



THROUGH THE GREEN

We're Sorry, Too

We can find no explanation, other than the obvious one, for the following letter which we received just before the Open Championship:

"I wish to let you know that I am very sorry in turning down your invitation to compete in the USGA Open at Baltusrol this year. I feel the course and competition are below the necessary standards to warrant my appearance.

"I am certain you will understand my position.

"I thank you for your invitation. Perhaps next year, with stiffer competition, I may be coaxed to enter. Please extend my sympathies to the heart-broken galleries who will be unable to view my spectacular performance until some later date.

"Sorry folks.

CARL DURBAN
SCARBORO JUNCTION
ONTARIO, CANADA"

Handicaps for Championships

While the USGA has long maintained a handicap qualification as a basis for eligibility of amateurs who wish to compete in the Open and Amateur Championships, it has never defined the method by which these handicaps should be computed. Any bona fide handicap has been acceptable.

Effective in 1955, however, handicaps

for this purpose must have been established in accordance with the recommendations of the USGA Handicap Committee as set forth in USGA Golf Handicap System for Men. Either basic or current handicaps will be acceptable.

Variety of Service

There was a question in the locker room the other day as to which clubs have entertained the widest variety of USGA competitions.

Three share the lead in this respect: the Chicago Golf Club, in Wheaton, Ill., The Country Club, in Brookline, Mass., and, as of next September, the Merion Golf Club, in Ardmore, Pa.

Merion, which will have held ten USGA competitions at the end of this season, will have entertained all three of the oldest Championships, the Open, Amateur and Women's Amateur, and the forthcoming Curtis Cup Match. Chicago Golf Club, which has held a total of nine, and The Country Club, which has had a total of seven, have entertained all three of the oldest and a Walker Cup Match.

Five other Clubs have held each of the three oldest Championships at least once. They are: Baltusrol Golf Club, Springfield, N.J., Brae Burn Country Club, West Newton, Mass., Onwentsia Club, Lake Forest, Ill., St. Louis Country Club, Clayton, Mo., and Shinnecock Hills Golf Club, Southampton, N.Y.

Wanted: Candidates

As has been announced, the Association is to present an annual award to an individual for distinguished sportsmanship in golf. It is to be known as the Bob Jones Award, to commemorate the vast contributions to the cause of fair play made by Robert Tyre Jones, Jr.

The award need not be based on sportsmanship for only the current year; rather it might well be presented for sportsmanship over a period of years or for a significant act some time ago. The first winner is to be announced at the 1955 Annual Meeting next January.

The Committee charged with nominating an individual to receive the award invites suggestions for consideration. If you wish to suggest an individual, please send us a full recital of supporting facts.

30 Years in the Right Job

In 1924 Eugene L. Larkin became Green Committee Chairman of the Westchester County Golf Association, in Metropolitan New York.

In 1954, thirty years later, he still holds that office.

Are there records of any longer service on a green committee?

Thumbs Down on Pools

When the 31st annual invitation tournament was played this spring at the Shawnee Country Club, Shawnee-on-Delaware, Pa., Stephen Berrien as Tournament Chairman publicly reaffirmed the Club's position prohibiting Calcutta pools or any other organized gambling on all tournaments.

Mr. Berrien is President of the Metropolitan Golf Association in New York.

Two More for the Team

The Ladies' Golf Union has selected two more players for the Curtis Cup Team which will defend the trophy at the Merion Golf Club, Ardmore, Pa., in September:

Miss Elizabeth Price, of Surrey, England, and Mrs. R. T. Peel.

Miss Price won the final and conclusive point in the Britons' 5 to 4 victory of 1952. She also was a member of the 1950 Team which played here.

Previously, the LGU had named Mrs. John Beck as Captain and Miss Jeanne Bisgood, Miss Philomena Garvey and Mrs. George Valentine as players.

What the Public Links Means

Golf and all that it can mean to the average man from the hobby aspect is at its very best as golfers compete in the Amateur Public Links Championship.

If you could stand unobtrusively near the first tee as the pairs march into battle in the 29th Championship at the Cedar Crest Golf Course, in Dallas, this month, you would sense that this is a tournament enjoyed to the hilt.

Quite naturally, you would get the feeling that you are mingling with a cross-section of the every-day, solid folks.

The modest fellow who works at the desk next to you, who delivers your milk or mail, who keeps your books, who toils in factory and office—all are there and somehow you would think you knew them well.

They are not highly publicized sports heroes, even though when they are at the peak of their games they would not look bad against golf's more famous amateurs.

Certainly, they are deadly serious. They range in age from youngsters with crew-cut hair to graying oldsters with the paunches of middle-age.

You would easily see that they want to win. But the gratifying point is that these men don't have to win. It is for fun. Golf is their hobby, an avocation rather than a vocation.

When the week is over, all will return

**Treat your caddie as you would
your son.**

SPORTSMAN'S CORNER

to their jobs and their lives will be the same.

Those who win will receive the cheers that go to a Champion and the losers will get sympathetic condolences. But the top man will not come out of this with the fanfare that has greeted, say, Ben Hogan through the years, and he does not expect it.

Many have to watch their dimes and dollars, and often playing has meant a sacrifice, although it is true that some are helped to a limited extent by public links associations in their home areas under an exception to the Rules of Amateur Status.

An Australian Victory

The British Amateur Championship has left the United Kingdom for the sixth time in nine years, this year to repose in Australia.

Doug Bachli, the 1948 Australian Amateur Champion, took it there by defeating William C. Campbell, of Huntington, W. Va., 2 and 1, in an international final at the Muirfield links in Scotland. Bachli is the first Australian to win the title, if one excepts the late great Walter J. Travis, who was born in Australia but learned his golf here and represented this country when he won in 1904.

The Bachli-Campbell final was quite naturally compared to a contest between David and Goliath or even one between Mutt and Jeff. While Bachli stands only 5 feet 5 inches, Campbell rises to 6 feet 4 inches. By either comparison, the little man, who had trailed by one hole after 18 and after 27, won three of the last four holes to score, 2 and 1.

In recompense, the British regained their Women's Championship when Miss Frances Stephens defeated Miss Elizabeth Price, 4 and 3, in the final at Ganton, England. Miss Marlene Stewart, the Canadian defender, lost to Miss Stephens on the fourth extra hole in the semi-finals after disposing of Miss Wiffi Smith, the lone United States entrant, in the third round.



LLOYD MANGRUM

Scene: The eighteenth green at the Baltusrol Golf Club's Lower Course.

Time: 5:40 P.M. Saturday, June 19, 1954.

Gene Littler was preparing to putt from about eight feet, a putt which, if he could hole it, would give him 284 and put him into a tie with Ed Furgol for the Open Championship.

His playing companion, Lloyd Mangrum, had just holed out for 286. Mangrum knew that this remarkable young man had been playing professional golf for only five months and might be very nervous. More than that, Mangrum knew that Littler's putting might cost Mangrum dollars.

Littler, understandably, was nervous as he crouched, now behind his ball, then behind the hole, then walking around as if waiting for inspiration to guide him.

At this point Mangrum walked over to the younger man and whispered a few words of encouragement. As the ball traveled toward the hole, no one appeared to be rooting harder for it to drop than Lloyd Mangrum.

With Malice Aforethought

On the face of it there would seem to be nothing unusual about the recent victory of J. Ellis Knowles, of Rye, N. Y., in the United States Seniors' Golf Association Championship at the Apawamis Club, also in Rye. After all, Mr. Knowles has now won the tournament six times, and a case could be made for the fact that it is only unusual when someone else wins it.

However, Mr. Knowles, who swings about the heaviest driver in the game today, is 67 years old and thus was competing against men who were his juniors by up to twelve years. He won the first of his six championships in 1942.

Furthermore, he didn't win by any mundane performance. He knowingly and with malice aforethought holed a 30-foot wedge shot from a bunker guarding the last green to make a birdie 3 and tie Joseph M. Wells, of Newall, W. Va., at 148. Three weeks later he defeated Wells in a play-off, 74 to 76. Wells, incidentally, is 65 and had won in 1949.

The Boys

Oliver Wendell Holmes passed away in 1894 and presumably was not a member of any senior golfing group, but his poem captured the spirit of such groups better than any written since.

Has there any old fellow got mixed with
the boys?
If there has, take him out, without making
a noise.
Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Catalogue's
spite!
Old Time is a liar! We're twenty tonight!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we
are more?
He's tipsy, young jackanapes! show him the
door!
"Gray temples at twenty?" Yes! white if we
please!
Where the snowflakes fall thickest, there's
nothing can freeze.

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mis-
take.
Look close, you will not see the sign of a
flake!
We want some new garlands for those we
have shed,
And these are white ones in place of the red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have
been told,
Of talking (in public) as if we were old:
That boy we call "Doctor" and this we call
"Judge."
It's a neat little fiction, of course it's all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker," the one on the
right;
"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you
tonight?
That's our "Member of Congress," we say
when we chaff;
There's the "Reverend" What's his name?
Don't make me laugh.

That boy with the grave mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful
book,
And the Royal Society thought it was true!
So they chose him right in; a good joke it
was, too!

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-
decker brain,
That could harness a team with a logical
chain;
When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled
fire,
We called him the "Justice" but now he's
the "Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith,
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him
Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the
free,
Just read on his medal, "My country" "of
thee."

You hear that boy laughing? You think he's
all fun,
But the Angels laugh, too, at the good he
has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his
call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs
loudest of all!

Yes, we're boys, always playing with tongue
or with pen,
And I sometimes have asked, shall we ever
be men?
Shall we always be youthful and laughing
and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling
away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its
gray!
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!
And when we have done with our life-tasting
toys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children,
The Boys!