

Mr. McLemore's Museum

By HENRY McLEMORE

The United States Golf Association is going to purchase a building for its Museum in New York City, and I'll bet my best repainted ball that it is the intention of the Association to fill it with sticks, balls, bags and score cards of the great players of the game.

I can see the place now, even though the building has yet to be purchased.

Bobby Jones' famous putter "Calamity Jane" will be in a glass case, along with the Atlantan's famed tournament concentration.

There'll be Harry Vardon's cap and mustache cup, Francis Ouimet's spectacles and Boston accent, the shoes Sam Snead wore when he broke away from the hills of West Virginia, Lawson Little's napkin ring and the knickers Gene Sarazen was wearing when he scored his famed double-eagle at Augusta.

Far be it from me (well, not too far) to disagree with the USGA, but things like those mentioned above are not what should be placed in the Museum. The mighty players are not the ones who made golf the great sport it is or who keep it flourishing today. The backbone of golf is the celebrated duffer—the fellow who prays at night that someday he will break 100 or 90 and whose form is a cross between an epileptic fit and chopping wood.

I wish the USGA would let me select the things to go into the Musum.

My first choice would be a picture, life size, of Westbrook Pegler in action on a golf course. Just where on a golf course wouldn't matter; it could be on a tee, on a fairway or in a trap. I haven't seen Mr. Pegler play for quite a few years, but the memory of his technique is as vivid as if it had been etched on my mind with a crowbar.

The picture of him hard at work in a trap will remain with me long after the picture of all the great golfers I have seen has faded away. Mr. Pegler, as you know, is the only golfer who

never had to pay a caddie. The National Geographic Society always provided him with an archaeologist to carry his bag, because it was a rare round on which Mr. Pegler didn't unearth bowls, skulls, pottery and the like of a lost civilization.

Another item I would like to see in the Museum is the golfing vocabulary of Adolphe Menjou. Brilliant as his clothes are, they are drab things compared to his language when one of his drives carries but 135 yards instead of the intended 136.

Oliver Hardy's putting stance should hang somewhere in the Museum. All 400 pounds of it. So should George Murphy's look when he is about to make a brassie shot. I saw Mr. Murphy in "Battleground" the other night, and he was not nearly so grim as when faced with a close lie on the fairway.

I could name a hundred items which should occupy prominent places in the Museum: Pete Jones' smile when he sinks a long, three-inch, curling putt; Fontaine Fox's whinny, which he uses only at the top of an opponent's backswing; and Frank Willard's sea chest of excuses when he shoots a 78 after getting a 15-stroke handicap.

I trust the USGA won't go ahead without something of the duffer in that museum.

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GOLF

Golf is a science, the study of a lifetime, in which you may exhaust yourself but never your subject. It is a contest, a duel or a melee, calling for courage, skill, strategy and self-control.

It is a test of temper, a trial of honor, a revealer of character. It affords a chance to play the man, and act the gentleman. It means going into God's out-of-doors, getting close to nature, fresh air, exercise, a sweeping away of mental cobwebs, genuine recreation of tired tissues.

It is a cure for care, an antidote for worry. It includes companionship with friends, social intercourse, opportunities for courtesy, kindness and generosity to an opponent. It promotes not only physical health but moral force.

D. R. FORGAN