

key, stands in an unbroken line of twenty-four winners, which started with A. E. Paterson, who scored an 80 with the old gutta percha ball in 1895. A. Lucien Walker, Jr., once intercollegiate champion and formerly a member of the USGA Executive Committee, won it fourteen times. John B. Cornell, Jr., set the scoring record in 1946 when he won with a 68. Each winner is rewarded with a replica, and his name is inscribed on a gold bar and attached to a ribbon of club colors holding the original medal.

We are indebted to Mr. Frank L. Markey, himself a five-time winner of the Hunter Medal, for drawing our attention to it.

Hagen Reminisces

Walter Hagen was peering reflectively out of a clubhouse window not far from the eighth green at the Oakland Hills Country Club during the Open Championship last year. He had, he recalled, four-putted that slippery green in the same Championship 27 years earlier.

"My first putt rolled ten feet past the hole," Walter related. "I went for the second putt and knocked it five feet beyond the cup. I went for that, too, and hit the ball two feet past the hole.

"Get a grip on yourself, Walter," I said, "or they'll think you're just mowing the green."

Two Clubs in One

An inventive chap has come up with a two-sided club, the loft on one side being that of a putter and the loft on the other being that of a chipper. To play it effectively, of course, one would have to be ambidextrous, but a good many persons are.

Now a question has been raised as to whether this club conforms to the Rules Governing the Form and Make of Golf Clubs. Mr. Charles B. Grace, the Chairman of the Implements and Ball Committee, in his answer, says:

"We would consider that such a club would violate Rule 2-2; we would further

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SPORTSMAN'S CORNER



Phil Farley

A leaf, a large, brown, autumn-telling leaf, lay on the sand in the flat bunker to the left of the tenth green, tossing vagrantly back and forth on its spine in the light wind.

It was the final round of the 1951 Canadian Amateur Championship at the Royal Ottawa Golf Club. Phil Farley was in the trap. Walter McElroy was not only on the green but 2 up.

There was that leaf, just eight inches ahead of Farley's ball. It stopped moving, and he prepared to hit. It moved again. And so on. Finally Farley concluded autumn leaves were not going to change their ways for him this day, and he played and lost the hole.

Farley didn't shake his head to invite the crowd to witness his hard luck then, or the dozen times when his ball caught bad lies, or when he was twice stymied, or when McElroy's hooks somehow bounced straight, or when his putter betrayed him twice, appallingly. He did not display disgust or despair, and when he was the mountainous total of 8 down with 16 to play, he was still taking pains and playing to win. The man who had twice before been runner-up neither beseeched the crowd with spaniel eyes nor set out ostentatiously to be the "good loser" with loud remark and studied gesture.

McElroy was too good to beat and won modestly and deservedly. But seldom has so persistent a parade of bad luck as Farley's dogged anyone, and it is doubtful whether anyone has ever possessed, not merely shown, a finer blend of sportsmanship in the face of such ill fortune and the cup's elusiveness.

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