



NORMAN SUTTON.

The 19-year-old West Cheshire artisan who lost at the 19th hole in the 4th round of the Amateur Championship. In this match he was unfortunately put off his stroke at a critical moment by an amateur photographer.

It rarely happens in the course of a championship that two players engaged in a desperate match resort to the method of tossing a coin to make a fateful decision. This was the method agreed to last week by Dr. Tweddell, the new British golf champion, in the course of one of his many matches on his way to ultimate victory. The opponent in question was Mr. James Moir, a scratch player of the Bruntsfield Links, Edinburgh, the one man whom Dr. Tweddell had the greatest difficulty in shaking off. The incident occurred on the tenth green, a stage of the game when championship players begin to make their supreme effort. Apparently, both balls were equi-distant from the hole, and there being no referee to decide whose putt it was, and as the players and their respective caddies were in doubt on the point, it was agreed to spin a coin.

It fell to Dr. Tweddell to putt first, and it might be considered that he gained a slight advantage in consequence, because if he missed the hole there was the distinct possibility of laying the adversary a stymie. However, Dr. Tweddell holed the putt, one of about five feet, a distinctly awkward length at all times but more so in an event of such great importance. Before this particular match ended, the act of tossing the penny became invested with no inconsiderable importance, because if Dr. Tweddell had not won the toss, or if he had failed to hole the putt, it is conceivable that he would not be holding the proud title of champion. The fight, a very des-

The Amateur Golf Championship.

Odd Happenings at Title Meetings.

By George W. Greenwood.

perate affair indeed, went to the nineteenth hole, where Dr. Tweddell, a man of the greatest calm and imperturbability, holed another putt of extremely doubtful length to dispose of the close and persistent attentions of Mr. Moir.

Coins are often introduced into golf matches, but seldom in the way of tossing. Andra Kirkaldy tells an amusing story of how a golden sovereign once played a decisive part in a match where there was much money at stake. An Irishman and an American, a great stickler for the strict observance of the rules, were playing a match on the old Musselburgh links, having as caddies two famous worthies, Jock Campbell and "Hutchie." On the way round the American said to his caddie, "'Hutchie,' if I win, you get a sovereign." The match was all square and one to play, with both balls about thirty yards from the hole. Campbell, who was the Irishman's caddie, went forward to take out the pin, and on the way picked up a stone. "Lost hole!" shouted the American, "It is against the rules to lift anything more than twenty yards from the hole." He produced a copy of the rules, and proved himself to be right, much to the disgust of Campbell.

There was a return match in the afternoon, and Campbell was promised five pounds if the Irishman won. Again the match went to the

last hole, where the players were all square. Campbell was not only anxious about the fate of the promised five pounds, but desperately keen to get even with the American, whom he described as "a d—d sharp fellow." There was precious little time left, with only one hole to play. Both drives landed in the same bunker, whereupon the aggrieved Campbell whispered to "Hutchie," "Let's hurry to the bunker. Give me the sovereign you won this morning and I'll drop it next to the Yankee's ball. You'll see what will happen; he'll pick it up, and I'll be on him like a hawk for breaking the rules. We'll go halves with the five pounds."

A nefarious scheme, to be sure, but it succeeded just as wily old Campbell expected. On coming up to the bunker, "Hutchie" said to the American, "You play first, sir." Seeing the sovereign lying beside the ball, the player promptly picked up the

A GALLANT YOUNG AMERICAN.
E. H. Haley, the chief representative, at Hoylake, of the States, who beat Tolley, among others, before going down in the fifth round to Dr. Harold Gillies.

Campbell shouted "Lost hole! Nothing must be touched in a bunker." Again the rules were consulted, and the American was compelled to admit that he had broken one of the fundamental laws of the game.

Even if a referee is appointed to a match it does not follow that his decisions are right, or that they are to be accepted without challenge. Mr. Tolley, in his match with Mr. W. J. Guild, the Scottish captain, during the championship thought fit on one occasion to challenge a decision of Mr. Norman Boase, Chairman of the Championship Committee of the Royal and Ancient Club, who was refereeing the match. He had decided that it was Mr. Tolley's putt, whereupon the latter asked that the respective putts should be measured in order that the matter should be placed beyond all doubt. And, if you please, when the measuring was done, it was found that the referee had been mistaken and that it was Mr. Guild's putt after all. It is so unusual to question a referee's decision, even if there is reasonable and probable cause to suspect that he is wrong, that Mr. Tolley's challenge came in the nature of a surprise. However, "Let right be done even if the world perish." Of course, if Mr. Boase had been so minded he could have refused to measure the putt, and have ordered Mr. Tolley to putt, because the rules of golf state that if the players agree to the appointment of a referee his decisions are final and there is no appeal, even to St. Andrews.



THE SCORE BOARD AT HOYLAKE.

Watching the official chalk up the names of the winners in the championship and their margin of success.