



*THE CONTROL OF THE GREAT CROWDS at Hoylake for the Amateur Championship was admirable, for the stewards knew their job and the players were given every chance, which is not always the case in a big golfing event these days. Here they are lining up round the 13th hole in the semi-final between Holt and Kyle.*

## How the Amateurs Played at Hoylake

By HENRY COTTON

AT Hoylake last week the amateurs found, as I expected, a severe test for the British Championship, the greatest amateur title of all. But it was not the Hoylake of the Open Championship time, July, for the cold east winds which persisted during the previous eight weeks had kept back the growth of the grass, and then in the warm sun of last week the grass began to grow, as it were, in a hurry. Greens cut at 5 a.m. were already slow before lunch, and grew slower and easier as the day continued.

They looked so slow and easy to me that I asked the head greenkeeper when he was "going to get the razors out." Then he told me they had been shaved that morning. The course was not quite stretched out, but the fairways had been allowed to grow narrower. The lies, however, were almost too good, as if to compensate for this narrowness.

I watched the play every day, and could not understand why everybody was always short, and when I played some shots to the greens to see, I found that the ball refused to run. It wanted to pull up short, and even shots to the short-hole greens hopped back a foot or two on pitching.

Beginning on Monday, Charles Yates survived. He began nervously, looking much fatter and paler. In fact, people in close contact with him remarked that he could not be described this year as "Cheerful Charlie." He settled down to play well in the middle of the round, and won easily against Bruce Thompson, a local player, by 5 and 4.

Leonard Crawley, on a course "just his handwriting," outplayed Cyril Boulton, and won also by 5 and 4.

R. D. Chapman, another American, a regular visitor to this side of the water, has much improved. He ranks among the first six amateurs on the other side. A pitch-and-putt merchant, with a fast slashing swing and an all-over-the-place finish, he won 4 and 3.

Eddie Hamilton, the confident little Scot, won easily. A. S. Anderson, the London amateur with the frail physique, shut face system, and lovely putting stroke, was annihilated by Sam McKinlay. Anderson lost because McKinlay played super-golf, and because the course is just too long for him. Charles Timmis, the local hero, beat a neighbour, G. L. Sleath, by one hole—a real dog-fight. Arnold Bentley went comfortably to a 5 and 4 victory. He is a fine player and "yards per lb. weight" is very long. He weighs less than 9 stone.

The second day. Lovely weather, with a slight breeze, as on Monday, dead behind off the first tee—for those who know the course.

The big match was Bruen v. Crawley. All the spectators, some thousand or so, went after this match at 11.54. To sum it up, Crawley made three fatal putting errors going out, and, although he putted superbly coming home, Bruen outplayed him, and out-hit him. Bruen wrote me a line in February saying he was playing two shots a round better than last year, and he certainly is. Crawley went out 4 and 2—not disgraced.

Hector Thomson beat Andrew McNair. He was not the real Thomson of 1936 and 1938, but a rather thinner person with a worried look, and although traces of the old rhythm were there he was obviously unhappy with his game. He even socketed two iron shots to the short 4th and 7th.

Cyril Tolley played well to have a 3 up and 4 to go position in his match with Walter McLeod, but tired towards the end and lost the last four holes.

Yates played scrappy golf, and had a cut on his ball. This would not have mattered much at Troon, but here it made the holes very long. He won against Donald Cameron, but he had the luck. He sank a long putt for a half at the 10th when Cameron was dead with his second. Then poor Cameron was through the 16th green in

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*COVETED TROPHY: Alex Kyle, the 32-year-old Scot, receiving the Amateur Championship Cup from Mr. Otto Glover, Captain of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club. Behind is A. A. Duncan, the runner-up.*