... is the Journal of the British Golf Collectors Society and is published quarterly in March, June, September and December. The views and opinions printed within are essentially those of the Contributors or Editor and are not intended to represent an official Society viewpoint unless specifically stated. The magazine is available only to members of The Society and to selected overseas subscribers. No part of this publication, with the exception of book reviews, may be reproduced without written consent of the Editor. The aims of The Society are to encourage and promote an interest in the history of golf and the collecting of items connected with that history. We welcome new members but extend little sympathy with any applicant who seeks membership for commercial gain.

THE BRITISH GOLF COLLECTORS SOCIETY

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Dumfries
London
Kirkland, WA, USA
S Bowenfels, Australia
Melrose, MA, USA
Cupar
Bingley
Louisville, KY, USA

Clubs, General
Books, Postcards, Philately
Books, Clubs, General
Art, General
Clubs, Medals, Spoons, Architecture
Books, General, Architecture, Alister Mackenzie
Balls and boxes, Advertising signs and posters.

Those of you who have been trying in vain to contact Christopher Casney can now rest happy. You were actually trying to contact Christopher Cagney but the internal wires got crossed. Sorry for the mix-up, Christopher
CAPTAIN'S LETTER

One of the great pleasures of society golf is to play on so many beautiful courses. We were reminded of it again at the Fairhaven Open Championship meeting, when the encircling trees cut out all sight and sound of nearby Lytham. My own takeaway memory will be of a brace of pheasants (the Club emblem) walking amongst the waving heathland grasses just off the second fairway. Not quite such natural surroundings at Royal Lytham and St Anne’s Golf Club, where the solid Victorian villas and the railway line visibly enclose the course, but nevertheless emphasise its role as a wildlife haven in the middle of town.

This is the theme of a booklet published by the R&A in conjunction with the Club, English Nature, The Environment Agency and a number of other interest groups. The golf courses of the Fylde coast now represent major remnants of what were extensive systems of sand dunes grading into lowland heath. The booklet outlines the environmental background to the links, and illustrates the birds, mammals, insects and flowers to be found on a hole by hole basis.

It is the second in a series of ecological reviews covering Open Championship courses and underlines the valuable role of golf clubs in helping to preserve disappearing wildlife habitats. A well produced, beautifully illustrated, worthy publication. A new collecting category?

Cheers,

John Pearson

YE BALLADE OF YE GOLF

Golf ball so dainty and white,
    Golf club so strong and so true,
Sweeping the globe out of sight
    With the swing that can carry it through.
See how it soars in the blue
    Picture it now if you can
Teed on a pearl-drop of dew,
    Happy, thrice-fortunate man!

Beautiful-just the right height,
    Straight as an arrow it flew-
Golfers of fame and of might,
    That would have satisifed you!
“Johnny” no better could do,
    Or “H”orace,” or “Tait “-not a man,
None of the Championship crew
    Just keep it up if you can.

Yes, for more things than the smite
Go to this game, voyez-vous-
Lofting shots, delicate, light,
    Holing out, steady and true.
Pitch it up well with a screw,
    A shade to the left is the plan;
Break to the right-that will do -
    “Stony,” by Jove! what a man!

Other days nothing goes right,
    Driver-shafts shiver in two,
Iron-shots are sliced out of sight,
    Putting is feebly untrue.
Then recantation is due;
    Worse now than when you began;
Take up some craze that is new,
    Bar the whole game with a ban!
    Envoi

Golfer, who golfest till night,
    Just as I do when I can,
This is your sacrosanct plight,
    Happy, thrice-fortunate man!

This perceptive ode first appeared in GOLF magazine on February 4, 1897
Society NEWS

ACTIVITIES

It has been an excellent summer if you are a regular at the Society meetings. The Hickory Grail match at Kilspindie at the end of May was another friendly but keenly contested affair, just as such meetings should be.

Newark GC hosted us in generous fashion when our ‘Ancients’ joined them as part of their Centenary celebrations.

We were also able to take part in a bit of history when we fielded a team at Prestwick GC in June as part of the Club’s 150th Anniversary, playing over the original 12 hole course.

The Midland region had a very enjoyable day out at Sutton Coldfield GC, one of the oldest courses in the region.

We visited Fairhaven GC for the first time for the Open Meeting and what a successful visit it turned out to be. The course was excellent and we were most warmly welcomed. Definitely a place to return to.

The another ‘Centurion’ hosted us royally, this time Huntercombe GC. A very fine course, a lovely day, and generous hosts - what more could anyone ask for?

By the time this reaches you, we will have visited the Sherwood Forest GC with the Midland/North autumn meeting, and the ‘auld enemies’ will have done their bit at Southernness GC.

Surely a fixture list with something for every taste, and a feast of golf for those lucky enough to attend all the meetings.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

And it is not over yet! There is still the English Hickory Championship at RYE GC on Friday 28th September. You should have ‘signed on’ by now, but there are still some places available if you contact Tim Smartt on 01273 814814 or fax on 01273 814813, or E-mail on TSmartt@compuserve.com.

Then there is the journey into the depths of wild, west Wales to wonderful Aberdovey. The annual match against Aberdovey GC is on Saturday 13 October, always a pleasure to play in, but this year you can have a surplus of enjoyment by entering the inaugural Welsh Hickory Championship on Sunday 14 October. Now can you get a better weekend’s golf than that? Philip Truett manages the first (0208 686 0155) and Eiron Morgan – who else - is running the new competition (01639 896766).

On the following Thursday 18 October we have the annual fixture with Clapham Common GC at Mitcham. Another very friendly but keenly contested match. Phone Philip Truett if you wish to be considered.

The final fixture is a hickory match against Stratford-upon-Avon GC on Sunday 21 October. Tony Thorpe is well advanced in the arrangements for this one so ring him asap on 01773 780420 or 07831 557547.

PEOPLE

Our Dorset Doctor, Donald Holmes, captained the UK Seniors team to win the European Seniors Amateur Championship at Karlovy Vary in the Czech Republic. The team won by four strokes from Sweden, and two of the team triumphed in the individual event. This was UK’s first win in the 20 year’s history of the event.

Well done, Donald.

You cannot keep Dorset out of the news because its intrepid historian, Peter Fry, has hit the headlines twice. First, a specially bound copy of his recent book “The Ryder Cup” is being presented to the entire GB and European team in September. A singular honour and well deserved. To cap this, Peter had his first hole in one playing the 220 yard par 3 6th at Came Down only a few weeks ago. They say things go in threes – what is the third one Peter?

Poor Ros Weston. While watching the Open, she stumbled and in breaking her fall broke her forearm. But reflecting the occasion, the police car escorting her ambulance taking her to hospital was registered X36LGU!

And commiserations also to Liz Pool who, a few days before moving house in July, fractured her hip. Not exactly the best of timing.

Our best wishes go to both ladies for a speedy and uncomplicated recovery.

STOP PRESS

A hickory match v Charnwood Forest GC on Sunday 11 November 2001, Tony Thorpe is managing so call him if you wish to play.
When the idea of a challenge match with hickories between a team of American members, who were visiting these shores for a golfing holiday, including the Scottish Hickory Championship, in May 2000, and a home team, no-one really knew quite what to expect. It soon became a European team with the inclusion of our ‘regular’ at Gullane, Pehr Thermaenius. A good venue, Kilspindie, was selected, David Hamilton made the necessary arrangements, and off we went. The result was an excellent meeting at which everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves and agreed that we had a good thing going and that it should be put on some regular basis.

The concept has caught the imagination, so much so that the legendary Byron Nelson agreed to become the Honorary Captain of the American team and Sir Michael Bonallack for the Europeans.

And so we assembled again this year at Kilspindie. Firstly, it is an ideal course for hickories; a seaside course with beautiful turf, not too long, and with the almost ever-present breeze, a good test of golf. Secondly, the Club have been most hospitable and we have been warmly welcomed by the officers and members and made to feel really at home.

The format this year was as that for the Ryder Cup, foursomes in the morning and singles in the afternoon. The match is played twelve a side but fifteen ‘homesters turned out. Now this is not because we needed extra help to take on the class and might of our opponents but it is a sign of how popular the fixture is becoming and that more people want to take part. Fortunately, by changing the line-up for the singles, Captain David

Twelve good men and true

Are these guys ever coming?

It can’t be Harry Vardon … can it?

A good game to win
Hamilton was able to give everyone a game. The USA won with the last putt at the last hole in the first match, so the 'locals' were set to reverse the result but alas, it was not to be. A good start in the morning put the US on the right road although there was more resistance from Europe in the afternoon.

It was a hot day but a fair wind kept the players cool and the golf challenging. After last year, when the Americans won with the last putt at the last hole in the last match, the 'locals' were determined to reverse the result but alas, it was not to be. A good start in the morning by winning the foursomes 5 – 1 put the US on the right road. Considering this format is (almost) unheard of in the States, this was a fine performance and blow to the home hopes. There was more resistance from Europe in the afternoon when the singles were tied. And so, two in a row to the USA.

But let’s not dwell too much on the statistics and the scores. This is a competitive occasion but, to my mind, it is more about fun, friendship and a fondness for the game of golf. And there is that in abundance – a most enjoyable occasion.

Alan Jackson

OPEN DINNER MENUS

The Editor has a number of commemorative menus available from the dinner at the Open Meeting

SCOTTISH REGION MATCHPLAY CHAMPIONSHIP 2001

Preliminary Round

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Jake Davidson</th>
<th>lost to</th>
<th>Hugh Kelly</th>
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<tr>
<td>Robert Thomson</td>
<td>beat</td>
<td>Richard Montgomery</td>
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<tr>
<td>Archie Baird</td>
<td>lost to</td>
<td>Douglas Bell</td>
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<tr>
<td>Edward Sherry</td>
<td>beat</td>
<td>Jim Colville</td>
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First Round

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Hugh Kelly</th>
<th>beat</th>
<th>Ron Beatt</th>
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<tr>
<td>Robert Thomson</td>
<td>beat</td>
<td>Erick Davidson</td>
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<tr>
<td>Douglas Bell</td>
<td>lost to</td>
<td>Hamish Ewan</td>
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<tr>
<td>Edward Sherry</td>
<td>beat</td>
<td>Hope Letters</td>
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<tr>
<td>John Rigg</td>
<td>beat</td>
<td>Jim Forson</td>
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<tr>
<td>John Wood</td>
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<td>Tony Fasson</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bill Tanner</td>
<td>lost to</td>
<td>Scott Patrick</td>
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<td>Chris Ibbetson</td>
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<td>David Kirkwood</td>
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Second Round

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<tr>
<th>Hugh Kelly</th>
<th>lost to</th>
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<td>Hamish Ewan</td>
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<td>John Rigg</td>
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<td>David Kirkwood</td>
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<td>Robert Thomson</td>
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Semi-Finals

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Scott Patrick</th>
<th>v</th>
<th>David Kirkwood</th>
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<tr>
<td>Hamish Ewan</td>
<td>v</td>
<td>John Wood</td>
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Our grateful thanks to Krista Livingston for the photographs

Through the Green September 2001
Fairhaven proved to be an ideal venue for the Open Meeting, a challenging course at 6500 yards for the men and 6000 for the ladies. The course was in great shape although the weather was not very nice for the early starters, however the sun came out and the scoring was impressive.

The overall winner and recipient of the Ray Gossage Memorial Trophy with a fine score of 40 points was Peter Gompertz. Runner-up was Kevin McGrath the well known American collector with 39 points. David Homer was third with 36 points; also on 36 points was Dick Durran a fine effort considering his opening drive was measured at all of 36 feet! The winning lady was Paula Gompertz, completing a family double. Our star guest with 37 points was Michael Quinones, all the way from USA. Philip Truett won the prize for the most points with hickories, probably as he was the only competitor in that section.

The dinner proved to be a roaring success, excellent food, fine company and a marvellously funny speech from John Wild, a Past President of the English Golf Union and pillar of Wagon GC; he had the entire company in stitches. Other speakers included our Captain John Pearson and John Waite the Captain of Fairhaven GC. The only minor hiccup was that some heathen cut the ‘nose’ off the Stilton (it is strongly rumoured that it was an unnamed publisher and antiquarian bookseller from Worcestershire – we are checking on that). We presented the club with a Society plaque, and Graham Walters made a personal presentation of a cleek made by an early Fairhaven professional. [We have since heard that the cleek is to be suitably mounted and is to be known as the Fairhaven Cleek, the trophy for the winner of the best three scores in the Summer Medals. Well done, Graham.

We were very pleased to welcome a covey of four Canadians, many for the first time. Do come again, fellows.

The organisation went very smoothly thanks to the efforts of Betty McKenna, Ann Walters and Gillian Kirkwood. It was a fine day in all respects, and we were made to feel most welcome by the Club. Hopefully we can meet up again.

On the previous day a Collectors Fair was held in the Ainsdale Baptist Church Hall, just over the road from the Golf Club. Fifteen stalwarts displayed their wares and a good day was had by all. [The village hall in Gullane has already been booked for next year!]

David Kirkwood
Hickory Match v Newark GC

In the year of their Centenary, Newark hosted our members who came from The Midlands, South West and East and of course our Captain John Pearson from the North. We had a team of 16 ladies and gents which included the Club’s President Mr. Walter Hughes who also played with the ‘sticks’.

The Captain Colin Horner and Lady Captain Jane Tucker made up the first group against the Midlands Captain John Moreton and Paula Gompertz and were under close scrutiny of the Newark Advertiser on this very auspicious occasion.

Unfortunately, the team were under the watchful eye of Philip Truett so jackets had to be worn in very warm, humid conditions. Luckily this beautiful parkland course was in excellent condition, and being very flat and easy to walk on, the burden was eased.

Following the dinner John Pearson did his usual talk and slide show on the ‘Golden Years of English Golf – 1885 to 1914’. The more prominent historians then held their ‘Bring and Talk’ roadshow when Newark members emptied their lots and garages hoping to be told that they had something that was either rare or valuable – not really the case on this occasion but really enjoyed by all.

The final result of the match was 6 – 2 in favour of Newark Golf Club. We wish them a happy Centenary.

Tony Thorpe

Midlands/SW – Sutton Coldfield

On the 22 June, 2001, the Midlands in conjunction with the South West hosted their first meeting of the year at Sutton Coldfield Golf Club. Once again the weather was warm, sunny and played on a wonderful heathland course.

We were joined by our President John Beharrell who had played a lot of his ‘early’ golf at Sutton Coldfield as appeared quite obvious when the final results were read out. In the evening, following dinner Mr. Bob Fletcher, Club Vice Chairman and Society member gave a brief talk on the history of the Club. He also gave to all present a copy of the Club’s Centenary Book which of course had been written by him. Donations were made to Bob for his signature in favour of the Club’s Junior Section.

Mike Weinman took the honours with a creditable 39 points followed closely by, ‘Yes’ you’ve got it, our President who scored 38 points.

Tony Thorpe

Hickory Match v Newark GC

Twelve good men and true were royally entertained by Huntercombe Golf Club on 27th July and responded by actually winning the match, no doubt inspired by the magnificent lunch, club claret and kummel. The “putting mixture” does work – at least it did for your scribe.

The course was also an inspiration; the “immemorial” turf so beloved by Longhurst is ideal for hickories and I was delighted that the club were able to respond to the hint that they might entertain us. The fact that our hickory matches are normally foursomes fitted in well with the club’s traditions, so we were aware that our opponents would be skilled in the best of formats.

A regular former Oxfordshire Ladies Champion, Lucy Davies, playing with B.G.C.S. member Tim Walton, gave John Beharrell and myself a most enjoyable match. Lucy holds the ladies’ course record – 69 – achieved with three clubs and putter. The remaining matches proved equally entertaining.

The club’s generosity seemingly knew no bounds, for in addition to a handsome gift of centenary ball marker and pitch mark tool our players received copies of the club’s history, reviewed by our editor elsewhere in this issue. This prompted the ever modest author to offer to sign those copies in return for a donation to the club’s junior funds and £37 pounds were raised for that cause.

The society’s thanks to Huntercombe have been recorded and future visitors will see our names duly inscribed in the magnificent match book. We left Huntercombe having made a host of new friends and look forward to the possibility of future matches on this most perfect of golf courses. Intending players had better get their names on the waiting list!

John Moreton
PEETER FRY, the biographer of Samuel Ryder, thought the time was opportune to relate the story of the origins of the trophy which is now played for between the club professionals of Europe and the United States of America. Not surprisingly, this biennial match is often referred to as the ‘Mini Ryder Cup’ but the history of its trophy is a story in itself.

### Llandudno International Golf Trophy

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<th>Final positions:</th>
<th>Matches</th>
<th>Individual games</th>
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<td>Played</td>
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<tr>
<td>England</td>
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<td>Scotland</td>
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<td>Ireland</td>
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<td>Wales</td>
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ONE HAS to go back to 1938 to begin the story. Then it was decided that the top professionals of the four home countries – England – Ireland – Scotland – Wales should contest a Quadrangular Tournament. It was intended to be the first of regular matches between the countries.

The attractive seaside course of the Llandudno Golf Club (Maesdu) was chosen as the venue. The club joined forces with the local Llandudno Urban District Council to stage the event in order to promote the locality for tourism in addition to attracting golfers. The Council presented a showpiece silver trophy to the Professional Golfers’ Association for the winning team. The trophy was engraved as ‘The Llandudno International Golf Trophy’ and expertly embossed with the four national emblems in colour on top of the lid. Meanwhile the Llandudno Golf Club looked after the necessary arrangements for organising the tournament.

The Llandudno Club agreed to accept the responsibility for meeting the expenses of running the tournament. It was considered that the money from programmes, gate money and car parking would be sufficient to pay all the expenses. The professionals would be provided with free accommodation at a leading hotel, and they would be reimbursed for caddie fees and meals in the clubhouse. Additionally they would be given three guineas each for out of pocket expenses.

A comprehensive programme was prepared for the event costing one shilling. The cover was filled with a striking colour sketch of Llandudno Pier backed by the Great Orme. Various messages were incorporated into the programme including those from PGA Secretary Commander Charles Roe, Llandudno Council Chairman John Tipton and five more from the officers of the Llandudno Golf Club.

Admission charges to the course were set at 2s6d for a daily ticket and 6 shillings for a season ticket to cover for the three days’ play. The programme stated that a ticket would constitute temporary membership but did not include playing rights or the use of the clubhouse. Parking was available at 2s 6d for cars and at 3d for cycles. Motor cycles would be charged 6d but a motor cycle with combination 1 shilling. Off-course snack bars advertised lunch at 3 shillings, meat tea at 2 shillings and afternoon tea at 1 shilling.

The tournament itself took place on 28th, 29th and 30th September 1938 over the course of the Llandudno Golf Club which measured 6,310 yards at the time with a Standard Scratch Score of 73. Many of the top players of the day took part including Ryder Cup players such as Harry Bradshaw (Delgany), Johnny Fallon (Huddersfield) and Dai Rees (Hindhead). England, despite being without the services of Open Champions Henry Cotton and Reg Whitcombe, still mustered a very strong line-up headed by Open Champions Alf Perry (Leatherhead) and Alf Padgham (Sundridge Park). Additionally, players of Ryder Cup experience in Dick Burton (Sale), Sam King (Knole Park) and Arthur Lacey (Berkshire) helped to complete a team captained by another Ryder Cup veteran in Percy Alliss (Templenewsmam).

With such an array of talent, it was hardly surprising that England won all three of their matches and so became the first holders of the Llandudno International Golf Trophy. Scotland, by virtue of wins over Ireland and Wales, were left as runners-up whilst Ireland narrowly defeated Wales in the battle to avoid the wooden spoon.

One consequence of this special Llandudno tournament was that the local summer show featuring Will Catlin and Harry Bright’s Catlin’s Follies was extended by an extra week. More significantly, the following year’s outbreak of war meant that the tournament was never competed for again.

As captain of the successful England team, the Llandudno International Golf Trophy came into the possession of Percy Alliss. During Percy’s later years, his son Peter, a former PGA captain, handed the trophy back into the safe custody of the Professional Golfers’ Association.

In 1973 it was decided to stage a Ryder Cup style match specifically between the club...
professionals of Great Britain & Ireland against their counterparts in the United States of America. For the first such match the Diamondhead Corporation of New Jersey agreed to sponsor the match at the Pinehurst Country Club in North Carolina. When it came to the question of putting up a trophy for the match, the British PGA opted for the Llandudno International Golf Trophy as the obvious choice. It had been left on the shelf since 1938 and would be ideal for this new international encounter.

The Great Britain & Ireland players for this match were decided by the result of staging a tournament at Calcot Park near Reading in August 1973. The tournament was called the McGregor £5000 PGA Club Professionals' Championship and Doug Sewell (Ferndown) was victorious with an aggregate of 276 (70, 68, 71, 67). The leading nine players qualified for a free visit to Pinehurst as the guests of the Diamondhead Corporation.

In the following October the Great Britain & Ireland players assembled at Pinehurst with Tom Haliburton the non-playing captain. The dignified uniforms of the Great Britain & Ireland team were generously supplied by Carrington Viyella Ltd and an impressive 160 page programme heralded the inauguration of this 'Mini Ryder Cup' match.

Over the famous Pinehurst course, the players were faced with huge greens, vast bunkers and many tree-lined fairways. The American team included Don Massengale who had tied for the 1967 US PGA Championship with Don January before losing the play-off. After a promising start with honours even in the foursomes on Day 1, the Americans pulled away to win the first transatlantic match for club professionals by the comfortable margin of 13 matches to 3.

From 1973 to 1984 the match was played on an annual basis. Then the two respective PGAs decided to play the match biennially so as to alternate with the Ryder Cup match for their tournament colleagues. Similarly from 1990, the conditions were altered so that the Great Britain & Ireland team become the Europe team. Nowadays the match is officially known as the PGA Cup.

It is remarkable how the format for this unique international trophy has changed since originally provided by the Llandudno Urban District Council in 1938. I wonder how many of the American players know the history of the trophy or where Llandudno is located?

Peter Fry

Golf is a Simple Game ...

"Ah well. I picked up this club, from a boy who wanted to sell, for $1.25. It was the first club I ever owned, back in 1897. It was my full set. It was the club with which I shot a score of 21 round the caddie course at the Walworth County Country Club. The record was 19, for five holes ... It weighs 14.5 ounces, has a 38 inch hickory shaft, a blade four inches long, with a depth at the centre of 1.25 inches. Sometimes, my dear Grantland, I think, with our marvellous modern development of clubs, stepped up ten yards at a step, and a lively ball that travels so far, we have lost a little something in golf, especially when I remember how Harry Vardon with six clubs played six consecutive rounds of 68 or better. Perhaps that may have been because Vardon was an artist and not an artisan.'

OB Keeler, The American Golfer, 1932

It is with deep regret that we record the passing of Eric Patterson.
Our sincere condolences go to Patricia and the family
The Naze Golf Club 1928-1939

by Gordon Taylor

It seems strange to write about a Golf Club which no longer exists. In fact it hasn’t existed since 1939 although a few holes are still there. The Sea has swallowed up a few, and others are completely overgrown. So why bother writing about a long defunct Golf Course.

When it came into being it was a very successful Club, with a course with an excellent layout, first class facilities, and a state of the art Clubhouse. It was well patronised by really prominent people in addition to the local Golfing fraternity. It was a go-ahead Club which no one could possibly predict would be gone in only ten years. It was The Naze Golf Club but why, having enjoyed so much rich success, did it only last for ten years from 1928-1938?

In the early 20’s a scheme was promoted by Mr. A.E. Alexander (MP) to establish a Golf Course on the seaward part of Hall Farm, near Walton-on-Naze in Essex. Golf was still continuing to enjoy the boom which had started the 1890’s. There was an ideal tract of land available and so a Trust was set up and the land was purchased, the Trust would oversee the whole proceedings and had the enthusiastic backing of all and sundry. It was quite obvious from the start that this was going to be a go ahead scheme and the services of James Braid, the then five times Open Champion were obtained. James Braid was one of the foremost recognised Golf Course architects who was responsible for the layouts of dozens of Courses and master of his craft. He had an eye for the layout of a Golf course using the natural topography and the Naze lent itself to this being ideal Links land. An eighteen hole layout of 6250 yards became Braid’s master plan which involved seventy two Bunkers and eighteen holes of varying degrees of difficulty with lovely views, and using all aspects of the piece of land. His plan was far sighted from the start and included a two-inch water main running the whole length of the course. One and a half inch feeders led to each Green so incorporating this from the very outset got the course off to a flying start.

The course lay about a mile to the North of Walton, which sat at the neck of the Naze promontory. The course occupied the whole of the promontory with the Sea on three sides. It encompassed the whole of the Cliff area, the beach area, and the marsh area and all were used by Braid to give a remarkable variety of holes and tees, which gave the course its greatest charm. The famous Naze Tower, built in the 1700’s, became an internal part of the course alongside the seventh Green. The Tower was and still is a famous landmark.

The result was a superb layout of holes and tees using all the natural features of the available land to their maximum. Some of the holes were tough and demanding with an ever-present breeze or wind from the sea, which was on three sides. The course was well drained even in the wettest weather and needed little work on drainage apart from the marsh area. Walton also had a proud boast that it enjoyed the highest record of sunshine and the lowest rainfall of any town in England. No wonder they chose such an ideal location for their Golf course.

Braid did his work well and to complement this, a truly magnificent Clubhouse was designed and built by the Trinity Landmark. It was a long single storey building roofed with Norfolk Reed thatch, providing top class facilities for its membership. It boasted an excellent Cellar, which was the envy of many Hotels, no doubt due to the cultivated tastes of some of its members. Chas Barker a local wine and spirits importer supplied the Cellar’s needs and local Brewers looked after the beer requirement. It was sumptuous, comfortable and fulfilled the members every needs.

The Club flourished and quite quickly had six hundred members. It was so popular that within two years it had eight hundred members, but no doubt a number of these would have been social members drawn by the facilities on offer and the superb location. At its peak 1935-1938 it had twelve hundred members from all walks of life and all strata’s of society. Among the more prominent were Lord Byng, Sir Albert and Lady Clavering, Mr. and Mrs. F.R. Garnham and their daughter Kathleen who was the Lady Captain of the Naze. She was also a well-known English Lady International and later
became French Champion. Lord Tennyson visited and played the course, as did the German Film Star Conrad Veight, when he was in England filming in 1932. Edward Prince of Wales, later Edward the VIII played at Frinton and the Naze c. 1936-37 but due to his association with Mrs. Wallis Simpson wished to remain incognito. Photographers and the Press were warned off but a few private snaps were surreptitiously taken by Club members.

Arthur Henry Gray was the Head Greenkeeper and his two assistants were Mr. Prior and Mr. Anderson, while the Club Stewards were Mr. and Mrs. Boon. The Club Secretary was Mr. I.A. Bolton and the Club Professional was Mr. C.G. Bright, (Charles) to his friends, who had held a similar position at Frinton Golf Club. He was a good teaching Pro, highly respected, and was responsible for producing some top class Club Golfers. His assistant was Frank Oxley a great character and by the way, at the time of writing still alive, still a great character in his ninetieth year. He lives in Walton with his lovely wife Eleanor also in her ninetieth year but as she so eloquently puts it, senior to her husband in age. Frank has a good memory and has been able to supply a whole host of information. I spent a most enjoyable morning in the company Frank and Eleanor and also of John Bright the nephew of Charles Bright. John had photos, cuttings and first hand information about his Uncle, which I have found invaluable.

John produced for me a most interesting account of the new Captain’s “Drive in” and subsequent matches. In 1935 the new Captain was Sir Albert Clavering, who was accompanied by the Home Secretary Sir John Simon, making it a most memorable day for the Club. It’s not every day you get a Home Secretary to attend a Captain’s Day. Sir John Simon was the Captain of Walton Heath Golf Club at this time and Sir Albert Clavering was the Director of the National Governments Film Unit. After driving in, in the time honoured fashion, with a Guinea going to the lucky Caddie who was Mick Ransome, an eighteen hole match was played between Sir John and Sir Albert. A record crowd was in attendance to witness a very close match with Sir John winning on the eighteenth hole, first blood to the Home Secretary.

The following day Sir John partnered by Enid Wilson, the British Ladies Open Champion in 1931-32-33, and Sir Albert partnered by Kathleen Garnham, Lady Captain of the Naze Club, and a regular English International and who was later to become French Ladies Open Champion, took part in an eighteen hole Foursome. Again there was a tremendous gallery to follow this important match on a beautiful sunny day, with the course in pristine condition. A really top class match ensued and it was pretty much ding-dong with never more than a couple of holes in it. The match was well reported and it was most noticeable that Enid Wilson’s wooden club shots and iron play were admirable whilst Kathleen Garnham’s pitching and putting were deadly. At the fifteenth the match was all square but Sir Albert and Kathleen Garnham won the sixteenth and seventeenth to win by two and one. A memorable match and a memorable day for the Club, and exacting revenge for the Captain’s loss to the Home Secretary the previous day. Honours even!

Due to the skillful efforts of Charles Bright and Frank Oxley the Naze turned out some very useful players of both sexes. With twelve hundred members there was a big demand for lessons and always there was a new influx of juniors and beginners clamouring to learn. The Club boasted upwards of fifty regular caddies in its heyday, which shows just how popular the game and the Naze Club had become.

Many London businessmen had weekend homes in and around the area and Walton soon became the centre for leisure, with recreational facilities for young and old alike which drew visitors from a large area. Its listed facilities were Yacht Club, Bunting Lake, Tennis Courts, Cricket in Summer, Sea Angling, Boat trips to Harwich, Felixstowe and Dovercourt, Bowling Greens. Lovely walks, the second longest Pier in England, safe beaches and last but not least Golf.

The Naze Club held regular well attended competitions with some excellent trophies on hand. There was a thriving Ladies section, which gave the right blend of harmony to the Club. When one considers they were in direct competition with Frinton Golf Club two miles away, also Clacton, Felixstowe, Harwich and East Mersea, all in close proximity it’s true to say that Golf was indeed enjoying a boom. In the mid thirties alterations were made to the course, mainly because of the sea’s encroachment – Global warming even then! These alterations added a couple of hundred yards to its length, re-siting a couple of greens and changing two very tough par fours into par fives. The sea was always a threat and it was hoped these latest alterations would curtail any more loss. In those days there were attempts at sea defences in one shape or another with differing degrees of success.

Through the Green September 2001
From its inception in 1928 the Club was thriving, enjoying hosting many top class events with top class players in attendance. It had regular fixtures with many Clubs in and around the area, and always able to give a good account of itself. Then in 1938 disaster struck. War clouds were looming, the stock market was nervous and jittery and took a downward plunge. No doubt prominent members both in Walton and the City either lost money or held on more tightly to what they had. I am sure that a combination of these, plus a substantial number of patriotic young men from the Club already volunteering for the services, caused the Bankruptcy of A.E. Alexander (MP) and also the Club. The reasons are not clear but the result was disastrous.

Then came the War. The Military commandeered the Club because the gently sloping beaches were considered to be high on Germany’s list of invasion sites. These were mined, barbed wire fortifications and anti-tank defences were erected and, the whole of the Naze came under the Military. All Golf and leisure ceased.

The Naze Tower was taken over by the RAF and used as a Radar and Radio Station, being ideal for this purpose. Searchlight batteries were located on the course and the Clubhouse was used as Billets. By this time practically all the members and staff were either in the Forces or had been sent to do work of national importance elsewhere. When the war finally ended the Military then had to carry out the huge task of dismantling the defences, clearing and destroying the mines and decommissioning the Radar and Radio station in the Tower. This work continued into 1946.

In that same year the Clubhouse was struck by lightning in a violent storm and burned to the ground. This killed off local interest of resuscitating the Club, especially when it was discovered that the Sea Defences neglected through the War years of necessity, were now regularly breached at high tide and claiming parts of the course. The final nail in the coffin came in 1953 when the disastrous floods of that year swept away a number of holes and flooded large parts of the course.

What once had been a thriving, prosperous Club with a very large enthusiastic membership was now sadly no more. With the Golf course no longer a consideration, a number of ideas and schemes were put forward for consideration and use of the land. These were for Housing, beach huts, caravan sites, motels and the like, but all were apparently turned down. One application by Godfrey Evans, the Kent and England wicket keeper, was to develop twenty eight acres including in and around the Naze Tower. This also was turned down but went to appeal and then later to a public enquiry.

The minister hearing the enquiry dismissed the appeal and so the chapter sadly ended. The Local Council took over the Naze area and it has been kept and maintained by them as a wilderness and wildlife area ever since. Most local people believe this to be the best solution with the sea taking its gradual toll of the land. Walton can be justly proud of those ten years when much wealth came to the area through and because of Golf.

In 1934 Robert H.K. Browning, the celebrated writer on Golf and author of “A history of Golf”, visited the Naze Club to play it and write an article about the course. The Golf Clubs Association Publicity House 394 Caledonian Road London N7 published his article about the Naze course for the Club. This Booklet describes in detail each hole, its layout, its difficulty, along with supporting Photographs and a pull out copy of Braids plan of the course.

Browning’s article, as is to be expected, is highly informative and to a certain extent flattering, giving the reader a good picture of what the course has to offer in the way of a good test of Golf. Many of these booklets must have been given out but I only know of the existence of two. One is in the Heritage Museum run by Rachel Baldwin, presented to them by John Bright nephew of Charles Bright, and one loaned to me by Frank Gorman. No doubt others exist and I would be interested in obtaining one for my own collection. Has anyone one to offer?

One of the members of the Naze Club was Arthur John Strawson always known as Jack. He was a butcher by trade and had unfortunately lost the fingertips of his left hand whilst a an apprentice, for which he was compensated. This allowed him to start his own butchery business and being successful at this, took up Golf as a hobby and pastime. He soon excelled and became a scratch player in spite of the injury to his left hand. He was a member of a number of Golf Clubs and won top prize competitions at Clacton, Harwich and Dovercourt, Frinton, Colchester and the Naze. His daughter Maureen Roscoe who lives in Clacton has a lovely Naze trophy her Father won in 1937 outright. It is for the Open Meeting 1937 Scratch Competition. The Cup stands ten inches on its plinth and is six inches across the bowl; silver, hallmarked Birmingham. She also has replicas of major Cups won at Harwich and Colchester. The Colchester one is the Scratch Prize 1950 Coronation Cup. He quite obviously was a very good scratch player but my main reason for bringing this up is the surfacing of the Naze Cup. More of this later.

In 1993 I attended Sotheby’s July sale of Sporting items in Canterbury Kent, and bid for a handsome Golf Trophy item 222. This was the premier trophy of the Naze Golf Club. It was the founders Trophy, hallmarked Sheffield 1927, the Trinity House Tower which showed its base part of the Golf course in relief showing greens and bunkers. The winners’ names were engraved on floral plaques.

Through the Green September 2001
around its base. It was silver twenty inches by fifteen inches and presented by A.E. Alexander (MP) unfortunately my bid was unsuccessful!

Why after all these years have this and the 1937 Open Scratch Competition Cup been the only two trophies to surface? What happened to all the others of which there were quite a number – and for that matter, what happened to the pictures, property and countless other items a Club would have. I would have thought that the Club trustees and or Committee members in Office at the time the Club foundered, would have properly disposed of them. But no-one I have spoken to has any inkling of what happened nor does it appear that any apart from the two mentioned has ever surfaced. Where are they?

Does any one out there know? Perhaps this article may prompt a response to the puzzle.

Finally I am indebted to Frank Oxley who was for ten years assistant to the Professional Charles Bright and whose memory has served him well and is still so doing at Ninety. To John Bright nephew of Charles Bright who has supplied many Photo's and cuttings from his personal records and has been a source of much information. To Mr. Frank Gorman who like John has supplied items from his personal archives and to Mrs. Maureen Roscoe who holds the Naze Cup her father won in 1937 for her contribution.

Gordon Taylor

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Irish Musings
Further thoughts on Irish Professionals and the Open Championship

CHRISTY O’CONNOR feels that his record in the Open Championship is overshadowed by that of Fred Daly, simply because the latter player won the Championship, and he did not. Consider the facts. Christy played in twenty-six Open Championships between 1951, when he was joint 19th at Royal Portrush, and 1979. He was joint 24th in 1953, joint 29th in 1954, joint 10th in 1955 and 1956, joint 19th in 1957, joint 3rd in 1958, joint 5th in 1959, joint 3rd in 1961, joint 16th in 1962, 6th in 1963, joint 6th in 1964, joint 2nd in 1965, joint 13th in 1966, 21st in 1967, joint 5th in 1969, joint 17th in 1970, joint 23rd in 1972, joint 7th in 1973, joint 24th in 1974, joint 5th in 1976. He missed in 1952, because of a mistake over his entry form, and in 1978, when he refused to enter the pre-qualifying. He only failed to qualify once during this period, and that was at Carnoustie in 1975. As the Seniors’ Champion he was exempt from qualifying in 1979, but this exemption was withdrawn, and that was the end of “Himself” and the Open Championship. This is a truly wonderful record, probably as good as any other European player over a period of twenty-nine years. What happened on a number of the cases where he came close? Some more “If only?”

St. Andrews 1955

Christy O’Connor had just made his first real breakthrough in Championship golf by winning the Swallow Penfold Tournament two months previously. He was in a confident mood as he arrived in St. Andrews. After three steady rounds of 71, 75, and 70, O’Connor was seven shots behind the defending Champion, Peter Thompson. The Australian seemed the favourite once again for the Championship, and for the first time, a £1,000 cheque. This was also the first time that the last day of the Championship was televised. During his last round suddenly Christy found himself back in contention. Playing with John Jacobs, they both scored very well around “the Loop”. Christy was out in 33, and as he stood on the 14th tee he was seven under fours. As the players still did not go out in reverse order, Thompson was already back in the Clubhouse, scoring 72 on his last round, and an aggregate of 281. John Jacobs reckoned that Christy needed to play the last five holes in level fours for a 65, and to tie for the Open Championship.

As Christy had made a par four at the Road Hole each of the previous rounds, it did not hold out any fear for him. He planned to get a birdie at the long par five 14th, which would leave him in a good position for the last four holes. He hit a great drive well down the Elysian fields, drawing the ball back in from the out-of-bounds wall. Finding the ball in a perfect lie he was relishing the thought of taking a driver off the fairway for his second shot. What followed would be unheard of today with the current player and caddie relationship. Christy recalls asking his caddy for the driver, the caddie insisted that he take the 3-wood. After some argument he took the driver, and with the argument still fresh in his mind he topped the shot into Hell Bunker. His next shot was impossible, and rushing it he left it in the bunker. His only choice now was to play out backwards. His fifth shot caught another bunker, and he finally putted out for an eight. Rarely did Christy show his emotions, but as he left the green, in a temper, he hurled his ball over the railway line. So the 65 that he had set his heart on became a 71, and he finished six shots behind Thomson, in a tie for eighth place. Even in 1955 this must have been an expensive finish.

Royal Lytham St. Annes 1958

Christy had played the practice rounds with that great Irish amateur Joe Carr, and Joe had told him that he was playing so well that he had a great chance to win. It looked a possibility after the first
two rounds when he lead by one shot, with an aggregate of 135, 67 +68. This was the lowest two round total since Henry Cotton's 132 (67+65) at Sandwich in 1934. Not for the first time an Irishman blamed his loss of the Championship on the slow play of an Australian. Fred Daly had complained bitterly about the speed of play of Bobby Locke on the last day at the same course in 1952. Now it was the turn of Christy to blame Peter Thompson, who was paired with Dave Thomas was ahead of Christy on the last day. By the seventh hole of the morning round, they were two clear holes behind the pair in front. Frustrated with the speed of play O'Connor complained, and was told to slow down himself. It affected his putting, which earlier had been so good, and he slipped to a 73, and was now three shots behind Thompson.

After a somewhat heated discussion in the locker room, the starter had allowed Thompson and Thomas to play their second shots at the second hole before Christy was called to the first tee. After six holes he was waiting again, by now the pair in front were two and a half holes behind. Another complaint received the same response from officialdom. The large galleries, some 20,000, which were not well marshalled, did not help either. They had been watching the exciting finish between Thompson and Thomas, who had tied on 278. Coming to the 18th hole Christy required a three to win, or a four to tie. However the crowds which had swarmed on to the fairway could not be cleared properly. After a delay of ten minutes Christy had no option but to play. He thought he had hit a great drive, just short of the bunkers, but could not see it finish because of the crowds. As he fought his way through the crowds he could not believe it when he found his ball in the bunker. It was in a bad lie, and he had no option but to play out safely. His pitch shot ran 15 feet past the hole. His putt finished right on the edge of the hole, and he finished one shot off the leaders. Thompson won the play-off. If only!

St. Andrews 1964

In a wind of fifty miles per hour when many scores in the first round were in the mid to high 70's, Christy showed his experience of the west of Ireland weather when he covered the seven holes from the 7th in 21 shots, to share the lead on 71.

Although Christy never won the Open Championship, he believes that had he won it once, he would have won it many times. With such a great record who could deny him that possibility.

Royal St George's 1985

His nephew Christy Jnr. has also had a scent of victory in the Open Championship.

He opened with a great 64, which gave him a fo Fur shot advantage after the first round. His round included ten birdies, and equalled the PGA record.

He had seven successive birdies from the 4th hole. However it is almost a tradition that the first round leader of the Open Championship should be an unknown, and fall back over the next three rounds. Christy Junior fulfilled neither of these requirements. After three rounds he was still in with a chance having added a steady 72 to a disappointing second round of 72. A 64 is always a hard act to follow. Another 72 in the last round gave him an aggregate of 284, and just two shots behind the winner Sandy Lyle.

Royal Lytham St. Annes 2001

My hopes of one more Irish winner of the Open Championship looked alive right up until the last day. Darren Clarke is the most likely player to follow in Fred Daly's footsteps. He played so well this year, and I have read that despite not winning, he was the Champion Golfer of the week. I am sure that his time will come.

My hopes are still alive that there will once again be three Irish professionals in the Ryder Cup team. There will certainly be two, it just depends upon the performance of Paul McGinley over the next few weeks. I hope it will be a great match played in all the right spirit and devoid of the type of behaviour that has crept in over the past few years.

John Hanna

The brewery Grebbestad Bryggeri in western Sweden has come up with a golf beer. The name of the beer is Hofäspilsner and the label is an early photograph from the Göteborgs G.Ks Hoväs course (the spelling used to be Hofàs).

The player in the picture is Erik Runfelt, (1893-1978) who became a leading player and a driving force in the Swedish Golf Union.

Göteborgs GK was founded in 1902 and is Sweden's oldest existing golf club.
THE STANDARD of hickory play this year has been mixed, to say the least, and with a prestigious fixture list we simply must be at our best. So, with The English and Welsh championships, and our matches against Clapham Common, Aberdovey and Stratford-upon-Avon very much in mind, the Editorial staff, at great expense, has sought the advice of a well-known coach to impart some timely advice on how to use hickories.

Fore!

Fore, lads! Keep out o' the line o' fire,
And I'll teach ye to drive a ba'"  
That'll flee to the clud, and fa' wi' a thud,
Twa hundred yards awa'.

Ye maunna be stridin' your legs ower wide,
Like a puddock, across the green,
Nor be hauдин' your elbows pinned to your side,
And lettin' your nails be seen.

And dinna be bendin' your chin to your knees,
At an angle o' forty-five,
Nor wriggin', as if ye were treddin' on peas;
Keep your energy a' for your drive.

Fix your e'e on the gutta, stride fair, feet square,
Elbows free, gie your back a bit throw,
Heel up; swing your club round the nape o' your neck,
Whish, click, and the ba's awa'

The poetical position (1)

The poetical position (2)

The poetical position (3)
Some Swedish Swings

SWEDISH HICKORY CHAMPIONSHIP 2001

The Swedish Hickory Championship received a boost to its prestige this year with two new names on the trophy. The new champions are Lolo Dahl and Chris Homer. Chris who holds the English title and was a close second in the Scottish, played a tournament of his own. He scored a five over par 73, which was all of eleven shots clear of the Swedes. Lolo is a former Swedish international but she is a beginner at hickory golf. She played with clubs that belonged to her father, Douglas Brasier. He was one of the first British professionals who came to Scandinavia to teach the game and lay out courses. Lolo carried for him during matches against Bobby Locke and other famous golfers who visited Sweden.

Three ladies and a record 22 gentlemen took part in the championships. We played at Torslanda GK on the west coast, just out of Göteborg. This is near where Viktor Setterberg, the father of Swedish golf, laid out a course in 1894. He became a founder member of Göteborgs GK, which celebrates this year.

Interest for hickory golf grows in Sweden. The names of our new champions were announced on TV by Sweden's leading golf broadcaster Göran Zachrisson during the closing holes of the The Open.

Besides the Championships we held a tournament for players with modern clubs. Many of those players bought clubs at the stand put up by Antik West, one of the sponsors of the Championships. We expect those players to enter next year.

The 2002 Swedish Hickory Championship will be played at Torekov GK on the coast in the south-west. The club will restore tees, fairways and greens as they were in 1938, when the course was moved there from a cow pasture at the other side of the village.

We will be careful to avoid the Open week next year. Thus we hope to attract an even stronger challenge from BGCS players. As a bonus Torekov is close to Landskrona, where the Swedish Golf Museum is situated.

SWEDISH YEARBOOK 2001

The Swedish Society of Golf Historians will form a section for golf memorabilia collectors. Jörgen Mårtensson, who is an enthusiastic collector and looks after the Swedish Golf Museum, writes about collecting in the Society's 2001 yearbook. Samples from his postcard collection appear in many pages.

Jörgen advises collecting beginners to concentrate on a few categories. As a guide he gives the collecting categories used by the BGCS and the GCS. However he confesses that he himself has been unable to restrict his collecting. He collects everything.

Lassi Tillander, a member in Finland, describes in the yearbook how Marshal Carl Gustaf Emil Mannerheim found time for golfing holidays between his duties as commander of the armed forces and President of the repHubic. In the Marshal's accounting books Lassi found expenditures for a fortnight's golf in Karlsbad in Czechoslovakia as early as 1922. That is well before organized golf started in Finland in 1930. Lasse also found the Marshal's clubs and a well used copy of Modern Golf by P.A.Vaile.

Veteran professional Thure Holmström tells about how he started golf at Saltsjöbaden on the coast near Stockholm. One veteran in the club was known to practice putting under a bridge during winter. He cut holes in the ice but made sure they were not too deep.

Thure was one of the first Swedes who turned professional when Swedish golf boomed in the 70's. Up to then the clubs mostly employed British professionals. For many years Thure also coached the Swedish ladies and girls teams. Among the players were Lotta Neumann and Helen Alfredsson, who later successfully joined the professional tour in the US.

One of Thure's triumphs as a coach came in the European Girls Championship at Wentworth in 1981. Before the afternoon matches in the final against England the girls looked pale and nervous. Thure sent them jogging round the driving range. When the girls came back they had rosy cheeks and were left out and beat the English girls.

For more information about the Collectors' section of the Society of Swedish Golf Historians, please get in touch with Anders Janson, Swedish Golf Union, Box 84, S-182 11 Danderyd, Sweden. E-mail: anders.janson@sgf.golf.se or Jörgen Mårtensson, Glimmingegatan 5, S-216 19 Malmö, Sweden, E-mail: fam.martensson@mbox303.swipnet.se For copies of the yearbook (48 pages, in Swedish, including the membership directory) please turn to Anders Janson.

Pehr Thorsmanius

Closing date for copy for the next issue is 10 November
The Charm of Golf

When he reads of the notable doings of famous golfers, the eighteen handicap man has no envy in his heart. For by this time he has discovered the great secret of golf. Before he began to play he wondered wherein lay the fascination of it; now he knows. Golf is so popular simply because it is the best game in the world at which to be bad.

Consider what it is to be bad at cricket. You have bought a new bat, perfect in balance; a new pair of pads, white as driven snow; gloves of the very latest design. Do they let you use them? No. After one ball, in the negotiation of which neither your bat, nor your pads, nor your gloves came into play, they send you back into the pavilion to spend the rest of the afternoon listening to fatuous stories of some old gentleman who knew Fuller Pilch. And when your side takes the field, where are you? Probably at long leg both ends, exposed to the public gaze as the worst fieldsman in London. How devastating are your emotions. Remorse, anger, mortification fill your heart; above all, envy ... envy of the lucky immortals who disport themselves on the green level of Lord’s.

Consider what it is to be bad at lawn tennis. True, you are allowed to hold on to your new racket all through the game, but how often are you allowed to employ it usefully? How often does your partner cry “Mine!” and bundle you out of the way? Is there pleasure in playing football badly? You may spend the full eighty minutes in your new boots, but your relations with the ball will be distant. They do not give you a ball to yourself at football.

But how different a game is golf. At golf it is the bad player who gets the most strokes. However good his opponent, the bad player has the right to play out each hole to the end; he will get more than his share of the game. He need have no fears that his new driver will not be employed. He will have as many swings with it as the scratch man; more, if he misses the ball altogether upon one or two tees. If he buys a new niblick he is certain to get fun out of it on the very first day.

And, above all, there is this to be said for golfing mediocrity—the bad player can make the strokes of the good player. The poor cricketer has perhaps never made fifty in his life; as soon as he stands at the wickets he knows that he is not going to make fifty to-day. But the eighteen-handicap man has some time or other played every hole on the course to perfection. He has driven a ball 250 yards; he has made superb approaches; he has run down the long putt. Any of these things may suddenly happen to him again. And therefore it is not his fate to have to sit in the club smoking-room after his second round and listen to the wonderful deeds of others. He can join in too. He can say with perfect truth, “I once carried the ditch at the fourth with my second,” or “I remember when I drove into the bunker guarding the eighth green,” or even “I did a three at the eleventh this afternoon”—bogey being five. But if the bad cricketer says, “I remember when I took a century in forty minutes off Lockwood and Richardson,” he is nothing but a liar.

For these and other reasons golf is the best game in the world for the bad player. And sometimes I am tempted to go further and say that it is a better game for the bad player than for the good player. The joy of driving a ball straight after a week of slicing, the joy of putting a mashie shot dead, the joy of even a moderate stroke with a brassie; best of all, the joy of the perfect cleek shot—these things the good player will never know. Every stroke we bad players make we make in hope. It is never so bad but it might have been worse; it is never so bad but we are confident of doing better next time. And if the next stroke is good, what happiness fills our soul. How eagerly we tell ourselves that in a little while all our strokes will be as good.

What does Vardon know of this? If he does a five hole in four he blames himself that he did not do it in three; if he does it in five he is miserable. He will never experience that happy surprise with which we hail our best strokes. Only his bad strokes surprise him, and then we may suppose that he is not happy. His length and accuracy are mechanical; they are not the result, as so often in our case, of some suddenly applied maxim or some suddenly discovered innovation. The only thing which can vary in his game is his putting, and putting is not golf but croquet.

But of course we, too, are going to be as good as Vardon one day. We are only postponing the day because meanwhile it is so pleasant to be bad. And it is part of the charm of being bad at golf that in a moment, in a single night, we may become good. If the bad cricketer said to a good cricketer, “What am I doing wrong?” the only possible answer would be, “Nothing particular, except that you can’t play cricket.” But if you or I were to say to our scratch friend, “What am I doing wrong?” he would reply at once, “Moving the head” or “Dropping the right knee” or “Not getting the wrists in soon enough”, and by to-morrow we should be different players. Upon such a little depends, or seems to the eighteen-handicap to depend, excellence in golf.

And so, perfectly happy in our present badness and perfectly confident of our future goodness, we long-handicap men remain. Perhaps it would be pleasanter to be a little more certain of getting the ball safely off the first tee; perhaps at the fourteenth hole, where there is a right of way and the public encroach, we should like to feel that we have done with topping; perhaps—

Well, perhaps we might get our handicap down to fifteen this summer. But no lower; certainly no lower.

This essay was written by A.A. Milne between 1910-1912 and appears in “Not that it matters.”
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100 Years Ago

In 1901 the ninth Ladies' Amateur Championship was held at Aberdovey. It was a fairly normal event until the second semi-final when controversy arose. The match was between Miss Graham and Mrs. Stubbs. The match was all square at the sixteenth, and Mrs. Stubbs won the seventeenth to go dormy one. The eighteenth was halved so Mrs. Stubbs won the match one up. However, some time later a protest was lodged by two spectators that at the 8th the referee had stated that the hole was halved in 7 whereas Mrs. Stubbs had played 8, and so Miss Graham should have won the hole. By then the referee had left the course so the Championship Committee, which was missing some of its members, met to consider the situation. It decided that the referee's decision could not be taken as final and that Miss Graham had won the eighth hole and the match, previously given to Mrs. Stubbs, should be counted as halved. When the spectators reassembled after lunch to watch the final between Mrs. Stubbs and Miss Rhoda Adair they learned of the Committees decision. Mrs. Stubbs and Miss Adair were then obliged to resume the morning's match to the nineteenth, where Mrs. Stubbs was defeated.

Miss Graham won the final 3 and 2.
Marine Golf

While the 'Royal and Ancient' game now finds a welcome sufficiently hearty throughout the English and Scotch-speaking world, it has not, I believe, enjoyed transplantation to shipboard until within the past month. But though a pale ghost of the real pastime, and no more than a cousin many times removed to right golf, yet the marine species, as recently developed by a few ingenious sportsmen in the Bay of Biscay, on board the steamship 'Wazzan,' is worthy of some consideration. It offers at once that most desirable thing aboard ship—exercise, and a means, second to none, of breaking the monotony of long voyages. Deck quoits and ship billiards hide their diminished heads beside it; bad weather in reason only adds to the charm of the game; rolling and pitching permit of feats in deck golf which land-lubbers will probably refuse to credit.

Everything, of course, depends on the nature of the ship and the good nature of the skipper. Given fair decks and an easy going commander who offers no objection to 'putting greens,' and excellent sport is a certainty. The materials of the game are extremely simple. Instead of a ball, a round disc or quoit of wood about 4 inches in diameter is employed; and a fairly heavy walking-stick with a flat head takes the place of a club. The holes may be either a spot of chalk, to be covered by the disc, or a circle, about half as large again as the disc into which it has to be played. Hitting is useless, and the stroke for long drive and short put alike is a drag or push. On a smooth deck, if the wind does not interfere, a disc can be pushed forty yards, which is a longer stroke than any but links on the biggest steamers would require or admit. The best position for driving is to stand with both feet a little in front of the disc; in putting, one foot in front and one behind produces the most satisfactory results; while, unlike golf, the position of the club and ball, with regard to the other being happily assured before the stroke is made, it is better, in the act of striking, to fix the eye on the distant hole, or upon the exact spot where it is desired to bring your disc.

Our links were most happily diversified, and gave opportunities for varied strokes and great skill. The 'cannon' is admissible, and one of our holes could be played in a single stroke, by a bold cannon off a bollard, if a player stood the risk of going into the sea. The penalty for that achievement was two strokes, and of course a lost hole in hole matches.

Every hole soon gets its own name. Thus we knew one easy hole on the quarter-deck as 'Mrs. Thompson,' from the fact that a genial lady so called invariably sat with her feet in it when on deck. Another was called 'The Devil.' It lay behind the hatch of a coal bunker, and its proper number was theoretically three, but a man thought himself lucky to get home in four. It was a hole which became impossible at times of heavy head-wind, for the effect of driving against a big wind at marine golf is peculiar. Once let the wind force its way under the 'ball,' and all is over. Your disc, in such a case, immediately gets up on its side and starts to roll with the wind. Its career is then a spectacle of weird horror, and it usually terminates a heart-breaking exhibition in the scuppers many yards behind the place from which it was originally struck, or in the sea. A pitching ship generally means a head-wind and various great difficulties to the marine golfer, but the perfection of the game may best be seen in a beam sea with the ship rolling. Then it is possible to directly approach holes which are unapproachable on an even keel, and the most beautiful curved shots can be made. Your disc takes a bias from the angle of the deck, and will get round impossible bunkers and perform graceful and invaluable feats if started on the right tack. One hole was known as 'Topham,' from the fact that A.G. Topham, the 'soccer' Blue and International, did it in a single shot when, until then, three had always been considered the right number. Absolutely accurate strength and a deck with a big slope enabled him to bring off a beautiful stroke 'round the corner.'

Marine golf naturally produces its own terminology. To be 'scuppered' is a condition of affairs which speaks for itself to anybody who knows a ship; while a 'coal-bunkered' player can also be pictured without difficulty. The frequency of the 'stymie' is of course a nuisance at the game. It occurred so often that no records of the SS 'Wazzan' links were accepted unless a man was going round.
by himself. Our remedy for the external stymie was simple. To cannon off an opponent appeared coarse and crude; moreover, by such means, a fine shot might often have been robbed of the hole by one far inferior; to pick up was also open to objections. We therefore made the front player hole out first whether it was his turn to play or not. Doubtless a properly constituted golfing mind would find a better way out of the fix than this.

A round of golf on board the 'Wazzan' may be described thus. Hitting off the tee, beside a coal bunker on the starboard side of the ship, a player had to reach a hole under a ventilator a little aft of the main hold. This was an easy hole of about fifteen yards which might be made in one. The next, down the starboard alley way, was also easy, but the third involved more care though a short hole. The fourth took the player right aft and lay under a bollard, and the fifth was approached by a cannon off some nautical apparatus connected with the steam steering gear; but bold players attempted it directly through a narrow channel beset with dangers. To miss the channel was to be badly bunkered under a small, fresh water cistern; and that meant losing the hole. The sixth hole required a delicate cannon off machinery forming part of the rudder chains; and the seventh was a straight, narrow drive with more than usual danger of getting 'scuppered.' The eighth and last hole offered a drive of twenty-five to thirty yards and bristled with bunkers. This completed half the course and the return journey was back over the same country.

A beauty of the game is the variation in quality of the 'greens, and consequent unexpected difficulties in 'putting.' It might be supposed that bare boards were incapable of much change as to surface, but this is not so. Climatic conditions make tremendous differences, and a 'green' so keen under bright sunshine that the shortest and slowest of putts goes too far, will, on a grey day, be as slow again; while if there happens to be any spray coming aboard the difficulties increase, for in a wet place you never can tell whether the disc will 'drag' or 'slide.'

In putting, the danger of a foul shot is as great as in pushing at billiards, and rules have yet to be made regulating the contact of disc and club over strokes of a yard and less. Direction is everything in driving, but to it must be added plenty of patience to wait for the ship if she is rolling. When you are in a hurry to make a stroke she seems to take a deal of time getting to the proper angle. The wind is the great enemy of marine golf, and on many ships, the pastime would certainly have other foes so numerous, that to play it might prove wholly impossible; but given good-tempered passengers, and officers who can behold a round of holes chalked on the decks without indignation, then marine golf becomes a thing of beauty, and, if not a joy for ever, one at least which should endure as long as the time occupied by an average voyage.

With prophetic eye I can foresee a time when neither 'liner' nor war-ship will be complete without its round of holes. The 'links' will doubtless be considered when the vessel is building; the holes will assuredly be permanent stars or circles flush with the deck, and placed in the happiest positions by some cunning expert skilled in the science of marine golf.

For purposes of record-making, it may finally be noted that Dr. Gilbert Charsley, of Beaconsfield, won the marine golf championship of the 'Wazzan' by one hole from Mr. A.G. Topham aforesaid. The round was an exciting one, and both players showed to advantage. Eight men entered for the championship, and in the case of halved rounds, which often happened—for many holes are halved in marine golf—the fewest strokes won. The record of our 'Wazzan' links was 34, at which three men tied. Dr. Charsley ought to have got round once in 33, but he failed at a short putt at the last hole. It must here be confessed that none of us were right golfists worthy the name. Indeed this brief paper is only written to draw attention to the splendid possibilities of marine golf. The game is undoubtedly capable of vast development, and given a big ship, keen players, and no official let or hindrance, the pastime should become sufficiently important to reconcile sportsmen to the ocean for a time at least, and go far to lessen the monotony of long days circled by the rim of the sea.

This article by Eden Phillpotts was spotted in the Badminton Magazine XV Vol III by Richard Atherton who writes:

"The Wazzan was built in Belfast in 1893. She was a twin screw steamer of 1484 tons and length of 242.5ft Quite what such a small vessel operated by the Mersey SS Co was doing in the Bay of Biscay I am not clear."

21 Through the Green September 2001
Letter from America

MY CUP OF TEE

(This and That):

Everyone has their own tales of either being involved in, or seeing, things which happen on a golf course that defy belief. In fact, such cosmic occurrences seem to happen in our crazy game far more than any other. After a recent round of golf, I was comparing stories with my golf partners and I realized that I have seen some things to beat them all. Three in particular come to mind and, strangely enough, two of them took place in Canada.

Some ten years ago, our fourball was the first group off at 7:00 at Glen Abbey Golf Club outside Toronto. It is a big, tough course, the home of the Royal Canadian Golf Association and the Canadian Open. In our group was a fellow named Mark Morden, a very long hitter and, in those days, a man who played like John Daly. In other words, he swung full out at everything. Mark has since become a Class A PGA professional and is one of the most respected teachers in the State of Michigan. The 17th hole was a 440 yard par 4 playing every inch of its length because of recent rains. Mark nailed a beautiful drive and had about 130 yards left to the hole. He decided to hit a hard pitching wedge. The ground was soft and he gave it “the full Monty”! He hit the shot fat. The ball popped straight up into the air. He had swung with such force that he hit the ball again as his club was passing his left shoulder. He caught it right on the sweet spot and the ball travelled long, high and straight. The only problem was that it went directly back down the fairway away from the green. At first, the other three of us did not know what had happened. When the realization struck us we all turned our heads in unison and watched the most lovely, solidly struck wedge shot imaginable. The only problem was that it was heading back toward the tee. His next shot was a full 3 wood. We were all literally on the ground dying of laughter. A grizzled old greenkeeper was mowing the fairway and had stopped to watch Mark hit his shot. After he stopped laughing, all he said was, “Darnedest thing I ever saw.” We instantly coined it the “Double Dribble Shot” and have been talking about it ever since. An account of the shot even appeared in “Golf Digest” magazine.

The four of us found ourselves at Essex Golf and Country Club in Windsor, Ontario the following year. It is a beautiful old Donald Ross gem which features all of his classic characteristics. The fairways are framed by thick stands of huge, mature trees. We had just finished the ninth hole and were moving to the tenth tee. The tenth hole is a lengthy par 5 that plays out of a thick and narrow chute of trees. The trees are so big and thick that even sunlight can not find its way through. A halfway house is hidden away in the trees just beyond and to the right of the tee. One of the members of our group decided to go in for a soft drink. Once again, our intrepid hero, Mark Morden, takes center stage.

He decided to tee off and again gave the swing the full business. He crushed one high into the trees on the right. We, of course, could not see the ball but we heard it bouncing around from branch to branch like some out of control pinball. The ball was trying to fight its way through the trees for what seemed like minutes. After a period of what probably was more like ten seconds, the door of the halfway house opened and here came our missing player holding a large drink. He approached the tee at the precise moment that Mark’s ball surrendered its struggle with the impenetrable forest. It fell squarely into the middle of the paper cup fully soaking our innocent latecomer with Coca Cola. He managed to hold onto the cup and when he looked into it all he saw was a golf ball. Once again, we were all just about on the ground howling with laughter. How do you tell this story and get the listener to believe it? We spent a good portion of the back nine debating the ruling on where Mark was to play his next shot. My opinion was a drop on the ground directly below where the ball had entered the cup. This has forever been known to us as the “snack bar shot”. Perhaps on another occasion I will tell you about the “forked tree shot” and the “ladies restroom shot”. Both of these were perpetrated by Mark as well.

A month or so after this supernatural happening, I was playing in a two man best ball match play tournament at my club. My partner and I had made it to the finals. The finishing hole was a par 3 (shades of the great East Lake Club in Atlanta, Georgia) and the match was all even. It was a scratch event. Many fellow club members were surrounding the green which sits in a natural amphitheatre. I hit first and squirmed one of my trademark thin hits (the late Peter Dobereiner referred to them as “sickening fizzers”) on to the front edge of the green some 30 feet from the hole. The shot was met with knowing nods from the gallery as if to say “typical for him”. My partner, the best player at the club, hit a beauty to about 18 inches for a certain birdie. The watchers duly applauded this pressure packed shot. Eldrick himself could not have done better. The atmosphere
was electric. We felt even more confident when our opponents’ first shot found a bunker. It was all down to the last man, a solid player and good friend. He put a perfect swing on the shot and knocked it straight into the hole for an ace. The spectators went crazy and my partner and I were in shock. What were the odds of such a happening? I think it was at that precise point in time when I realized I was destined to be one of the “nearly men.”

I recently read what was for me a depressing story in one of the golf magazines. It talked about this year’s Open Golf Championship may be the last one to be played at Royal Lytham. References were made to the probability of the course becoming obsolete because of the tremendous distances the pros are now hitting the ball and the fact that the course is somewhat of an ugly ducking. I could not disagree more. To me it is charming. It was felt that without any wind many of the holes would be reduced to a drive and a flick. After watching all of this year’s Open, that was certainly not the case. It has always been my favorite English venue. I love all of the red brick houses surrounding the course. The railway line running hard down the right side of the opening nine adds untold charm. My favorite hole is the little par 3 ninth at the far end of the course which plays on a diagonal line into the shopping area of the town. As a youngster I remember watching a dour Bob Charles beating an excitable Phil Rogers with the powerful young Jack Nicklaus just being pipped at the finish. It whetted my appetite for links golf in general and the Open Golf Championship in particular. I have another reason for being enamored with Royal Lytham. When the club history, “The Lytham Century”, was published I purchased a copy. I enjoyed it so much that I felt compelled to write a letter to the author, Tony Nickson. Tony promptly responded to my letter and therein began a friendship that lasted until his death last year. We never met. Knowing my love for the course, one of his hopes was that he would host me there. One of my deepest regrets is that I never made it. He was a wonderful man. By the time you read this, the Championship will have long been over. The rough was up, a bit of a wind blew and the course came out the winner. It will be a tragic loss of tradition and history if this gem of a course is removed from the rota.

I am not a collector of golf trading cards. I have a few, specifically the first cards of Jack Nicklaus and Tiger Woods. I use them as accent pieces on my bookshelves. A few days ago a friend of mine who is both a head pro at a local club and a big-time collector of cards gave me a Sergio Garcia rookie card (the American term for a first ever card). It came from the new set of cards put out by the American company, Upper Deck. It is a very nice card and I happily accepted it. He will probably win some majors in his career and maybe the card will someday be worth enough to pay for a hamburger and a cup of coffee. When I was in the pro shop of this club pro he had a very large display of Tiger Woods collectibles. He had everything from cards to ball tins to ceramic figurines. I was astounded at how much he had. He has a very large collection of all kinds of golf memorabilia and he has decided to specialize in Tiger Woods. He told me about the pages and pages of Tiger Woods items on e-Bay. Out of curiosity I logged on and I was amazed by the sheer volume. He has many wonderful doubles of signed photos and books from the legends of the game that he has always been able to easily sell to be able to purchase new things. He told me that many of his customers are no longer interested in anything that isn’t Tiger Woods. He said that he can’t give away Hogan and Nelson items. I checked with a few other friends and dealers and they said the same thing. What a sorry state of affairs. Of course, the very best of the balls and clubs and artwork will always be in demand, but I get the feeling that Tigermania has affected the middle end of the market. I truly believe that what he is doing is dwarfing the storied accomplishments of the greats of the past and the way people look at them. Perhaps this does not apply to the sophisticated golf fan and collector, but the average golfer is consumed by Tiger Woods. I’m probably more than a little crazy, but I would rather read about Fred Daly’s Open victory in 1947 that Tiger’s romp last year at St. Andrews. I have as much respect for his golf game and what he has done as anybody, but am I the only person who feels that everything was much easier before he arrived on the scene?

Another major championship was played in July. The Oakhurst Links in White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, hosted the fourth annual National Hickory Championship. This is a very special and unique event. The course is one of the oldest in North America. An organized golfing society was formed there in 1884. Oakhurst thrived for many years, but eventually fell into disrepair. When the course opened for play at the nearby Greenbrier Resort in 1913, golf ceased entirely at Oakhurst. As the years passed the course literally disappeared from sight. In 1960, Lewis Keller purchased the land. After discovering that a historic course and an irreplaceable piece of golf history had occupied the land he took steps to restore the course. He enlisted the aid of Bob Cupp, a highly regarded golf course architect and they somehow resurrected the course. It was truly like the Phoenix rising from the ashes. Oakhurst is kept in as close to original condition as possible from the cut of the fairways and greens to the sand tees. Enter one Peter Georgiadis, a/k/a “Brown Ale”. The idea for a National Hickory Championship germinated in Pete’s mind. It is a two day tournament played with 19th century clubs.
and replica balls. Pete works on, and nurtures, this
tournament like it was one of his own progeny. It is
primarily because of his efforts that the tournament
endures. It is a labor of love that keeps growing and
getting better each year. I often call him Cliff
because his role with the tournament is much like
Clifford Roberts and the Masters. No British
players have yet made the journey to compete, but I
know that one of Pete’s fondest hopes is to have
some of our fellow BGCS members in the field.

I was going to write a final very lengthy
paragraph on the sorry state of my golf game. Lucky
for you all, I am being beckoned to dinner (tonight’s
menu consists of grilled salmon, sweet potatoes,
asparagus and fresh fruit). Truly a meal fit for a king.
May the remainder of your golf season be filled with
solid shots and the acquisition of a wanted
collectible or two.

Dan Beshlade

| BRITISH GOLF COLLECTORS SOCIETY |
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The above copies of Through The Green are available for sale. Those
magazines published from 1988 until the end of 1994 are priced £4
each and those from 1995 onwards at £3 each. P&P is extra.
Available from the Secretary on a first come first served basis.
The Good Old Days?

Well, it is almost here again. Get out your rosettes; practice yelling at the top of your voices; try to remember all the xenophobic chants and make sure you are word perfect in them; and most important banish all thoughts of sportsmanship from your mind. Why? It is Ryder Cup time again. One cannot but view the impending proceedings with a sense of foreboding, afraid that some of the yobs will be less mindful of the golf and the occasion and more interested in ‘making up for last time’. It would be nice to be wrong and that we could dispel this rubbish once and for all and return to the days when the quality of the golf, and the contest, was the important thing. The days of Nicklaus’ supreme gesture at the 18th in his tussle with Jacklin, the days when the teams got together and enjoyed each others company, as in 1951 at Pinehurst when the irrepresible Max Faulkner was not shy in giving the legendary Ben Hogan, and the rest of the assembled company, a golf lesson. Our thanks to Philip Truett for letting us join in the fun.

The good old days? Absolutely!

WHO NEEDS A “MAGNUM”?

The Dunlop Junior Golf Ball was not mentioned in the listings in the last two issues of TTG and I would like to know more in view of this page filler from “The Birmingham Golfer”, January, 1912:

“Using a Dunlop Junior the other day, Mr. W.D. Barnsley was credited with a drive of 342 yards, using a cleek. Where would he have driven it to had he used wood?”

Note “where” and not “how far”! Was this a ”rogue” ball, non-conforming, or was Mr. Barnsley noted for ferocious hitting? It does confirm that Messrs. Callaway and their colleagues are barking up the wrong tree. As Clint Eastwood put it, “You can’t beat a good bit of hickory.”

John Morten

Through the Green September 2001
The 2000 Australian Hickory Championship

A field of 30 players hit off on a beautiful day at the Auburn Links. The Championship went to a Victorian, Allen Heil with a score of 73, just 5 over the par. Allen, who won the Victorian P.G.A. in 1968, was in Sydney for the Australian Seniors Championship and was encouraged to play with some borrowed hickories. He claims this was his first ever game with the ancient tools.

Trip to “Ratho”

Fourteen members made a pilgrimage to “Ratho” in Tasmania. “Ratho” is certainly the oldest course in Australia and possibly the oldest in the Southern Hemisphere. In 1820, Alexander Reid, a Scot, took up land at Bothwell, about 80 miles from Hobart and called his property “Ratho.” He had brought out some clubs and balls with him and laid out 9 holes. The course is roughly the same, with sheep still used to graze the fairways, and wire fences to protect the greens. It was a wonderful experience to play on this ancient course and to get some feeling what it must have been like some 130 years ago. On our journey down we stopped off in Melbourne and were entertained by members of the Golf Society. An 8-a-side match was organised at Royal Melbourne. Sadly we report that the hosts won 6 matches to 2.

At a lavish dinner that night we were introduced to R&A Secretary Peter Lawson who was in Melbourne for the Australian Open. On the following day he was to be taken to a country course in Victoria to play on sandscrape greens. We wonder what his reaction was to play on greens of sand mixed with sump oil. This is the way hundreds of golfers play their golf in the dry and hot areas of Australia.

Official Opening of the Australian Historic Golf Hall of Fame and Museum

This took place on February 22nd with about 90 people attending. Dennis Brosnan, who has graciously provided the space free of charge over his Golf Mart Store in Granville, Sydney was asked to do the honours. He praised members of the the Golf Collectors Society for establishing the first such Museum in N.S.W. and congratulated all concerned.

Four golfers were then inducted into the Hall of Fame. Peter Thomson, Norm von Nida, Jan Stephenson and Al Howard. The first three of these players have won tournaments world wide, and although Al Howard, a very good player, did not rise to the same lofty heights, he has been involved in the design and refurbishment of over 50 golf courses Australia wide and is a worthy entrant to the Hall of Fame.

Tom Moore
President,
Golf Collectors Society of Australia

The McDermott

Harry Vardon and Edward Ray have taken part in their first important tournament in America, and have had to bow the knee to J.J. McDermott, the United States open champion. McDermott attracted a good deal of attention when he first appeared in “mufti” on the Muirfield links last year to watch the lay of the British professionals. Distinctly sporting was the cut of his suit and the shape of his flat bowler hat. “Who’s that jockey?” people asked one another, to learn in due course that the dapper little fellow with the exceedingly broad-brimmed, flat—topped piece of hard headgear had no pretentions to skill on the turf save as McDermott the golfer. Undoubtedly he will be a hard nut for the British representatives to crack this autumn. He has boundless confidence combined with a quiet earnestness, which bespeaks the fellow who is calculated to succeed. Like his compatriots, M.J. Brady and Tom Macnamara, who are the next best native professionals in America, McDermott is of Irish parentage, but he was born and bred in the States and he learnt his golf there.

World of Golf August 28, 1913
I played in a match the other day and while the weather was kind and the course pretty good, all should have been well. Alas, it was not. One of our opponents moaned the whole way round; everything was wrong. Now, I chide myself for my mistakes, but this fellow could do no wrong; everything that did go awry was misfortune or bad luck or cruel fate, and he was ever ready to proclaim it — to our discomfort. Another modern ill — Links Rage?

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The Groaner

by J. Hodgkin

That there are men who have “good luck” and again those who have “bad luck” at Golf is a proposition in that no sane man will be seriously inclined to dispute. But of all the nuisances that are in evidence on a Golf course there is none more objectionable than the man who is always cursing his bad luck; he is no pleasure to himself, and sadly mars that commodity in the unfortunate who may he his opponent. With him nothing is ever right; he is the living embodiment of Gilbert’s creation, who sang —

“Oh, don’t the days go lank and long
When all goes right and nothing goes wrong;
And isn’t the world extremely flat
With nothing whatever to grumble at.”

With him nothing is ever right; all is ever wrong. He probably starts off the tee with a fairly long shot, but with a devil of a pull or a slice on it. The ball in consequence deftly hides itself from view in the whins or the rushes, or the long grass, left specially by the odious care of the Green Committee for such as he. “Did ever man see such cursed luck? To go and drive a splendid ball like that, and then be punished to such an extent that I must lose the hole. It is unjust, and it isn’t Golf.” “Quite right, my dear friend, it isn’t Golf; it was nothing but your careless or indifferent execution that brought this trouble on you. Don’t blame the course or the committee; blame your silly little self; try to be, even at great mental exertion, reasonable, and don’t impute blame to others that is due to yourself.”

Through the green, perhaps, he may jump a bunker; no mention of luck now; next time he may get in— “Just my infernal luck—here am I not only in the bunker, but in a hole that I could almost bury myself in”—and so, ‘losing his wool,’ he plods aimlessly away at the ball, with a very considerable amount of want of success—whilst his opponent, possibly in the same bunker, remains calm, takes pains, extricates his ball, and wins the hole. Should his opponent, by a really unlucky shot, get in a bunker, and mention the fact, he will tell him that it was only owing to his bad play and serve him right. He has never yet been known to have played badly or to have owned up that anything ever “served him right.” He cannot take the rough with the smooth; he wants it all the latter—so do we all, but we don’t get it. He will never admit that his opponent may have met with bad luck; in this case it is invariably bad play.

Seriously some players get distinctly wearisome by their incessant grumblings and complaints as to “bad luck.” Some days we undoubtedly do have bad luck, but then on others we more than compensate for it. The doctrine of averages holds good at Golf, as well as in other directions. The great thing is to take one’s reverses calmly, in a philosophic spirit, and to remember that by incessant grumbling a man may, in addition to having spoilt his own pleasure, seriously mar that of his opponent, who may not, for the future, be quite so ready to entertain the offer of a match when he knows what it may entail. Bear in mind the immortal Robbie Burns’ saying

“Oh I wad some power
The giftie gie us,
To see oursels
As ither see us.”

If only the grumblers could put themselves in this position there is no doubt but that it might induce him to reform. Golf Illustrated 13.7.00

Maybe it is not such a modern ill after all.

“The few really good putters are, curiously enough, generally weak in their play through the green or in their driving, and one rarely meets a player who is proficient in all three. “Putting is an Inspiration,” we are told, but I am more inclined to agree with the man who so sapiently said, “Putting is the Devil!” On days when every putt goes down, no matter how remote you may be from the hole, you are ready to say proudly, “Putting is an Inspiration,” but on other days, when you are losing hole after hole through atrocious putting, you would fain proclaim aloud the other sentiment. Practising putting on a lawn is very little assistance, except in improving the aim. Every putting green is (or ought to be) different from the last.”

Badminton Magazine, 1898

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27 Through the Green September 2001
On Addressing Juries and Golf Balls

Perhaps the favourite relaxation among Scots lawyers is golf. But the common law has seldom been applied to mishaps on the golf course. And when it comes to interpreting the rules of golf, then the traditional sense of judicial impartiality is often abandoned for an angry partisanship.

Reported cases concerning golf clubs, and more particularly golf balls, are rare. Indeed, there appear to be none at all in Scotland, the home of golf. Perhaps this is because Scotsmen have such a love of the game that they leave all thought of litigation behind in the clubhouse along with their brief cases. Although the Rules Committee of the Royal and Ancient in Saint Andrews is the sole legislature for the rules of golf, we have to seek the interpretation of the common law on the links from decisions in foreign courts, such as England and Ireland.

Most golfing lawyers think that the rules of golf are merely a question of etiquette. But this is not so. Some of the rules of golf have judicial backing. This business of shouting “Fore!” for example, is not just a matter at common sense: “When a player is in danger of striking another in the course of play he must attract the other player’s attention by shouting ‘Fore’, and when his attention has been so attracted the player must not play his shot until the other player has either moved into a position of safety or has signalled that he accepts the risk, which he sometimes does if he can see sufficiently well to be able to avoid it should it materialise”. That very clear dictum was given in the case of Potter v. Carlisle and the Cliftonville Golf Club Limited ([1939] N.I. 114) by Babington, L.J., truly, it may be said with respect, a very sporting judge.

This is a leading case for golfers, and it should be engraved on the mind of every club secretary, and printed as a special Appendix to the Golfer’s Handbook. Here are some more rules from the same case: “Every player, when on the course, must take due care for his own safety and for the safety of others by keeping a good lookout for the disposition of the various greens and tees as he is coming to them or going from them, more especially if he is a stranger to the course, and he must keep a good lookout for the whereabouts of other players, whether in front or behind, in whose line he may find himself, thereby running the risk of being hit, or who may appear in his line so that he runs the risk of hitting them”.

Anyone who strives to reach this counsel of perfection may well take on the appearance of a startled rabbit and not a golfing one at that. It would appear that the last thing on which the player’s searching eye should alight is the ball itself.

But we have not finished yet. The player having made his reconnoitre: “must act upon the knowledge so acquired and not place himself in a position where he is in danger of being hit by other players it he can avoid it, nor himself play a shot while other players are in a place where he may hit them without giving them due warning and being satisfied that they have received it.”

Needless to say, the action arose in Potter because the plaintiff was struck by a golf ball driven by another player. What was remarkable was that he sued not only the player but also the golf club itself, blaming the club for the negligent layout of the course. It was held in the Court of Appeal that the club was not liable, because the player was bound to take the course as he found it, provided that it was free from unusual dangers or traps – “traps” being taken to mean traps in the legal sense, and not the bunkers of American golfing jargon. As regards “unusual dangers” on the golf course, it was suggested that what his Lordship had in mind was, for instance, the blind approach hole, where common sense would advise the installation of a warning system such as a bell for players to indicate when they had cleared the green.

The Locus of the accident in Potter was the 7th green of the Royal County Down Links, the ball having been driven from the 8th tee which was in close proximity. The plaintiff not only blamed the club for negligent layout, but said that warning notices and a protective wire fencing should have been erected on the tee. But the Court found no fault with the club. Harassed golf club committees breathe again.

Babington, L.J. also deals with what he calls the “one-shot hole”. Here, the Royal and Ancient’s Rules Committee could not have been more succinct or explicit themselves. At such a hole a player on the tee “cannot play until the players in front have holed out and left the green, and this is so whether there is a (warning) notice or no notice”. That is the law (in Ulster anyway); so it is clearly illegal to drive off an exploratory ball to make the players in front hasten to mark up their cards and clear the green.

Another interesting case which is a rewarding study for golfers is that of Cleghorn v. Oldham (43 T.L.R. 465). In this case Miss O. was playing golf with Miss C. and her brother Mr. C. Miss C. was carrying Miss O’s clubs. Mr. C. made a bad stroke on the 13th tee. In the helpful way that women have, Miss O. said “This is the way to do it”, and played a stroke at an imaginary ball. She struck the plaintiff Miss C. at the end of her follow through, as a result of which Miss C. sued for damages.

It appears that in this case, as in Potter, the lawyers involved made the most of their legal holiday. The following narrative is not, as may be...
imagined, written by A. P. Herbert or Beachcomber, but is lifted straight from the report at page 466:-

"In answer to Mr. Croon Johnston (for the defendant), the plaintiff said that she used to play hockey, but had never played golf ...

Mr. Croon Johnston - "Is there not an element of danger in all games, which adds to the enjoyment?"

Mr. Justice Swift - You are not suggesting that people enjoy their golf more because they may be driven into? The language that one hears does not suggest that it is pleasurable.

The witness said that Miss Oldham did not address the ball before she made the stroke.

Mr. O'Connor (for the plaintiff), re-examining - It is suggested that Miss Oldham spoke to an imaginary ball -"

Mr. Justice Swift - You do not speak to the ball before you drive; you speak to it after you drive. You are thinking of addressing a jury, which is one thing - addressing a golf ball is another."

One feels sorry for Mr. O'Connor. He is obviously a non-golfer. The technicalities and terminology of his subject were clearly beyond him.

In the case of Castle v. St. Augustine's Links Ltd, (38 T.L.R. 615), the plaintiff was injured by a golf ball struck from a course on to the adjoining public highway. Marshall Hall and Norman Birkett appeared for the plaintiff: so we may assume that the case was considered to be of some importance. Once again, it was the thirteenth hole which caused the trouble. The club were held liable in damages because they had set out and maintained the course, and this hole in particular, in a way which constituted a danger to the public, and the club committee were held to have known that members habitually drove balls on to the roadway.

Mr. Justice Sankey in his judgment made some observations about the golfer's "slice" - "Everybody who plays golf slices at times, and, although there was no evidence of it, I suspect that the very best players occasionally slice the ball. A very bad player does not slice at all, because he does not hit the ball. The evidence satisfies me that many a ball has been sliced on this particular road, and I do not think that that can be said to be the result of careless and bungling playing".

Golf caddies were also the subject of legal decision in the case of In re Newton-King ([1923] I KB. 210). Golf caddies throughout the United Kingdom will be pleased to hear that for the purpose of the Unemployment Insurance Act 1920, they are not considered to be in domestic employment. Roche J. held that their employment was not analogous to that of "a beater engaged in driving game".

Golf greenkeepers on the other hand are listed in Part II Schedule I of the said Act as being agricultural workers, because they are considered to be "gardeners engaged in horticulture". This means that they are in the same class as dairymaids.

And finally, an interesting observation in Mitcham Common Conservators v. Cox ([1911] 2 K.B 854) by Scrutton J. at page 887. The question involved the right to play golf on a course laid out on a public common) - "The person admitted to the golf course must play golf, not some fancy invention of his own which be thinks is an improvement, such as playing two balls as a single player".

With great respect, it is submitted that nothing is more conducive to the improvement of ones scoring than to play a round with two balls and select the score of the better ball throughout, but perhaps that is an interpretation of his Lordship's remarks which he did not envisage.

Neil Gow

This article by Sheriff Neil Gow first appeared in "The Scots Law Times" in 1957 and we are grateful to Neil for allowing us to reprint it.

THE HISTORY OF THE CLUB PROFESSIONAL
illustrated by the lives of the Whitings

In the latter part of the 19th Century the cradle of modern golf was centred in the Midlands in an area around Worcestershire (England) where a number of golfing families grew up together, namely the Cawseys, Gadds and the Whitings. It was a time before the sponsored tournament when, apart from exhibition matches where wagers were contested, a professional earned his living making clubs and providing a service for the gentlemen players. At that time one man, Walter Whiting who was a train driver, moved into a cottage on the edge of Malvern Common, which was also the home of (Malvern) St Andrew's G.C., where he fathered eight sons. Seven of those sons became professional golfers and the 'other was a fine amateur, and so began the developing story of the Club Professional. A story that takes us across the Atlantic to the United States where they became some of the earliest golfing exports from Great Britain and eventually to New Zealand and Australia where the last surviving active professional is based. The book traces the development of the Club Professional in these four continents and illustrates that development through the lives of the four generations of Whitings. Some became well known as players and golf architects and others were lost to obscurity but when taken together all sixteen Whitings represent a true microcosm of the profession over the last 120 years.

David L Dobly 1 June 1998

This was to have been the synopsis of a book which, alas, has not been published.
At the launch of the Somerset County Ladies Golf Association history, I was fortunate to meet Mr. John Reece. Now in his 80s, John is a member of the Golf Writers Association and was for many years the Golf Correspondent of the Western Daily Press, although he wrote for other publications, and even now contributes the odd piece. During our conversation the subject of defunct course came up and John told me of this course he had visited, and the article he had written on it. Originally a letter home in the early 1940s, it later appeared in the Western Daily Press and he has kindly allowed us to see it.

The Bottom Of It All!

This morning I was up bright and early, filled with the idea that it was one of those Sundays when I should have been galloping along to the links for the standard fourball ceremony.

It was the sort of morning to create such an illusion. A thick curtain of mist completely obscured the waste of desert behind it, and served to put me in mind of other things in other days, many long years before this desert existence in TransJordan in 1943.

Instead of hoping the mist would clear in time to reveal the first fairway at Brancepeth or Royal St. George’s, at this moment I wished it would remain to preserve a purely escapist illusion.

For all my wishing, I was given ten minutes before the sun rocketed above the screen, but somehow, in those snatched moments, I was able to smell damp grass and feel the touch of a fresh September dawn...

You are kidding yourself, I thought, and as the mist was sucked off the face of the earth I found myself surrounded again by the seemingly endless expanse of a desert estate. This is not the Road To Nowhere; it’s the terminus.

This morning, however, I was full of spirit, and promptly began to treat the local pop-eyed populace to the invigorating sight of an Englishman swinging a broomstick with a certain measure of physical contortion, for it is not easy. The game of golf finds its disciples in strange places, and a pair of wretched, bedraggled and muffled natives regarded me solemnly from the shelter of a rock, thinking perhaps that I was about my morning devotions, but as soon as I stopped they ran forward with the eternal, “Baksheesh, effendi, backsheesh! Cigara, you give.”

The loosening up process before breakfast was no ritual, rather a prelude to the real thing, for we had been told there was golf down at the Dead Sea and we would go down there that very morning to find out for ourselves. It sounded utterly barmy.

Later, as we drove across the floor of the Dead Sea valley, thirsty, dust from head to foot and stifled by the appallingly hot, the idea seemed more fantastic than ever. But there in the heart of this valley of lava and brimstone rock, sulphur, scrub and sand, stood a pretentious modern building known as Hotel Kallia which served also as the clubhouse of the Sodom and Gomorrah Golfing Society.

Now I’ve seen everything, I thought, but as it turned out I had seen nothing yet. What a setting for a golf course down there below sea level, with the heat running up to 120 degrees in the shade, and the grim, deathly yellow look of the land.

In England we had leatherjackets to plague our greenkeepers. Here scorpions and lizards scurried about the ‘greens’, camels browsed in the scrub, and overhead buzzards wheeled in the hope of some misguided golfer going out without his compass. If he did, there would be pickings!

At the side of the first tee stood a small wooden hut which turned out to be the professional’s shop, and this was tenanted after our arrival by a stocky young Arab, dressed for the part in elegant plus fours except that he had forgotten to put on shoes or stockings. He had a nice conceit of himself:

“Engleesh speek, me give lessum. Good teacher, handicap six!”

If I describe one hole I describe the lot, yet I have nothing but admiration for the pluck of the society members for building a course in such a benighted spot.

The desert had been cleared of scrub, loose rock, as far as possible, and the surface rolled. It must have been a back-breaking, heart-breaking task. Only the fanaticism of a golfing fraternity would have stuck it.

There were nine holes, varying from 100 to 400 yards and bogey was laid down as 33. A course record was created in 1940 by a gentleman named G. Wadsworth who went round in the ridiculous figures of 3,3,2,5,3,4,3,3,4 against the card’s 4,3,3,4,4,5,3,4,3.

Hazards there were in plenty, and one did not have to stray far to find them. Four of us set out to have some fun with borrowed clubs, and going to the second green it was my misfortune to be bunkered windward of a sleeping camel, right in the middle of the fairway.

Even on the greens one was not safe from penalty. This was provided for in the local rules, however, which stated that “The line of the putt may be lightly brushed across with the back of the hand or the sole of the putter.” This did not take into account the feelings of the occasional centipede or scorpion.

To irate golfers who slash about in the rough, scrub and undergrowth, kicking snakes and iguanas to one side as they kick and prod, there is
consolation that the smooth is nearly as bad. It would serve no good purpose to throw caddie and clubs into the Dead Sea either, because hardly anything sinks anyway.

Afterwards we had time for a swim, and it is true you can sit in the Dead Sea and read a book, if you've brought one along, and you will not sink.

I will always remember that day at Sodom and Gomorrah, but I hope I never go there again.

I still have a cutting from the Palestine Post, reporting under the headline of 'Gomorrah Golf':

"At the annual general meeting (1942) at the Kallia Hotel, Mr. G.R. Sandford, incoming President, was handed a substantial balance by the retiring President Major Alan Saunders. Mr. F. Gordon Smith and Mr. K. Hargreaves were elected joint captains, and Dr. Sylvia Young re-elected hon. secretary. The Lot's Wife trophy was won by Mr. K. Joly with 69, and Mr. Alan Roe was runner-up with 70."

Now there's a little bit of golfing history ... Earlier this year (1990) I was sorry to learn that golf is no more at S and O. The following item has appeared in the Golfer's Handbook under the heading of Lowest Courses, "The lowest known course in the world was at Kallia, south of Jericho. Now no longer in existence, this nine-hole course, running along the shore of the Dead Sea, lay 1,250 feet below sea level."

Some three years ago I was enjoying myself at a hunt master's house party, and there met a distinguished lady who announced that she was off to Transjordan on holiday and hoped to visit Jericho.

I was not soliciting on behalf of the Kallia, but mentioned that it used to be beside the Dead Sea, suggesting that an organised trip under today's conditions might be interesting, and that it had been the pre-war headquarters of the Sodom and Gomorrah Golf Club. Furthermore, I had played there.

A year or more later, in the same social circumstances, I stood aside at a doorway to let the same lady pass through.

"I have seen your Sodom and Gomorrah," she pronounced flatly, and swept into the next room.

Nothing more was said.

When he sent me the article, John wrote "The time has come when I have no further control over the Vardon grip on my pen. After five minutes of operation I have difficulty in maintaining the 'squeeze' between forefinger and thumb that, if applied correctly, allows one to slice or draw with the pen, allowing the ink to portray the most exquisite designs, and bringing such extravagant praise as "Oh, isn't it wonderful handwriting? How I wish I could write like that!"

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**If You Must Practise, Then Enjoy It!**

I'm told I need to practise more, but Driving Ranges leave me cold, and the average club practice area is as enticing as hair on the east coast. So what is the answer?

I found mine at the Ilbarritz Training Centre over-looking the Atlantic on the outskirts of Biarritz. On a circular, bowl shaped 17 acres, there are a number of practice ranges grouped into 13 'tees' according to theme and level of difficulty. Thus there are different 'tees' for Driving and long irons, mid irons and short irons. These 'play' to three greens, each of different size and configuration, so giving the feel of playing a shot on a proper course. There is also a large chipping green with five pins', surrounded by five bunkers of different height and steepness, turf and light rough. Finally there are two sizeable putting greens each differently contoured. So all the situations you could meet on a course are gathered together in a very economical area. There is, in addition, a 9 hole course, 2259 yds long, surrounding the practice complex and a clubhouse with a very good restaurant and a large verandah overlooking the whole area. Now, the sun and the water may have had something to do with it but I left thinking what a sensible way of doing things and why have we not seen it in UK?
There were a few glaring "typos" in the last issue for which I do apologise. 'P-Day' and the start of our summer holiday were unavoidably close and while all went well in the preparatory stages, we met a quite unexpected technical hitch at the very last minute which resulted in your Editor sailing away with the issue unproofed and a sincere hope that printing and distribution would go to plan. Well, you got your TTG - even if a little ragged round the edges.

I have to say, however, that the charms of southern France proved too strong and I did not really start worrying until we were on the way home. Those charms included the three oldest golf courses in the South West, with pride of place going to the oldest non-British course of all, Pau. Founded in 1856, with its heyday in the early 1900s when the international nobility and gentry "took the waters" at the spa, the course is now, to my mind, like the elderly Dowager; her breeding and lineage are there for all to see but she is not quite as sprightly or fashionable as she used to be. However, the clubhouse reeks of history and I would not have missed the visit for anything. Biarritz, on the other hand, is lively and up to date. Founded in 1888, it has been fortunate that the town has remained a favourite with holidaymakers and so the club has continued to flourish, albeit completely hemmed in by suburbia, and very welcoming to visitors. My final visit was to La Nivelle, 1907, in the town where we were staying. This was very much a members' club, with a good and testing course and the only one, incidentally, where I had to produce my handicap certificate.

There is a plethora of attractive courses in that region - maybe another visit could be on the cards.

Watching the Walker Cup was an absolute pleasure. To my mind, there is nothing to beat match-play and this could not be bettered. The golf was first-class, and the contest had me riveted to the screen whenever it was on. But what really made the affair was the impeccable behaviour of the spectators - I refuse to say gallery! They were well-mannered throughout, showing their appreciation of good shots, never gloating when an opponent's ball went astray - indeed, they were just what true golf lovers should be. Well done, the Sea Islanders.

Alas, I have no such hopes for the forthcoming affair at the Belfry. The very best thing the spectators there could do would be to mirror those from Georgia, thus showing that despite the shenanigans last time, they are above all that. However, I just cannot see it happening. I think the lure of "getting our own back", a goodly supply of drink, and the current lack of appreciation of the traditions of golf and watching it will prevail and we will once again see the yob culture rearing its ugly head. I do so hope that I am wrong, but I have to do it.

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I received a formidable document in the post, the "Results Summary 130th Open Championship Royal Lytham & St Annes 2001" produced by Unisys the 'Official Supplier of Information Services' to the Championship. As one would expect of a major computer company, the report analyses the competitors' performances in every conceivable manner - if you want to know who had the lowest inward half in the third round, or how a particular player performed at the par 4s in any round, it is there - a statistician's delight. Everything is recorded for posterity, and that is first-class, ... BUT in analysing the players' score summary for each round we have Pars, Birdies, Eagles and ... MIRACLES, and Bogeys Double Bogeys and ... DISASTERS. Which bright spark dreamed up such nonsensical rubbish? An Albatross has been a recognised golfing term for heavens knows how many years so why on earth change it to some totally unrelated expression? Probably the same person who is going to yell and shout at the Belfry! Fiddlesticks!

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While on the subject of the Open (and on my high horse) I was pleased to be told by a couple of people, and Dick Durran also makes mention in his column, that the 'tent' was soulless and lacked the atmosphere of previous years. Nor did my correspondents think there were that many people in attendance. Hurrah! One up for the good guys!

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Our Deepest Sympathy Goes to All Our American Friends in this Time of Tragedy
Unusual Clubs and Markings

Maxwell Irons

MOST COLLECTORS will recognise the broad flanged sole and the perforated hosel as the symbols of a ‘Maxwell’ club and label it as thus. However a closer examination of such clubs can reveal subtle variations in the pattern of the perforations, the flange details and the model names. Wm Gibson & Co, Kinghorn, are generally given the credit for making the majority of Maxwell iron heads but the many variations suggest others may have been involved at some stage.

Alick Watt averred that the original idea for a ‘maxwell’ mashie came from Robert Maxwell, a prominent amateur golfer from the Tantallon GC in North Berwick who won the Amateur Championship in 1903 and 1909 at Muirfield where he was also a member. He excelled in low-flying punched iron and mashie shots which perhaps explains his thinking.

A further twist to the story comes from an advert which appeared in Golf Illustrated entitled “MAXWELL IRONS – The novelty of 1910.” In it Ben Sayers Jnr, Wimbledon GC, claims to be the inventor of this model which was available from him in many forms: “cleek, mashie cleek, driving mashie, driving iron, medium iron, mashie iron, jigger, ordinary mashie, deep-faced mashie, Baxspin mashie, putting cleeks and wry-neck putters. Used by most of the leading amateurs and professionals. Records already broke.” The advert was on behalf of Ben Sayers and Jack White, Sunningdale GC. Are there any Maxwell collectors who has a full set of those named above? If not, it would be a quite target to aim for.

This suggests there may have been a conflict of interests but in the end Maxwell, an amateur, got satisfaction and recognition from the model name, Sayers got the credit as the inventor or perhaps the maker of the first few samples incorporating his own ideas, and Gibson got the contract for the mass-production of the heads.

Let us now consider the variations in name and detail. The clubs are split into four main groups. To avoid repetition the following abbreviations apply:

2x5(or 6), LH(or RH) SP = 2 sets of 5 or 6 holes, each set in a left or right hand spiral formation going from top of hosel towards the heel, when viewed from the back with the sole uppermost.

90°(or 180°/180°(or 90° or 270° = position of first hole of each set relative to that of the next set/position of last hole of each set relative to the first.

2(or 3 or 4) x 3VE = number of sets of 3 holes in line vertically down the hosel. NB All heads have marked faces V.O.S

GROUP 1. IN THE MAXWELL STYLE. Clubs in this group have all the features of the Maxwell design but without the name itself. Production could have been before or after the Patent was granted. An example of the former could have been a plain face iron(not shown) by T. Whitehead (Ilford GC 1908-12) which has a 2 x 6 L.H.SP arrangement of hosel lightening holes. The weight removed from the hosel was then available if required to add to the flange or hitting area.

Photo 1. The top iron was made by R. Simpson, Carnoustie, and carries the Gourlay cleek mark. The holes are 2 x 6 L.H.SP positioned 180°/270° which gives an excess of holes towards the heel where the shaft is at its weakest and susceptible to water penetration. The flange has a straight edge of medium thickness with the taper towards the toe larger than that to the heel and a straight line transition throughout the length of the flange into the head.

Next is a Gourlay/Simpson driving iron with similar features to the first except for the RH.SP of the holes. An unusual feature at the top of the hosel is the copper ring, a later addition probably to repair damage.

The third club is a mashie by Winton, Montrose, for the Sportsman’s Emporium Glasgow. The holes are arranged 2 x 5 L.H.SP and positioned 180°/180° which gives fewer holes towards the heel. Unlike the previous clubs, this medium thick flange has a curved edge with curved heel and toe tapers and a curved transition from the flange to the head.

The final club by Winton, London & Montrose, is a putter with similar features to the mashie.
GROUP 2. MAXWELL IRONS. This group simply carry the Maxwell name along with all the basic design features and some minor variations. They are probably the most common of the species.

Photo 2. The top club, a Maxwell Iron, was made by D. Anderson & Sons, St. Andrews, but there is no cleek mark. The diameter of the holes is smaller than normal and arranged 4 x 3 VE and spaced 90° apart around the hosel. Alternate sets are staggered up the hosel by a half pitch of the holes which ensures a stronger hosel with only two holes in any cross-section. The edge of the flange is very thin with natural curved tapers at each end.

The next club is a Mid-Iron, also by Anderson, which has larger diameter holes, 4 x 3 VE, but with a full pitch stagger giving two or four holes in any cross-section. Unusually, the flange is of variable thickness which increases towards the toe.

The Forgan No 3 Iron, a much later club, has travelled well, having been made for Walter Locke & Co of Calcutta and Lahore. The holes start as 2 x 5 RH SP positioned for a 180°/180° finish. However the spirals are incomplete in that each final hole nearest the heel is stepped back 90°.

The bottom club is a 1 Iron, also by Anderson, for A.W. Gamage, London. It has the thickest flange of those shown, with the holes arranged 4 x 3 VE but without any stagger which gives a weak hosel with four holes in any cross-section.

The variations seem endless. A Maxwell Mashie (not shown) made by the Glasgow Golf Co has the Thistle Brand mark and Maxwell stamped on the back edge of the thick flange. The hosel holes are unusual: one set of 3 and one of 4 holes each LH SP starting about 180° apart and turning through 45° and 90° respectively.

GROUP 3. SPECIAL MAXWELLS. Previous groups were with or without the Maxwell name whereas in this group the speciality factor comes from the different model names.

Photo 3. First comes “The Maxwell” which implies this is the ultimate genuine club of this type. The top club is a Mid Iron with the Mitre brand of Hendry & Bishop (H & B). It has a minimal flange thickness and the holes are arranged 2 x 6 LH SP positioned 180°/180°.

Next is the “MAXWELL MODEL” (MM) Iron made by the St Andrews Golf Co Ltd. It’s head is of similar shape to the above with a reduction of the top edge down into the hosel but its flange is thicker. The holes are 2 x 5 LH SP positioned 180°/90°. However the spirals are again incomplete as the final hole in each steps back almost the full 90° of the turn. The head is marked STANDARD. Another MM Mid Iron (not shown) made for the Rubber Shops Ltd, Aberdeen, is similar to the previous club except the last two holes of each spiral step back. It is marked L STANDARD. This being a ladies’ model, might the dot one have been for juveniles?

The final club shown is a “MAXWELL PATTERN” (MP) wry neck putter without a maker’s name or mark. The larger than normal holes are arranged on the hosel 4 x 3 VE but their positions are irregular with a variable stagger of less than the full pitch of the holes. The sight of daylight through one of them suggests the work of an apprentice or perhaps a modern day collector! G Brodie Breeze also produced a MP putter (not shown) similar to the previous one (excluding the daylight feature!)

An MP Iron (not shown) has the crossed swords cleekmark of J.B. Halley & Co, London, but the holes are only 3 x 3 VE. Regrettably this club has moved on, so can anyone confirm the position of the three rows?

It is difficult to define any unique features of the MPs which distinguish them from the other Maxwells so perhaps the name itself is the special name produced for special clients.
GROUP 4. GIBSON'S STAR MAXWELLS (GSM or SM). The name implies that this is the top of the range model which carries the company's star cleekmark.

Photo 4. The bottom club is a GSM 4 Iron with the arrangement of the holes on the hosel identical; to the previous MM irons.

Above this is an SM Mashie with slightly larger holes in the same arrangement. The name Gibson is absent but it has their SUPERIOR brand name along with that of the retailer – John Moore, Argyle Street, Bath. Note that both of these clubs have thick flanges. Another SM Niblick has been seen – made by Gibson for retailer Athletic Store Ltd, Bridge Street, Belfast. The head is similar but, having no holes in the hosel, it must be of a later vintage.

The top club is not an SM but is included to show that brass foundries got into the Maxwell mould. It is a wry neck brass putter with very small diameter holes arranged 2 x 5 L.H SP and positioned 180°/90°. It was made for C E Hobley, the pro at Gloucester 1920-1921 and Blackwell 1921-1938.

SOME THOUGHTS. The Maxwell clubs had one major problem. Water penetration through the holes in the hosel resulted in loosening or deterioration of the shafts and many broken ones. (I had to have the shaft of my MM mashie reseated earlier this year because of loosening – Editor). The 1910 claim of “Records already broke” would by the early 1920s apply to the number of broken shafts replaced by the professionals who if overstretched might have found themselves broke!

The many variations in the arrangement of the holes is significant. In the clubs described, the total number of holes per hosel ranges from 12 to 7. Reducing the number of holes may have been an attempt to minimise the water penetration coupled with the need to design variations to meet the specific demands of clients seeking their own design. In the end, holes disappeared completely but I wonder when?

Only extensive research might establish when the various Maxwell designs were introduced but “tempus fugit” and the Editor’s deadline is fast approaching. When steel shafts became legal in 1929, it did not signal the immediate end of hickories or the Maxwell irons. Recently when having a nostalgic look at a couple of clubs won in my school golf championship in 1944 and 1945 I discovered that one was a stainless steel 2 Iron by George Nicoll of Leven – the model a SUPERB MAXWELL (SUM).

It has a less prominent flange than usual but of course without any holes on the hosel. Production of golf clubs stopped during 1939-1945 so this club must have come from 1930s stock. I was still using hickories at the time so this was my first venture into steel shafts. The head appears to be from the WS era since it has a steel adapter tapered from the larger diameter hosel down to the thin steel shaft. I wonder if anyone has a similar club with a hickory shaft to confirm the model’s use in both eras.

I am sure that collectors will be as surprised as I was at the many variations in the Maxwell model names and head details. There could, of course, be many more so if you have an unusual one why not drop a note to the Editor to see where the Maxwell story leads us.

John Cubbage

THERE’S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO ...

From the Centenary History of Gourock G.C. 1896-1996

In January, 1907 ... “there was a S.G.M. called by a number of members with a view to winding up the club as only 85 subscriptions had been received the previous year. This however was defeated and the subscription level raised by the rather unorthodox method of going through the list of Gourock householders and sending out subscription notices to those who were not members but who Mr. Turner considered should be. He remarks that not one of those so irregularly elected queried the fact.”

spotted by John Moreton

Through the Green September 2001

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HILLSBOROUGH

In an effort to derive some information I have endeavoured to use these columns in the past. Each time I was disappointed not to receive any replies, other than those from our esteemed Editor. Bearing this in mind, as soon as I read the letter of Brian Bowness I telephoned him right away. As I am still unsure as to whether or not he received my message, I will reply in order that all TTG readers will be suitably informed as to his postcard entitled Golfing at Troon.

The card in my collection has been “spoiled”, in that it has written on it “the match between Fernie and Herd, 1902”. X’s also indicate Gladys and Uncle in the gallery!

Another interesting card I purchased recently has also comments written on it. It is entitled The Zulu Golf Club. It was posted in Cape Town in 1904, and addressed to a Draper in Coleraine. Below the picture is written “Would your firm care to tender for the supply of six dozen golf suits same as above? If so, state lowest price by return.

From the picture of the Zulu “golfers” I think it was most unlikely that a Northern Ireland draper would have had such stock!

John Hanna

BULWELL FOREST GC is celebrating its centenary next year (2002) and is anxious to obtain any memorabilia related to the Club. Lindrick GC is also trying to acquire memorabilia relating to the Ryder Cup.

If members have any items from these clubs for disposal, please contact Tony Thorpe on 01773 780420 or 07831 557547.

SOUTH MELBOURNE

The query in the June issue concerned the clubhouse at Sandringham, which appeared all too grand for the small course on the royal estate in Norfolk. And so it proved. From Australia John Lindsay wrote: “In reading the June 2001 issue of “Through the Green” I noticed on page 32 a photograph of a Golf Club, Sandringham etc. The photo shows the clubhouse of the Royal Melbourne Golf Club used from 1901 until 1931. The club’s original Sandringham course was replaced by the “new” Alister MacKenzie designed West course in 1931 and the old clubhouse was left behind.”

SOUTH CROYDON

Another apology. I said that the Grand Match with the PGA at Walton Heath on 22 March was cancelled because the course was waterlogged. Not so. A certain sartorial stalwart, not wholly unconnected with the Club, wrote that this match has the unique distinction for being the only one that he has ever known to be cancelled on the back of a weather forecast ... in fact it turned out to be a perfectly agreeable day! Our friend would not wish to appear arrogant – Heaven forbid! – in suggesting that WH never gets waterlogged, unlike the referee who was asked by Archie Compston for relief, with his ball firmly embedded in one of the greens at Walton. His ruling was that “we don’t have plugged balls at Walton Heath!” With that, Compston had two massive practice swings, removing vast chunks of hallowed turf, before playing the ball in like fashion!

PERELADA HICKORY TOURNAMENT

Albert Sangenis is organising the Spanish ‘Hickory’ again this year on Saturday 27 October. BGCS members would be especially welcome, and should contact Albert on 0034 9321 86334 or by e-mail at sangenis@frm.es

Through the Green September 2001
WELL, open week has been and gone and yet again our Championship has gone across the Atlantic. This year many of us had high hopes that after Day 3 that Monty, Darren Clarke or perhaps a European would prevail. It was not to be and few can begrudge David Duval his first major after hauling himself back from a poor, by his standards, first two rounds. In Ryder Cup year, it would have been good to have had the winner of one Major playing for us! I broke my self imposed resolution by actually visiting the Exhibition tent and my worst fears were realised. It was laid out like a Marks and Spencer store with the cash tills on the exit and had all the atmosphere of that retailer on a very bad day. I have read that the R&A will be reviewing their policy for next year and can only hope that they realise that the smaller stalls like Rhod McEwan’s and Bob Pringle’s add considerably to the interest of visitors as well as introducing and reminding them of the history and traditions of the game of golf. Not everyone wants to buy R&A branded goods at high prices.

After that minor bout of being a little curmudgeonly to the R&A, let me balance the situation by saying that on the 3rd September the second volume of the R&A history is due to be published, which has been designed and produced by Grant Books. *Champions and Guardians* is published in a limited edition of 1775 of which the first 275 copies are The Society of St Andrews Golfers edition. The cloth edition will sell at £40 and the all singing and dancing edition in leather will be £165. This latter edition is in very short supply and you will be lucky to be able to obtain a copy. Just before these random ramblings were due to go to press, I was fortunate to be loaned an unbound copy and I spent a very happy afternoon and evening, on your behalf of course, reading it.

As many of you will know, John Behrend, the Society’s past President, died in July 2000 and he had completed just over half of this second volume before his untimely passing. Keith Mackie stepped into the breach as co-author with Peter Lewis and the result of this collaboration is almost seamless. This volume covers the period 1884-1939 and is not only the history of the Club but also that of the game itself. It tells the story of the development of the R&A as a private members club, the management, organisation and control of the St Andrews links, its role as the controlling body of golf for practically everywhere in the world, apart from America, the institution of its various committees on rules, equipment and the championships, and its occasionally stormy relationships with the USGA on ball sizes and weights, steel shafts and the definition of amateurism. It is a fascinating story and the Club’s personalities are brought to life, particularly with the use of Alexander H. Wardlow’s painting of the Medal Day at St Andrews 1894. This noted miniaturist painted from photographs all the notable members, which amounted to over 190, and the portraits of these individuals have been cleverly extracted to illustrate, where appropriate, the text. A copy of the full painting with its key is also included. It is impossible, neither would it serve any purpose, to attempt to summarise this book and the authors are to be commended in lifting occasionally, for our enjoyment and interest, the veil of secrecy which any club likes to keep over some of its private affairs. So we are made aware of the problems which occurred from time to time with its Secretaries, Stewards, green staff and other employees which help us to appreciate some of the Club’s past local difficulties. The authors are not backward in pointing out the times where the Club has dragged its feet on giving a decision on international and domestic problems. If you love golf history, this is a must-have book for your library and I cannot recommend it too highly.

The second offering from Grant Books this quarter is *Blackwell Golf Club 1893-2000* by Charles L. Wade, which is published at £25. This is the second club history by this author I have reviewed this year, the first being *The History of the Wigorns G.S 1950 2000*, and he shows himself to be a very able historian and writer. He certainly started with the handicap of incomplete Minute Books and other records that had been stolen during a burglary some
years ago and also that a centenary history, which had been written by a previous member and intended for publication in 1993, ran into some internal problems because of its perspective of certain club personalities and the interpretation of various events. In fact, the draft of the aborted book has been circulated by the author's widow to a number of friends which cannot have helped the cause. On the other hand, from a golf book collector's standpoint, I shall cynically keep an eye out for this particular offering.

Blackwell is situated ten miles south of Birmingham and enjoys the reputation of being an excellent club, even perhaps being a little exclusive, with an fine course which would figure highly in the Best Fifty in the British Isles. The first proposal to form a golf club was in November 1893, when five men met and decided that the proposed club would consist of thirty gentlemen members and thirty ladies and they would play on 40 acres of land leased at £15 per annum from the tenant of Blackwell Farm. C.W. Cunningham, the professional of the nearby golf club in Hall Green, now known as the Robin Hood Golf Club, was commissioned at the exorbitant fee of £1.5s.0d to lay out the nine-hole course. After the planning the founders engaged a local man, Tom Styles, to re-lay eight greens and clean one for £3-10s. The entire course of eventually 49 acres including flags and sand boxes was to cost less than £23 in the first year of which £15 was the rent. Those were the days!

Just prior to the outbreak of the Great War, a new lease was negotiated with landowner, the Earl of Plymouth, and Harry S. Colt was engaged to extend the course to just under 3000 yards and later, in 1923, it was extended to eighteen holes. The club experienced similar financial and membership difficulties as other clubs both during and after the war. In the period between the wars, two legends of golf played at Blackwell, Walter Hagen played Archie Compton in 1929 and during his Grand Slam year, 1930, Bobby Jones played a round with Dr. William Tweddle, Stanley Lunt and Eric Fiddian. At least three BGCS members past and present have close connections with Blackwell, the very much missed Ian Elliott, whose father incidently was a prominent club member, Mike Harris and John Beharrell, our President, is an Honorary Life Member. It has been the practice of Blackwell to confer honorary life memberships on prominent Worcestershire golfers from other clubs and Dr William Tweddell and Stanley Lunt are others who have been so honoured. An excellently produced club history well up to the normal Grant Book standards.

Unusually, this month there are two books to be reviewed, which are on Ladies Golf. Pride of place has to go to A Century of Somerset Ladies Golf by various contributors and edited by Martha Perriam and is published in a limited edition of 500 copies by the Somerset County Ladies Association at an excellent price of £15. Ladies golf in Somerset celebrates its centenary this year and the quality of this production is a credit to everyone who has helped in its launching. The book is laid out in six sections covering the Early days, Between the Wars, after the 1939-45 War, Recent Times, short histories of the 28 Somerset Ladies Clubs affiliated to SLCGA, and a Record chapter. Alan Jackson, our worthy editor of Through The Green, made a small contribution by providing information on those golf greens that have disappeared and my favourite BGCS lady golf historian, Liz Pook, provided much of the historical research. Fashion has always been an important part of ladies golf but perhaps nowadays the younger men are setting the pace. At my age I am, like many of my advanced years, suffering from a dodgy back and I was particularly struck by the "Ideal Golf Corset" made of special fine canvas with a porous elasticated front, which struck me as ideal for our Sunday morning winter fourball. There are some lovely pen pictures, as well as photographs, of early Somerset lady golfers and a super interview with Lucy Barlow (1917-1998) by Liz Pook which was tape recorded, which is something many clubs who are contemplating producing their club history ought to consider. You most certainly do not need to be a member of the distaff side of your family to enjoy this excellent history. It can be obtained by sending £17.50 (which includes postage and packing) to Peta Romaine, Stratford House, Bristol Road, West Harptree, nr. Bristol BS40 6HQ.

The second book concerning ladies golf is Kent County Ladies' Golf Association 1900-2000, compiled by Shirley Daniel and published by Kent County Ladies' Golf Association can be obtained from Brendan Casey at £7-50 including postage. A call to him on 01322 220619 should do the trick. This as the price suggests is a more modest publication in soft covers and the compiler was handicapped by the fact that the Association Minute Book commences only from 1933. Consequently, for the early years she has had to rely on Golfing Reminiscences by Mabel Stringer, who was very active in Kent County Ladies Golf as well as being Assistant Honorary Secretary of the L.G.U. The book is well illustrated with photographs, one of which I thought was charming was of a group of ladies assembled at Cromer in 1905 in white dresses and with few exceptions all wearing hats. Much of this history is devoted to extracts from those Committee Meeting and AGM Minute Books that have survived and in truth these type of extracts do not make enthralling reading. Much more, in my view, could have been made of the fact that there are many famous lady golfers associated with Kent, like Miss Starkie Bence, Mabel Stringer, Mrs. Louis
Mackern, Enid Wilson, Diana Fishwick, Wanda Morgan, and from our present times Angela Bonallack and Mickie Walker. In many ways, Kent County Ladies' Golf Association could have produced a better history than the Somerset Ladies but disappointingly they did not. Nevertheless, someone with a little more time on their hands than me are sure to pick out some nuggets of information.

Whilst in London a month or so ago I bought at SportsPages an unusual book, which one could strictly say is not exactly a golf book. Par 10,000 by David Ewan and published by Mainstream Publishing at £9.99 is, I think, correctly classified under travel. It tells the story of the author's journey across the breadth of Scotland from the North Sea to Loch Leven on the West Coast. It is true cross-country "golf" through towns and fields and across rivers and mountains. The course distance was about 160 miles for which he established a par of 10,000 and was completed in 18 days with a gross score of 9434, a mere 566 under par and with no allowance made for his true handicap of 18. In truth, golf is the excuse to meet a vast range of people with whom he discusses a range of countryside topics from foxhunting to e.coli and experiencing face-to-face encounters with cattle and shearing sheep with the winner of 'One Man and His Dog'. He did actually play a round at Kingussie over which he carded a very creditable 85. Whilst occasionally commenting on the foolishness of some of the Rules of Golf as they related to various predicaments in which he found himself, he was not slow on occasions in seeking advantage on the taking of relief with a degree of laxity in their interpretation. An enjoyable story but as I said not strictly golf. David Ewan was one of the inaugural winners of the Canongate prize for New Writing and also won a best script award at the Edinburgh Festival.

On the same visit, I also bought Bud, Sweat & Tees by Alan Shipnuck and published by Simon & Schuster at £20-50. My comments in the last quarter's edition are again relevant. This is an account of the trials and tribulations of Rich Beem and his caddie Steve Duplantis on the PGA tour, where improbably they won the Kemper Open. Certainly the book reveals much which would not be published in the golf magazines or the newspapers but the book's subtitle "A Walk on the Wild Side of the PGA Tour" is probably gilding the lily a little. An enjoyable read but not an essential part of your golf library.

I did not have the time, or the space for that matter, to include a review of Golden Twilight the story of Jack Nicklaus's final championship season nor the blockbuster of a book Discovering Donald Ross, which weighs in at about 3 lb and costs £75, and I will save you my thoughts on these for the December edition. Coming up on the rails from Grant Books is Hoylake - The 1894 Amateur Championship, which sounds very interesting, and the club histories of Hesketh Golf Club and Burnham and Berrow So plenty to look forward to.

The annual frenzy of the golfing memorabilia auctions was started by Christie's of South Kensington on 10th July and was followed the next day by Sotheby's, who produced a dual catalogue to cover a sporting sale with cricket, racing, tennis and other sports for the following week. I wonder whether these two major auction houses really take golf collectors seriously when you consider that for the overseas buyers it would mean arriving in this country nine days before the start of the Open Championship.

Anyway having had my usual moan, let's review what was on sale for our collective delectation. At Christie's, where the buyer's premium is included in the prices realised, a copy of Everard's A History of the Royal & Ancient Golf Club of St Andrews made £881 and Darwin's The Golf Courses of the British Isles made £646. J.P. Grant's The Book of the Banff Golf Club Bazaar published in 1895 made £587. The reason I picked these three books was to illustrate the difficulties of both valuing and selling. One week later, at Phillips sale on the 16th July, the Everard book made £1100, a copy of The Golf Courses of the British Isles, but most importantly with a dust jacket, made £5800 and The Book of the Banff Golf Club Bazaar made £1650. So the value of the dust jacket was nearly £5000 and my word of caution would be to be alert in future to distressed laser copies of dust jackets! At Christie's a signed copy of Bobby Jones's Golf Is My Game made £528, which suggests the autograph added about £450 to the book's value.

At Sotheby's the selection was more limited with just fifteen book lots of which five were multiples. A collection of 47 books made £3120, including the buyers premium, and amongst these were the Rev. T.D. Miller's Famous Scottish Links published in 1911 by R&R Clark, William Caw's King James VI Golf Club, and The Chronicle of the Royal Burgess Golfing Society of Edinburgh 1735-1935 by J. Cameron Robbie. The only other item of interest was an average condition copy of Charles Crombie's Rules of Golf which made £1260.

On Sunday 15th July Robert Gowland's International Golf Auctions held their sale at Mickie Trafford near Chester, which by all accounts was very successful. Perhaps the most interesting item was not strictly speaking a book. A very rare copy of
AND A COUPLE MORE

What can I say about A History of Golf? It covers all the right topics; the origins of golf, its development, the spread worldwide, the formation of clubs, royalty and golf, the Open, clubs, balls, the ladies game, etc, in fact all you would want to introduce the beginner to golf. There is even a chapter on collecting. It is well-produced, it has a fine art-deco dustjacket and the illustrations are appropriate. I am very impressed but cannot say more because it is in... Japanese, albeit the contents are also printed in English! It is the work of our member Hiro Ishikawa, and I hope it is a great success. I just wish I was able to read it. If you would like a copy, do contact Hiro on 0081 427 96 6471 (Tel and Fax).

A Century of Golf at Huntercombe is another fine production from the John Moreton/ Bob Grant stable. Started by Willie Park Junior, the first golf professional to become an established course architect, the entire property passed to the Norwich Union Insurance Company in 1911. which sold it in turn in 1920 to William Morris, later to become Lord Nuffield. A keen if modest golfer, he took a personal interest in the management of the club and was a fairly autocratic owner. In 1962, plans were drawn up for the Huntercombe Golf Club limited company, which bought the club following Lord Nuffield's death in 1963.

Many distinguished names have been members including Lord Brabazon, James Fleming, Henry Longhurst, nor were the ladies absent with "Curteseying Kate" and "Frisky Fanny", the latter a scratch player.

John has produced another well balanced book, covering the development of the club and the course, the personalities, the Ladies, the Artisans, the flora and fauna, and there are four attractive watercolours of the course. Nor has he forgotten the professionals among whom was Jim Morris who was in post from 1921 to 1964. He set a course record of 63 in 1939 which still stands today, and at the age of seventy-six beat Lord Campbell by going round the course in 71 shots and in one hour fifty eight minutes!

All in all, a very readable and interesting history of a fine golf club, and if you are collector of club histories, this is a must.

Available from Grant Books at £25 plus p&p.

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