

### Jess Sweetser Tells:

The Most Remarkable Play I Ever Saw.  
My Near-Tragedy of 1923.  
The Lucky Thirteenth Hole at Brookline.

#### The Most Remarkable Play I Ever Saw.

THE most remarkable golf shot I ever saw was made on the second hole of the Brookline course during the national amateur tournament of 1922. The player who made it was none other than the great Bobby Jones.

Bobby and I were pitted against each other in the semi-finals. While, on this occasion, he was not in the form which has established him as one of the supreme artists of the links, he demonstrated to me, through the agency of one superbly convinced and executed stroke, why he was being acclaimed as a coming champion.

We had halved the first hole of our match and, following our tees on the second—both of which were straightaway, and of good distance—everything pointed to a tough struggle for the honor of getting into the finals. Then something happened that gave the contest an entirely different aspect.

The second hole at Brookline is about 220 yards long. My drive was a 220-yard one and Bobby's about five yards longer. This gave me first play for the green. By great good luck my mashie niblick shot for the remaining 100 yards holed out for a two.

To halve the hole it was necessary for Bobby to sink a 95-yard shot,

but it is proof of his courage and of the serious intensity of his game that he was not in the least feared. Using all the skill at his command, he also tried for a two.

In all my life I never have seen such a shot. The ball flew straight for the pin, dropped 10 feet short of it and took a dead roll toward the cup. For a minute it looked as though it would go in. Fortunately for me, however, it lacked carrying power. It stopped 10 inches short. And so, although he made a birdie three, Bobby lost the hole.

During the ball's progress toward the cup the gallery yelled and applauded like mad, and when it failed to go down a huge sigh of regret went up. Mingled with my pleasure over gaining the lead was a similar emotion. Never did a golfer make a more gallant effort than Bobby Jones. My shot had been lucky, but his was carefully planned. He deserved a halved hole.

Three strokes of mine and Bobby's were prophetic of the play in the remainder of the match. Mine gave me the jump and the psychological advantage. Thereafter I kept at the top of my game, while luck seemed always against him. I finished the first nine holes 6 up, got a 69 for the 18 holes and broke the course record. In the afternoon I won out 8 up and 7 holes to go.

In the finals I beat Chick Evans, winning the 1922 title.

#### My Near Tragedy of 1923

IF to win a national championship is the greatest joy that can come to a golfer, the greatest sorrow that can befall him is to go to the next succeeding title tournament and fail to qualify. This tragedy was almost visited upon me at Flossmoor in 1923.

Every man who entered the qualifying round at Flossmoor will recall with a shiver the hardness and slipperiness of the greens, due to a continued spell of dry weather. Pitching upon them was a very ticklish task. And putting was even more difficult.

My game was not off form except upon the greens. At the end of the morning round I had run up a total of 40 putts and this had given me a score of 80.

It had been figured that a score of 160 or better would be necessary

to qualify. As the defending champion, I recalled the case of Bob Gardner, who, if memory serves me right, captured the title at the Chicago Golf club in 1909, and at Brookline in 1910, failed to get into the match play; and my heart fell as I realized that I was in danger of having a similar experience.

In the afternoon I got going good again and was all par until I reached the sixth hole, just about the hardest on the course. There it seemed that my worst fears were to be confirmed.

The 440-yard sixth is a dog-leg hole. The fairway bends around a clump of big trees on the right and connects up with a long, rather narrow green. The tee-shot should be to the left side of the course, so that a clear shot for the green can be obtained.

My tee-shot did not go as intended, so it was necessary to use a slice on the second stroke in order to get around the trees. This was accomplished successfully and I congratulated myself when I found that I had placed my ball just off the edge of the green, on smooth turf and not more than 30 feet from the cup. By good luck I had barely avoided two sand traps at the right and prospects seemed good.

From where I lay the green had an upward incline. It was as slippery, almost, as ice. I used a chip shot and laid my ball two feet beyond the hole. The next putt was a short one, but down hill. Although I barely tapped my ball it slipped past the cup and four feet down the slope. The next try returned me to the exact spot from which I had just come. My heart was in my mouth as I putted again, but this time I went down—in six, two above par!

This was decidedly unsettling. And when I took three putts each of the next two holes I knew the pang of genuine anxiety.

Coming in it was necessary for me to get a 79 to be at all sure of qualifying. With the last two holes still to be played, I had 49 strokes, but par for each of those holes was five. One was 590 yards long, the other 5 0, and there were numerous opportunities for trouble.

Following my disastrous experience in the sixth, seventh and eighth holes

I had buckled down and played better golf, but now I played in real earnest. Things broke well for me and I got a brace of birdie fours. This gave me 77 for the afternoon round and 157 for the 36 holes.

This round was played on a Saturday. Before Monday arrived rain had fallen and match play was started under different conditions that befell Bob Gardner in 1910. I managed to reach the finals, where I was beaten by Max Marston.

Lucky Thirteenth Hole at Brookline. STRANGELY enough the 380-yard 13th hole was the lucky hole for me in the tournament at Brookline, in which I won the national title. The turning point in two of my most important matches came at this hole.

In the round before the semi-finals I played Jesse Guilford of Boston, defending champion, and for the first time since the tournament started I was down to an opponent. Jesse was two up on me as we reached the 13th hole in the morning round.

Both of us got good drives, but, whereas Guilford's second stroke put him on the green in two and only 15 feet short of the cup, mine was 20 feet off to the left, with a down hill roll over a slippery green to be conquered.

My first putt was six feet past the cup, while Jesse placed his only two feet beyond it. When my second fell three inches short he had a good chance to win the hole, but he missed, and we halved in five.

It took me a great deal of time. Had I lost the hole I would have been three down, a difficult handicap to overcome. But I took fresh courage and my game picked up. On the 15th hole a 20-foot putt squared the match. In the afternoon I took the lead and won out.

In the finals with Chick Evans the 13th again favored me. After good drives Chick laid his second shot six feet from the cup. Using a "spade" I was lucky enough to pitch my ball two feet inside his. He missed his putt for a three, but laid me a half stymie. I succeeded in getting around it for a birdie three.

Before reaching the 13th I was two up. Had Chick's great second stroke won him the hole I would have been only one up and the whole complexion of the match might have changed. Only five holes remained to be played. Being three up, I won out on the 16th green by halving three holes in succession.

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### Western League Announces Roster

The probable lineups of the seven clubs of the Western league show the Buffaloes as having an excellent chance to come out near the top this season. All of the clubs have been torn up.

The Oklahoma City Indians have not a complete staff as yet and there are the catchers to be named.

Lincoln is not included in the following list, for Howard Wakefield started assembling material about 10 days ago and is not ready to announce whom he will probably start should they show up good in the spring training camp.

The other probable lineups:

St. Joseph—First base, Manager Mathas; second base, Farrington, Nuffer; third base, Gilbert; shortstop, Corrigan; outfield, Lewan, Miller, DeMaggio, Elliott; pitchers, Brooks, Fisher, Minstrel; catchers, Love, Bailey, Davenport, Polster, Hall, Hirkensack, Williams, Ledbetter, McCall.

Oklahoma City—First base, Manager Luderus; second base, McNally; shortstop, Brown, Beck; third base, Tate; outfield, Felber, Sweeney, Krueger and another to be named later; pitchers, Brown, Allen, Songer, Kammner.

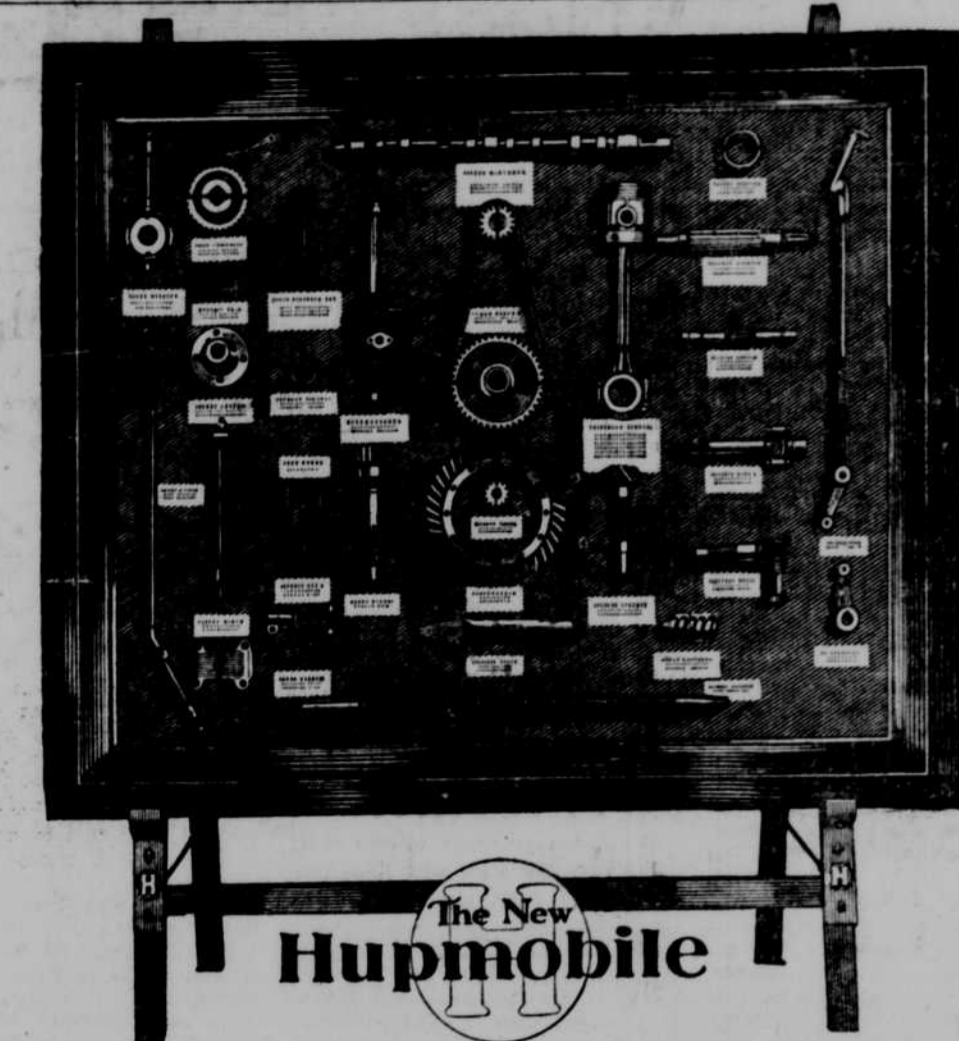
Omaha—First base, Manager Griggs; second base, Thompson; third base, Wilcox; shortstop, O'Neill; outfield, McCarty, Lanehan, Thornton, Brown, Lavigne, Bonowitz, Pederson; catchers, Willard, Stallman, Hanson, Siemers; pitchers, Ollip, Lee, Bailey, Burke, Schemanski, Ollip, Mathews, Kospal, Fraul, Prejean, Miller.

Des Moines—First base, McLarry; second base, Knapp; third base, Shanks; shortstop, Chavez; outfield, Manager Corridon, Langford, Shannon, Roseberry; catchers, Husting, Murphy, Wheat, Anderson; pitchers, House, Wilson, Jones, Brown, Tompkins, Davis.

Deer—First base, Manager Handley; second base, Washburn; third base, Thompson; shortstop, Flippin; pitcher, Fisher; outfield, Lamb, Bennett, Davis, Austin; catchers, Crosby, Ennis, Casey; pitchers, Kraft, Elliott, Meiner, Black, McLaughlin, Zear, Plummer, Tatum, King, Henry, Whitte, Hagerman and Brunda.

Wichita—First base, probably F. Beck; second base, Gillespie, Sawyer; third base, undecided; shortstop, Butler; outfield, Smith, Manning, Payne; catchers, McMillan, Casey, Beall; pitchers, McNamara, Solter, Manager Gregory, McDunnell, Mosser, Howik.

Gold medals instead of watches will be awarded winners in the Northwestern university national interscholastic track and field sports, Chicago, March 21 and 22. Swimming will be included. An innovation will be the four-fifths-mile relay so as to conserve the strength of the young athletes for collegiate and later efforts.



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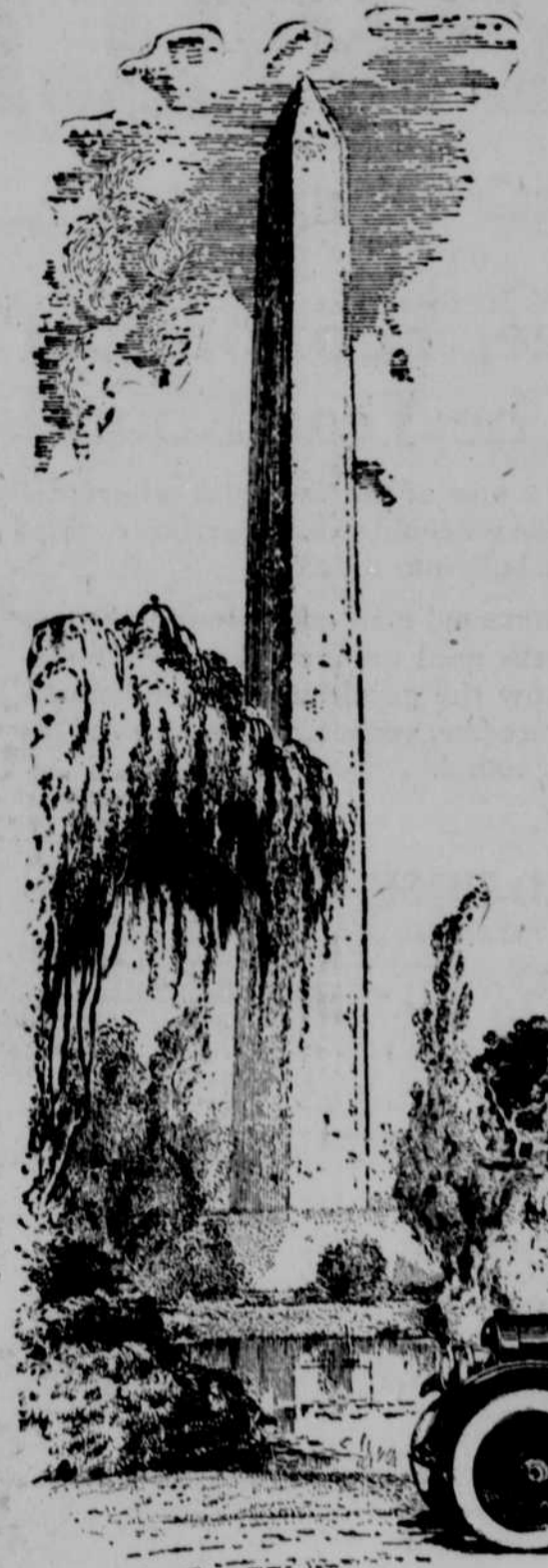
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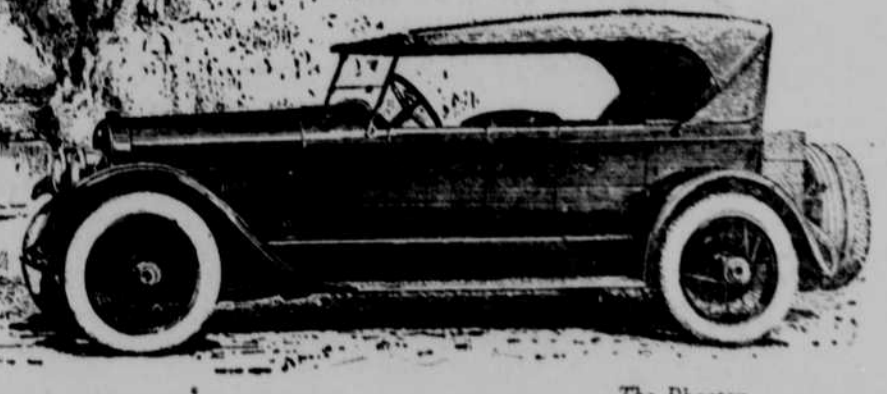


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