

Deane Beman Returns British Title To U. S.

By

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Fifty-five years ago an entrant from the United States, Walter J. Travis, who smoked black cigars and did deadly execution with a centre-shafted putter, won the British Amateur Championship on the Royal St. George's Links at Sandwich, Kent, the first overseas player to do so.

It was touch-and-go on the same links this spring whether another cigar-smoking American with an equally lethal putter would repeat the feat.

Lt. Bob Magee, on leave from his Army duties at Heidelberg, ran out of cigars and putts in the semi-final round and was beaten at the thirty-eighth hole by William Hyndman, III, of Philadelphia.

In the 36-hole final Hyndman, 43 and tired out, was beaten, 3 and 2, by slight, fair-haired 21-year-old Deane R. Beman, of Bethesda, Md., and the University of Maryland.

Beman, who became in our traditional phrase "Champion Amateur Golfer" of 1959, had come through the easier half of the draw, made easier by the removal of dangerous rivals including the title-holder Joe Carr and the formidable Billy Joe Patton.

Indeed, until the quarterfinals, Beman had little real opposition. Then he caught Scot David Blair on the rebound from the defeat of Carr and on the following day in the semi-final played brilliantly on the second eighteen to dispose of the English Champion Guy Wolstenholme, 5 and 4.

Magnificent Play

Having reached the final, Beman gave a magnificent display, particularly with the wedge and putter, under conditions and on a links quite foreign to his experience in the United States. He took the lead at the first hole, was always in front afterwards and beat Hyndman, 3 and 2.

Beman's win was the fourteenth United



Deane R. Beman

States victory—Lawson Little and Frank Stranahan each won twice—and his match with Hyndman was the fifth all-American final.

The seeding of 16 players, including six members of the United States Walker Cup team and a similar number of British internationalists, kept the stars out of each other's way until the fifth round. But by that time several had been accounted for by lesser lights. Tommy Aaron went out as early as the first round, and the next to go was Patton, who took three putts at the twenty-first hole to lose to William Hill, a London barrister who is a week-end golfer and plays and looks like one yet reached the last sixteen of the English Championship a month earlier. After beating Patton he went on to the last sixteen again.

Charles Coe, the United States Captain

and Champion, disappeared in the third round in an even more surprising way. His conqueror was Murray Lawrence, of Woking, Surrey, who is no more than a club golfer. Lawrence went out in 35 to turn 4 up and, although hunted and hounded home by a rival alive to the seriousness of the position, held on to win at the eighteenth. It was a disappointment for Coe in his attempt to score a double and everyone was sorry to see him go in that way, but he had never really settled down at Sandwich and the cold weather seemed to affect him.

The Last Eight

All this time the British camp had been suffering casualties, but after the fifth round each country had three seeds in the last eight—Hyndman, young Jack Nicklaus and Beman for the United States and Blair, Wolstenholme and Douglas Sewell, the English stroke-play champion, for Great Britain. The other survivors were Magee and a former British Walker Cup player, Ian Caldwell. Hyndman, who had won all his earlier matches by the length of a street, had just survived a tough match with Harold Ridgley, United States Air Force man who was runner-up for the title two years ago.

In the quarter-finals Hyndman was in majestic mood against Nicklaus and won by 4 and 3. Magee, who came from Germany with 150 cigars and a limited supply of dollars, was fast running out of both, but his ration of putts seemed inexhaustible and he beat Sewell with a birdie 3 at the nineteenth. Beman won by 4 and 3 against Blair, and Wolstenholme accounted for Caldwell by 3 and 2.

Magee's Battle

So the stage was set for the semi-finals, and of the two matches that between Hyndman and Magee was the most exciting and, unfortunately for Hyndman, the most exhausting. Hyndman was unquestionably the better golfer, but he could not shake off Magee, who in the last nine holes of the first round holed six single putts to go to lunch only 1 down to a score of 71.

It was much the same in the afternoon but Hyndman seemed to have a tight grip on the game when he was 2 up at the thirty-third. Then Magee holed a seven

yarder for a 2 at the thirty-fourth, and ran down a ten yarder at the thirty-sixth to square after Hyndman, five feet from the pin in 3, had been looking for a 4, a half and the match.

A hanging lie at the thirty-eighth hole beat Magee, who could not get his pitch near enough to the hole. He had made a great fight, and had fought well for Beman, too, since Hyndman was that much less capable of countering the thrusts of his younger rival in the final.

Giving away 22 years, tired from his earlier exertions and suffering from a stomach ailment, Hyndman played rather listless golf all through the final. His fighting was by instinct. Seven times he became 4 down and seven times rallied to win back a hole or two. But he could do no more.

GOLF FEVER

By W. A. Beattie

I must go down to the Tee again
To the course I love so well;
To the grassy lies and the brassy lies
And the lies the golfers tell.
And all I ask is a long drive,
And a chip with a number seven
And a straight putt that falters not
And I ask no other heaven.

I must go down to the Tee again
For the call of a golfer's life
Is a wild call and a clear call
That heeds no fretting wife.
And all I ask is a gentle breeze
And the white ball flying,
And a merry yarn at the nineteenth
As the daylight's dying.

I must go down to the Tee again
It's the game for a chap like me,
To the Bogey way and the Birdie way
And the way of an eagle three.
And all I ask is the green turf
And a whiff of sea or clover,
And a quiet sleep and a sweet dream
When the good game's over.

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