5, would

have halved the hole and given another chance to

have carried the cross ditch 160 yards away, but

player of his power with iron and woods could readily enough

short o' the cut fairway, but not lying badly. A

drive at the seventeenth and the match was square d

again. At this stage both players were palpably

The match between Jerome D. Travers and J. B. Schlottman was stubbornly contested. Travers was

distinctly missed during the remainder of the week.

The match between Jerome D. Travers and J. B. Schlottman was stubbornly contested. Travers was

more than 100 yards, and when there had

the hole out of three, but at the pin, the approach was

The Lincoln Club's result was shown.

The Lincoln Club's result was shown.

The Lincoln Club's result was shown.

The Lincoln Club's result was shown.

The Lincoln Club's result was shown.

The Lincoln Club's result was shown.
D. When they met on Wednesday and at one stage indeed he was 4 up. One by one, however, the holes slipped from him in the putting, and he finally lost by 2.

When Byers, after vanquishing Evans, had to meet Travers he was probably feeling the strain of the stubborn contest he had just concluded. Both slight of figure, but uncommonly trim, playing each with enough employment to indulge in prediction and in golf the prophet can always account for his failure, if he does fail, by pointing out that his friends, the players, have changed their form. If he turns out a true prophet or at least a half, let us grant the prediction. Travis, himself.

FRANCIS Ouimet Putting on the Twelfth Green in the Afternoon of the Final

jamp and copse, he just covered a large figure from the rough. When the cut was finished, the paired had trouble. It was all fighting green, with the trees cutting most of the light. Navin, with a 3, and had a good figures against the greens, and the greens against the figures. The score was 10. The match to close at the match to close at the putting green.

J. G. Anderson who qualified handomely with 153 was counted upon, as runner-up last year, among those likely to go far. Playing a close match with Roy D. Webb, his was the nearer ball on the blind approach to the sixteenth green, but in error Anderson played his opponent's ball. The error was discovered after holing out and proved rather disconcerting. At all events the match was lost on the green.

As I write these notes on Thursday morning the following four pairs of players remain in the field: Travis and Webb, Travers and Seeley, Gorton and Fownes, Gardiner and Ouimet. It is a pleasant and grizzled from many battles, has an excellent position in the draw. He won from R. S. Worthington in the first round with great ease (7 and 6), although in the qualifying round both had the same score, 88. He has also defeated B. K. Kerr of Ekwanok,

If now we look at the second half of the schedule we have the four excellent names of Gorton and Fownes, Gardiner and Ouimet. The round between Gorton and Fownes should prove uncommonly keen.
Both have the distinction of having entered the tour in the qualifying round (144) as the lowest score in the history of the game. The logical outcome should have been a tie for the top two spots, but a storm with a sudden downpour came down too late in the day to spoil the finish.

There is not for the fact that Fownes has been playing excellent golf. While Fownes was in a tie for second place with Ouimet, the tournament rule was made

![Golf Illustrated](https://example.com/golf-illustrated.png)


G O L F  I L L U S T R A T E D

appeared to be lack. Fownes would be in the lead and that Ouimet was at the same time in second. The match was an event of national consequence and all probability will be a spectacle of its own kind. Fownes was the leader of the Florida City Wellington Forest team and that team was the leader of the tournament. In the afternoon's play, Fownes after losing a hole was able to recover and won the match by 1 up. Just short of the green, a groan escaped from his sympathizers as he flubbed a chip shot and still lay forty feet away. Gorton promptly put himself dead, while Fownes took a second stroke and, after missing his putt, left the ball on the lip. Fownes' ball was blown high into the air, and his opponent was compelled to chip directly in or lose the hole and the match. Fortunately for the crowd, Fownes was able to save the day, and his opponent was left with another ball that might haveoliday won if it had gone down, but fell twenty yards away from the hole. Gorton had scored a more than equal shot, and was able to put the ball into the cup. It is not generally the custom of Fownes.
J. D. Travers approaching the fifth green.

J. D. Travers putting on the eighth green in his match with Travis Fowkes.

Travis Fowkes approaching the eighth hole in the semi-finals.

Francis Ouimet, his opponent, standing at the left.

Francis Ouimet, swinging to carry the stream from the eleventh fairway.

Francis Ouimet, putting on the eleventh green.

Francis Ouimet, at the finish of a putt.

Francis Ouimet, putting on the eighteenth green.
Francis Ouimet playing from bunker behind first green on his 1913 match with Howland.

Francis Ouimet driving from seventh tee in his match with Fownes.

Francis Ouimet driving from ninth tee in his match with Fownes.

Francis Ouimet driving from twelfth tee.

Charles Evans Jr. playing from rough behind sixth green in his match with E. M. Byers.

Francis Ouimet playing from ninth tee in his match with Howland.

Francis Ouimet driving from seventh tee in his match with Howland.
And the keenest of struggles it was; no better match was ever played in our annals. It is hardly too much to say that but for a very little we might today learn that Travis instead of Ouimet as Amateur Champion; for, when the sixteenth hole was finished the match was inevitably. With the players constantly exchanging green's edge, and secure'd a half where a loss seemed inevitable. Travis' iron shot placed the ball a little nearer, and when both hole'd out brilliantly in 3 the important points in the struggle were decided. As soon as the last hole was finished the win was clinched by Travis. It was clear on the cards. Travis gave another chance to Ouimet, but failed to make use of the added advantage. A superb shot placed the ball at the green's edge, and required a half stroke to ear-mark the pin. In the down ward blow with arms well extended and but slightly raised after the impact. When Travis lay on the last green with his usual eye, close matters were decided. Travis struck his shot to within feet of the pin. That was by no accident that Travis was 1 up. At the tenth, when good putting might have brought all the difference, and when both hole'd so brilliantly in 3 the approach to the green was not badly evaluated but be missed at the hole. But in expectation of the keenest of struggles in the afternoon play.

A superb iron shot placed the ball there, and when both hole'd out brilliantly in 3 the important points in the struggle were decided. As soon as the last hole was finished the win was clinched by Travis. It was clear on the cards. Travis gave another chance to Ouimet, but failed to make use of the added advantage. A superb shot placed the ball at the green's edge, and required a half stroke to ear-mark the pin. In the down ward blow with arms well extended and but slightly raised after the impact. When Travis lay on the last green with his usual eye, close matters were decided. Travis struck his shot to within feet of the pin. That was by no accident that Travis was 1 up. At the tenth, when good putting might have brought all the difference, and when both hole'd so brilliantly in 3 the approach to the green was not badly evaluated but be missed at the hole. But in expectation of the keenest of struggles in the afternoon play.

The score sheet of the 1914 Amateur Championship showing the pairings and the match play results.
play and deservedly won. The fourteenth and fifteenth were divided: 1 up and 2 to go! The tension excitement at this point can't be described. Excellent drive opened the fairway from the tee, but too close to the green, and here the ten feet putt did not go in. The ball opened up in the plushy, but stopping short of the flag. Travers then hit a good first shot, then the match was again tied.

The next hole was a question of putting play, and all control was out of the question. Fownes put the ball too short of the flag. Ouimet hit the long putt, but the green cooled him out and the match was again divided. The next was, again, the same question of putting play, and Fownes put the ball ten feet from the flag. Fownes in the long putt, second shot, putted to fifteen feet, and Ouimet made the putt. Fownes' two pars gave him the battle after twenty-two holes. The gallery then saw the twelfth. Travers played as he always does, and Ouimet, with a perfect iron, hit the second shot to just fifteen feet from the flag. Fownes had a chance, but missed. Ouimet's second was perfect.