

A Sidelight on the Amateur

Douglas Welch, of the SEATTLE POST-INTELLIGENCER staff, put on a green "press" arm-band and went out to the Seattle Golf Club last August to follow Harvie Ward, Jr., the British Amateur Champion, in the USGA Amateur Championship. Although Mr. Welch is not regularly a golf reporter, his story of that day was an outstanding example of human-interest coverage:

"We managed to keep up with Mr. Ward for 12 holes," he wrote. "He comes from Tarboro, N. C., an unlikely place, and he seems like a real nice fellow, not only being a Champion but looking the way Champions ought to look. He wears an air of insouciance—his last year's insouciance, in fact, just taken up a little in the hem—and he beat his man handily and with quiet, unostentatious efficiency, 4 and 3.

"His opponent was Tim Holland, of Rockville Centre, N. Y., and while he appeared to be a good sort, too, anyone with half an eye could see at the outset that Mr. Ward was going to win. You could tell by the way Mr. Ward wears his clothes. He wears his golf togs as if he had been born in them and as if they are inseparable from the man inside them.

"We didn't follow Mr. Ward around because we were interested in his game but really because we were interested in Mr. Ward's caddie, who happens to be related to us by marriage, being our son and answering to the name of Charles, but only when he wants to.

"There is nothing automatic about our son responding when someone calls his name. He gives it thought first.

"Charles performed beautifully, we thought, considering that he is only 14 and that Mr. Ward's bag weighs one-third of Charles' own weight. Charles replaced all the divots that Mr. Ward told him to replace, he never lagged more than a quarter of a mile behind Mr. Ward, he only let Mr. Ward's bag fall once, and

any time Mr. Ward told Charles to lift the flag out of the hole, why Charles ran and did it. Well, he didn't exactly run, but he got there.

"Charles shoots in the low 80s himself at Jefferson, has hopes of making the Queen Anne golf team this coming year, and there were probably a number of times during Mr. Ward's match with Mr. Holland when Charles was strongly tempted to give his man some pointers. He stoically resisted the impulse, and it must be said fairly that Mr. Ward won entirely on his own.

"It seemed to us, as the match wore on, that Charles looked a little tired—he seems such a little boy in his father's eyes and probably always will—and we were sympathizing with him from a discreet distance and wondering how he could possibly last out the full 18 holes. 'The kid's in there punching all the time,' we told ourselves proudly. 'He'll drop with exhaustion before he'll admit being tired.'

"About then Charles saw us with surprise and sidled over and said out of the corner of his mouth: 'Do you think you can make it all the way around with that big stomach of yours?'

"Well, it's affection, that's what it is. Father-and-son-type affection.

Caddies-Eye View

"We were also interested in Mr. Ward because Charles has described him at the supper table as a paragon of virtue and masculinity. Charles thinks of Mr. Ward as being at least two stories high, with muscles like the village blacksmith, a mind like a steel trap, the eyesight of an eagle and the charm of Walter Pidgeon.

"Charles is loyal to Mr. Ward like he is loyal to the St. Louis Cardinals. Neither Mr. Ward nor the Cardinals can do wrong, and if either is bested it is because they've been framed. We suspect Charles would like his father to be a little more like Mr. Ward and a little less like

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