

"UNCLE JOE" DICKSON A MANY-SIDED GOLFER

by
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IT is a sad fact that many ardent golfers become one-track-minded and develop into golfing bores. It is therefore a surprise and a delight when one comes across a man like Joseph S. Dickson, of Louisville, Ky., who has turned his fertile brain and adequate resources down so many diverse channels.

Mr. Dickson, who will celebrate his 79th birthday on November 24, has been dubbed by scholars "The Sage of Louisville." The intimate appellation of "Uncle Joe" was accorded him, with good cause, by Louisville's public links golfers, and taken up by those who have had the good fortune to come within his orbit.

His association with golf dates back to 1919 when he was taken to play at the Cherokee course, Louisville, Ky. It speaks volumes for his instant enthusiasm and personality that in no time at all he was President of the Club, a position he held for ten years.

It was during his tenure of office at Cherokee that Uncle Joe began to champion the public links golfers. Since 1929 he has been their guide, philosopher and friend, and has accompanied the Louisville team to every USGA Amateur Public Links Championship since that date, with the exception of the 1953 meeting in Seattle, Wash.

In 1933 he was invited to join the USGA Public Links Committee, and now holds the distinction of being both the oldest and longest serving USGA Committeeman. There is no keener student of Roberts' Rules of Order, and woe betide the man who steps outside its code during a committee meeting.

Joe Dickson's service to golf has not been confined to the one channel. He designed and organized the Seneca Golf Club in Louisville, and served two terms as its



Joseph S. Dickson strikes a familiar pose as he leans on his famous cane.

President in 1933-1934 and 1949-1950. He was further honored with the Presidency of the Kentucky State Golf Association in 1951-1952 and again in 1955-1956. He is still on its Board of Directors. Besides Cherokee and Seneca, he is a member of the Shawnee and Iroquois Clubs and an honorary life member of Crescent Hill.

Considering he was a man of forty-one before he became acquainted with the

game, his service is all the more remarkable. But golf has only been one facet of his many sided life.

As a young lad he did not have more than an average education. He entered a store as office boy at the age of 17 and later became a printer's devil.

When he was 27 his father founded a printing works and took Joe into partnership. The business is flourishing to this day and Joe is still at his desk in charge of operations.

From his earliest days he was a deep thinker, and when problems worried him he would not rest until he had found a solution.

His biggest problem, which took him thirty-six years to resolve, was a satisfactory interpretation of the Book of Revelation.

He was 22 when he first began to question all and sundry; he was 58 when he published an 159-page volume entitled "The Revelation of St. John the Divine: An Explanation." His research had taken him deep into the realms of astronomy covering a period of 12,000 years. He had taught himself Greek, Hebrew and Latin, and had studied the rites, cultures and agricultural practices of all the ancient races.

Joe Dickson is more than an intellectual. He is a humane man. He was so moved to pity one day by a child who had never walked that he took up the problem with some of his Masonic friends. Three years later a Crippled Children's Hospital was built sponsored by the Kosair Temple. He served on the Board for twenty years.

An ardent Mason, Dickson has been honored by Temples throughout the country. In his early days he sang in the Temple's Chanters and played a Chinese musette in its Oriental Band.

But there is also a lighter side to the Kentucky benefactor as those who have seen him perform with his cane will testify.

Joe Dickson's cane has a history. It was the treasured possession of one Captain William I. Hunt which had been sent to him from Jacksonville, Fla., during the Civil War.

GOLFER AND CADDIE

Mr. Golfer, I would warn you, there's a youngster
at your side,
And if you are fit to be with, he will very soon
decide.

He must watch the ball you play with,
That is what he's paid to do,

But as long as he's your caddie, he'll be also
watching you.

You're that growing boy's example. You will not
have journeyed far

Before you will have shown him just the sort of
man you are.

If you break the rules he'll know it.
He'll exactly keep the score

And he'll know the hole just finished was a "five"
and not a "four".

He'll go home and tell his mother:

"I had So and So today

And I Liked him, or I didn't"

Mothers learn of men that way.

You may think it doesn't matter what you say or
what you do,

But that youngster, Mr. Golfer, has both eyes and
ears on you.

Edgar Guest

Seeking a life of peace and quiet, Captain Hunt eventually pitched his tent in Cherokee Park in 1889 where he tended the tennis courts and skating pond.

Two years later he laid out a 9-hole golf course. Cherokee became his home and his life in his twilight years.

When the Captain was 90 he bequeathed the cane to Uncle Joe who was then President of his beloved Cherokee. That cane, refinished and lacquered, has accompanied Dickson on all his many golfing trips. Watching others play he used to swish about with the cane until he became quite proficient. He would offer to shoot a 10 on the longest par five hole and would often finish with a 7 or 8.

One day he wound up the subject of an unusual radio commentary from the North Fulton Park Golf Club, Atlanta, Ga., in 1948. Six interested parties had wagered amongst themselves that he couldn't shoot the first hole in 12. A radio reporter with nothing else to cover joined the unique gallery and reported a blow for blow description.

Those "for" him were in the money—
Joe shot a 7.